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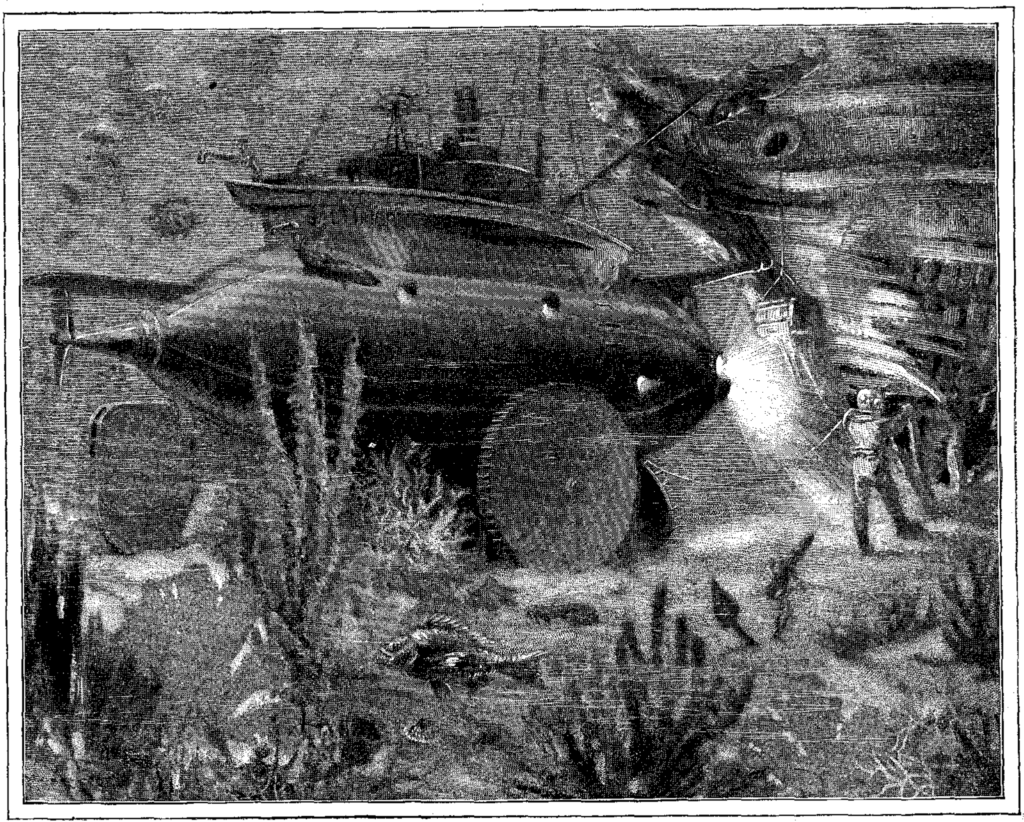

The submarine boat "Argonaut" on a wrecking expedition.

VOYAGING UNDER THE SEA.

I.—THE SUBMARINE BOAT "ARGONAUT" AND HER ACHIEVEMENTS.

By Simon Lake,

Inventor and builder of the boat.

THE problem of submarine navigation has had the attention of inventors almost from time immemorial. It has led to the expenditure of immense sums of money and the sacrifice of many lives. One of the earliest experiments was an appliance that enabled a diver to disappear beneath the surface of the water at night, and walk along the bottom until he came beneath an enemy's ships, the bottoms of which he perforated with an auger, thus causing the ships to sink. But the father of submarine navigation may be said to be a Dutch inventor, Cornelius Debrell, who built in England, in the time of James I., a sub-

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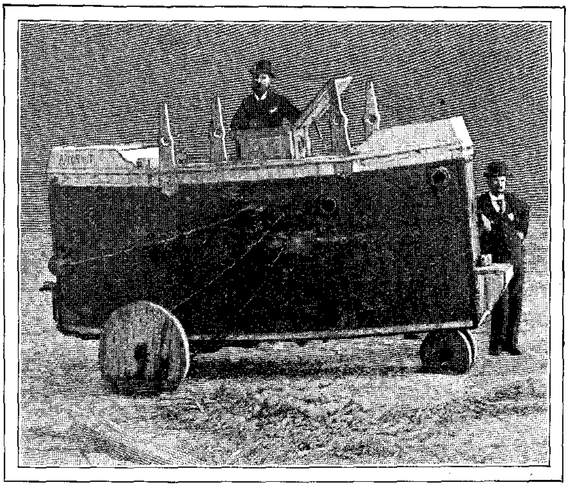
marine boat embodying the principle common to all submarine boats, that, namely, of the water-ballast compartments, with pumps for emptying them, to restore the buoyancy of the vessel. If the accounts of the matter are correct, Debrell submerged his boat a number of times, and kept it under water several hours at a time.

Following Debrell, a number of inventors worked at the problem, and devised vessels that they thought would solve it, among others Robert Fulton; and during the Civil War a number of submarine boats were built and tried with more or less success. It was by means of a submarine boat—of the kind called "Davids"—that the Confederates sank the Federal steamship "Housatonic," in Charleston Harbor, on the night of February 17, 1864. Since then the interest in the subject has been constant and keen, our own and the English, French, Spanish, Italian, and Russian governments making trial of many inventions submitted to them, and some of them spending large sums of money in experiments of their own.



THE "ARGONAUT, JUNIOR."

Mr. Lake built this, his first experimental submarine boat, in 1894. *After several successful descents, she was abandoned, and now lies at Atlantic Highlands, half buried in the sand. Dimensions: length,* 14 *feet; width,* 4½ *feet; depth,* 5 *feet.*

My own submarine boat, the "Argonaut," is quite different from any other thus far projected or constructed. All previous attempts have been to design a boat to navigate between the surface and the bottom; but the results have been, as a rule, unsatisfactory, owing to the disturbing influence of waves and currents, as well as the difficulty of maintaining trim and equilibrium. These craft should more properly be called diving boats. They are intended to be steered by vertical and horizontal rudders or vanes (as in the Nordenfelt, Gymnote, Holland, and Peral types) placed in various positions, but generally near the stern, or by changing the angle of the propellers, as in the Goubet, Baker, and Tuck types.

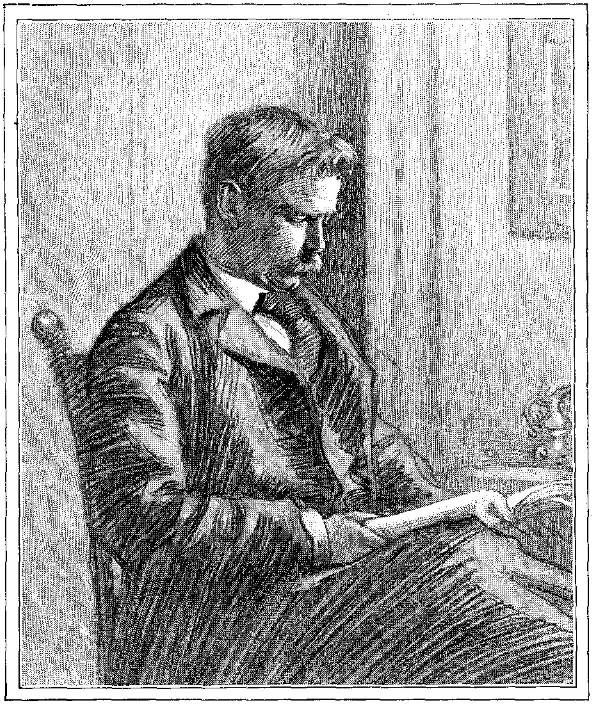
When it is desired to submerge such boats, they must first be very accurately balanced, so that the bow and stern are exactly alike. Then the vessel must be in equilibrium with the water; that is, she must weigh no more, no less, than the water she displaces, under which conditions the theory is that she can be guided through the water like a fish; but here the difficulty arises. Man has not, nor can he have, the training and instincts of fishes, and he cannot compete with nature in her own domain. With a navigator carefully trained to the business, a vessel might possibly succeed in navigating the deep to some extent in this manner; but it still remains, I think, somewhat of a question. All mariners know how difficult it is to steer an absolutely straight course on the surface; then how much more difficult is it to steer a straight course beneath the waves.

On the surface the vessel can only swing to the right or left. She does not go up in the air, because she is held to one plane by her weight; neither does she go down, because she is held to the same plane (the surface of the water) by her buoyancy; therefore, the rudder is able to control her. But below the surface all these conditions are changed. Every wave imparts an up-and-down motion to the particles of water beneath it, and, consequently, affects the course of the submarine vessel. Currents run in a variety of directions, and as soon as the screw or propelling mechanism starts in motion, it affects the equilibrium and trim of the boat. If one of the crew moves either forward or aft, the trim is affected, and all these things tend to elevate or depress the bow of the boat or affect her course; and as she can go either to the right or left, or up or down, or, indeed, in any direction, there is scarcely any limit to the difficulty of holding her securely to an appointed course under the surface of the water. Either she will be ducking down and running her bow into the bottom of the sea, or bobbing up again to the surface.

But with the "Argonaut" we experience none of the difficulties above recited. By referring to the accompanying skeleton sketch, her principles will be readily understood.

The hull of the vessel is mounted on three wheels. Of these, *E* is the rudder, for surface steering, and is also the guiding wheel when the vessel is running on the sea bottom; and *C* is one of the supporting and driving wheels, of which there are two, one on each side. *BB* are two anchor weights, each weighing 1,000 pounds, attached to cables, and capable of being hauled up or lowered by a drum and mechanism within the boat; *OOOO* are water-ballast compartments contained within the boat; *H* is the diver's compartment, situated forward, with an exit door opening outward in the bottom; while *G* is an air-lock.

When it is desired to submerge the vessel, the anchor weights *BB* are first lowered to the bottom; water is then allowed to enter the water-ballast compartments until her buoyancy is less than the weight of the two anchors, say 1,500 pounds; the cables connecting with the weights are then wound in, and the vessel is thus hauled to the bottom, until she comes to rest on her three wheels. The weights are then hauled into their pockets in the keel, and it is evident that she is resting on the wheels with a weight equal to the difference between her buoyancy with the weights on the bottom, and the weights in their pockets, or 500 pounds. Now, this weight may be increased or diminished as we please, either by admitting more water into the ballast tanks or by pumping some out. Thus it will be seen that we have perfect control of the vessel in submerging her, as we may haul her down as fast or as slow as we please; and by having her rest on the bottom with sufficient weight to prevent the currents from moving her out of the course, we may start up our propeller or driving wheels and drive her at will over the bottom, the same as a tricycle is propelled on the surface of the earth in the upper air. In muddy bottoms, we rest with a weight not much over 100 pounds; while on hard bottoms, or where there are strong currents, we sometimes rest on the wheels with a weight of from 1,000 to 1,500 pounds. Thus the effect of currents and wave motion and the maintenance of trim and equilibrium are not factors in the successful navigation of the vessel; in fact, navigation becomes surer than on the surface, as one is traveling in a medium which does not constantly change like the surface water from the effects of winds, waves, and currents. When the divers desire to leave the vessel, they go into the diver's compartment, located in the forward portion of the ship, and close the door communicating with the living quarters. This door closes on rubber packing, and is air-tight. Air is then admitted into the compartment from compressed-air reservoirs, until the pressure of air equals that of the surrounding water. The bottom door may then be opened, and no water will come into the boat, as the pressure of air contained within the compartment offers an invisible barrier to its entrance, and the divers may pass in and out as frequently as they please.



SIMON LAKE.

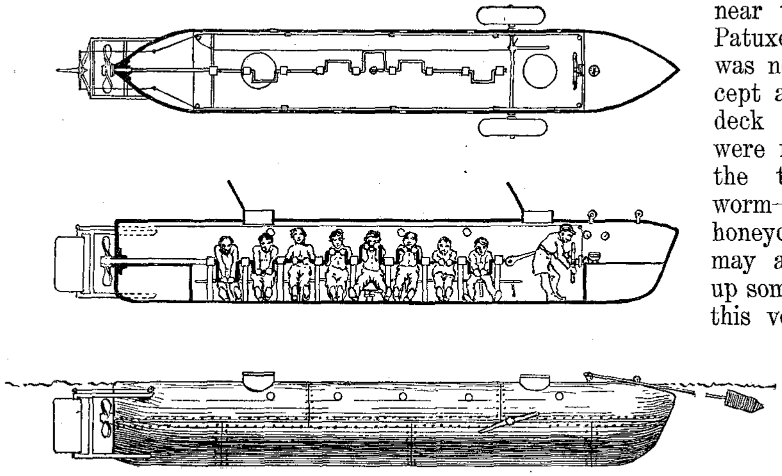
Drawn from life by W. D. Stevens at Atlantic Highlands, October 16, 1898.

The "Argonaut" is fitted with a White and Middleton gasoline engine of thirty horsepower, which operates the screw, the driving wheels, the dynamo, the air compressors, anchor hoists, and derrick-operating machinery. She is provided with two Mannesmann steel tubes, in which sufficient air may be stored, with what is contained in the boat, to last the crew for twenty-four hours without obtaining a fresh supply from the surface. In the "Argonaut," however, and probably in all such craft used for commercial pursuits, as a usual thing, there will be a connection with the surface, through which a constant supply of air may be drawn, either by the masts, as shown in the views, one of which supplies air to the interior of the vessel, the other being utilized as an exhaust from the engine, or through suction hose extending to a buoy on the surface. While the engine is running, there is about fifty cubic feet of air flowing into the boat per minute; and when the engine is closed down, there may be a flow of air maintained by an auxiliary blower, so that it is possible to remain below for days, or even weeks, at a time.

The course is directed by an ordinary compass when on the bottom, and it is found that the needle responds as quickly and is as accurate as when on the surface. Notwithstanding the fact that the "Argonaut" is quite a small vessel, a crew of five men have lived aboard her during an experimental cruise extending over two months, during which she traveled over 1,000 miles under her own power, partly on the surface and partly on the bottom. The trip was made to demonstrate the practicability of vessels of her type traveling on various kinds of bottoms; also to demonstrate her seaworthiness and capabilities in searching the bottom, in working on sunken wrecks, finding and taking up submerged cables, etc.

We have been out in some pretty rough weather, and found that she was perfectly seaworthy. Of course, being so small and of such weight, the seas at times would wash clear over her decks. This, however, caused no inconvenience to those below, as her stability was such that she would roll or pitch very little, even though the seas were breaking over her in great volume. We have been cruising on the bottom in rivers, in Chesapeake Bay, and beneath the broad Atlantic. In the rivers we invariably found a muddy bed; in the bay we found bottoms of various kinds—in some places so soft that our divers would sink up to their knees, while in other places the ground would be hard, and at one place we ran across a bottom which was composed of a loose gravel resembling shelled corn. Out in the ocean, however, was found the ideal submarine course, consisting of fine gray sand, almost as hard as a macadamized road, and very level and uniform.

During this trip we investigated several sunken wrecks, of which there are a great many in Chesapeake Bay and on the coast adjacent thereto. The vessels we boarded were coal-laden craft and of themselves not of much value; but the coal would pay handsomely for its recovery, which could be readily accomplished with the proper equipment. We found one old wreck said to have gone down some forty years ago near the mouth of the Patuxent River. There was nothing in sight except a few timbers and deck beams, and these were nearly consumed by the teredo — a boring worm—which completely honeycombs any timber it may attack. We pulled up some of the planks of this vessel, which had a numerous growth of oysters, mussels, and several kinds of submarine vegetation clinging to them. The portion of the timbers not eaten by the teredo was found



THE CONFEDERATE SUBMARINE BOAT WHICH SANK THE UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "HOUSATONIC" IN CHARLESTON HARBOR DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

Three different crews were drowned in this boat before she accomplished her purpose. As shown in the two upper diagrams, her propeller and two forward paddles were worked with a shaft propelled by eight men. The steersman, in front, discharged the torpedo, shown in the lower view.

to be almost as hard as iron and thoroughly impregnated with the dark blue mud in which the hull lies buried. After the timbers were hauled to the surface, in sawing them in two, we noticed a very strong odor of yellow pine, and so learned that they must be of that wood, though they were as black as ebony. Toad fish had evidently found this old wreck a congenial habitation, and when the diver's hand comes in contact with the slimy back of one of these horrible-looking, strong-jawed, big-mouthed fish, he pulls it back pretty quickly. The piece we pulled up had within it three of these fish, which had taken up their abode in portions of the timber that had been eaten away, and one was a prisoner in a recess which, evidently, he had entered when small and had grown too large to get out. In a wreck near Cape Henry, fish were very numerous, principally bass and croakers, though two or three small sharks were seen in the vicinity.

It might prove interesting to copy one day's experiences from our log-book. This day we submerged for the purpose of discovering how much weight was necessary to prevent the current from moving the "Argonaut" in a strong tideway (Hampton Roads), and also to discover if there was any difference in starting our machinery again under water after it had been shut down for several hours. I copy verbatim from the log-book under date of July 28, 1898.

Submerged at 8.20 A.M. in about thirty feet of water. Temperature in living compartment, eighty-three degrees Fahrenheit. Compass bearing west-north-west, one-quarter west. Quite a lively sea running on the surface, also strong current. At 10.45 A.M. shut down engine; temperature, eighty-eight degrees Fahrenheit.

After engine was shut down, we could hear the wind blowing past our pipes extending above the surface; we could also tell by the sound when any steamers were in the vicinity. We first allowed the boat to settle gradually to the bottom, with the tide running ebb; after a time the tide changed, and she would work slightly sideways; we admitted about 400 pounds of water additional, but she still would move occasionally, so that a pendulum nine inches long would sway one-eighth of an inch (thwartship). At 12 o'clock (noon) temperature was eighty-seven degrees Fahrenheit; at 2.45 P.M. the temperature was still eighty-seven degrees Fahrenheit. There were no signs of carbonic acid gas at 2.45, although the engine had been closed down for three hours and no fresh air had been admitted during the time. Could hear the whistle of boats on the surface, and also their propellers when running close to the boat. At 3.30 the temperature had dropped to eighty-five degrees. At 3.45 found a little sign of carbonic acid gas, very slight, however, as a candle would burn fairly bright in the pits. Thought we could detect a smell of gasoline by comparing the fresh air which came down the pipe (when hand blower was turned). Storage lamps were burning during the five hours of submergence, while engine was not running.

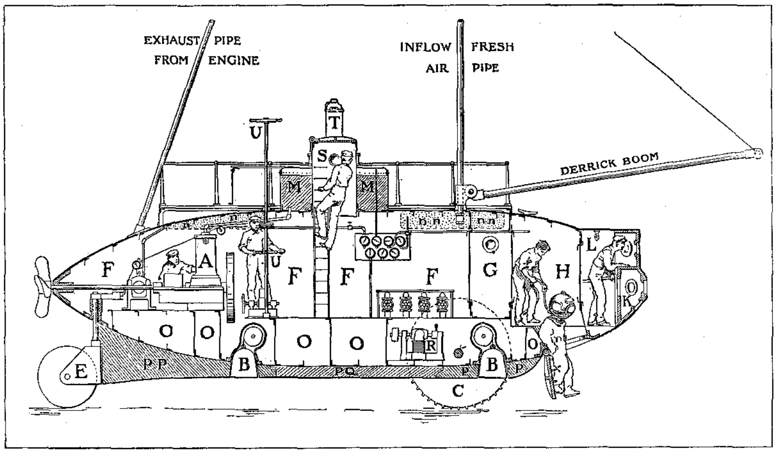
At 3.50 engine was again started, and went off nicely. Went into diving compartment and opened door; came out through air-lock, and left pressure there; found the wheels had buried about ten inches or one foot, as the bottom had several inches of mud. We had 500 pounds of air in the tanks, and it ran the pressure down to 250 pounds to open the door in about thirty feet.

The temperature fell in the diving compartment to eighty-two degrees after the compressed air was let in.

Cooked clam fritters and coffee for supper. The spirits of the crew appeared to improve the longer we remained below; the time was spent in catching clams, singing, trying to waltz, playing cards, and writing letters to wives and sweethearts.

Our only visitors during the day were a couple of black bass that came and looked in at the windows with a great deal of apparent interest.

In future boats, it will be well to provide a smoking



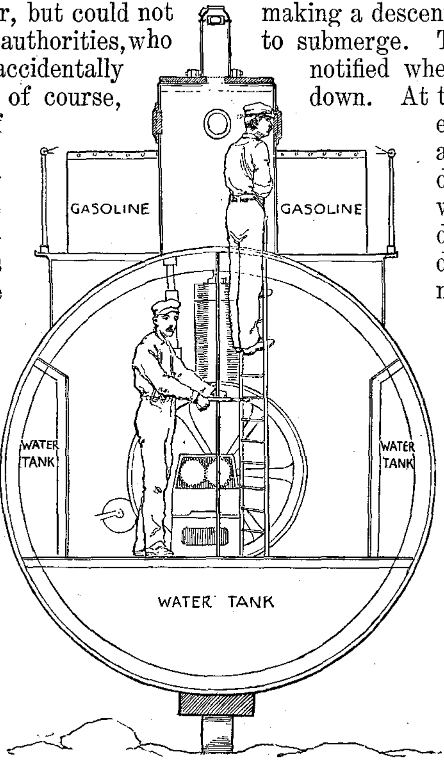
LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF THE LAKE SUBMARINE BOAT "ARGONAUT."

A, Gasoline engine, thirty horse-power, which supplies all the power used in moving and operating the boat. BB, the two anchor weights used in sinking the boat. C, one of the two driving wheels. E, rudder and guiding wheel. FFFF, the "living-room," in which are placed the engine and all the other machinery and apparatus for operating the boat. G, the air-lock: it affords passage to and from the diver's room without reducing the air pressure. H, the diver's room, whence free passage is secured into the sea. K, bow compartment where the search-light is placed. L, the forward lookout compartment. MM, gasoline tanks. NN, compressed-air reservoirs. OOOO, water-ballast compartments. PP, permanent keel. PQ, drop keel. R, dynamo. S, conning-tower. T, binnacle. The compass in this binnacle is in direct view from the outside steering gear; but from the conning-tower it is read by reflection. U, outside steering gear. In general form, the "Argonaut" is cylindrical, or cigar-shaped, with a very bluff bow and a pointed stern, and is thirty-six feet long.

compartment, as most of the crew had their smoking apparatus all ready as soon as we came up.

Started pumps at 6.20, and arrived at the surface at 6.30. Down altogether ten hours and fifteen minutes. People on pilot boat "Calvert" thought we were all hands drowned..

We spent some time with Hampton Roads as headquarters, and made several descents in the waters adjacent thereto; we were desirous of making a search for the cables which connected with the mines guarding the entrance to the harbor, but could not obtain permission from the authorities, who were afraid we might accidentally sever them, which would, of course, make their entire system of defense useless. It was, therefore, necessary for us, in order to demonstrate the practicability of vessels of this type for this purpose, to lay a cable ourselves, which we did, across the channel leading into the Patuxent River. We then submerged, and, taking our bearings by the compass, ran over the bottom, with the door in our diving compartment open, until we came across the cable, which we hauled up into the compartment with a hook only about four and one-half feet long; and we could not avoid the impression that it would be a very easy thing to destroy the efficiency of the present mine system. And how many lives might have been saved, and millions of dollars besides, had our navy been provided with a craft of this type to lead the way into Santiago, Havana, or San Juan, off which ports squadrons were compelled to lie for weeks and months, owing to fear of the mines!



Amidships cross-section of the "Argonaut."

I have frequently been asked my sensations on going beneath the water—whether I had any fear of not being able to come up again and whether it did not require a lot of courage. I usually reply that I have always been too busy and interested for fears or sensations, and that it does not require any courage on my part, as I am so thoroughly satisfied of the correctness of the principles upon which the "Argonaut" is constructed and the strength of the structure as to have no doubts or fears of any kind; but I do think it requires courage on the part of those who do not understand all the principles involved and who simply trust their lives in my hands. Quite a number of people have made descents in the vessel, but in only one or two instances have I seen them show any signs of fear.

In one instance, during our trials in the Patapsco, several gentlemen were very importunate in requesting the privilege of making a descent the next time we were to submerge. They were, accordingly, notified when the boat was to go down. At the appointed time, however, some of them did not appear, and of those who did, not one at the last would venture. I have no doubt had we made the descent at the time they made the request all would have gone; but thinking about it for a couple of days made them change their minds.

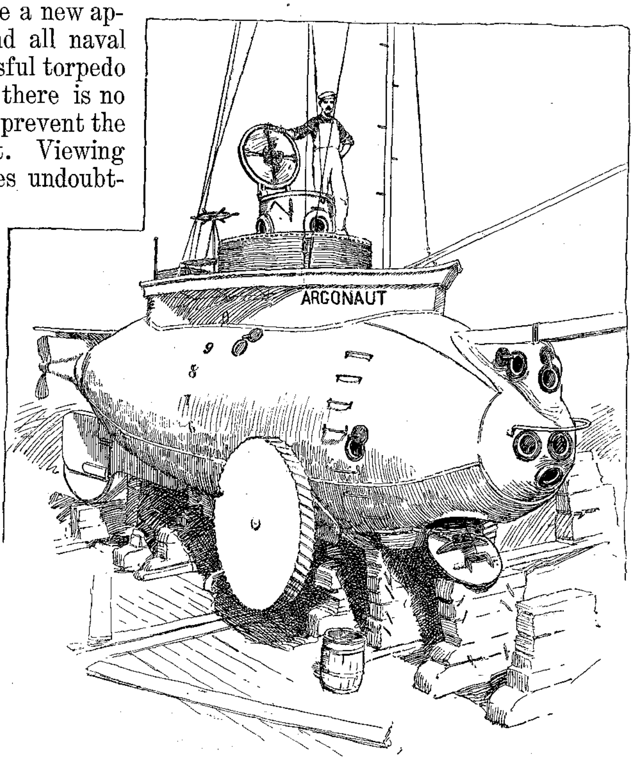
On another trip, we had a college professor on board who could not understand exactly how our men could get out of the boat. I told him to come into the diver's compartment and I would explain it to him. Accordingly, he reluctantly, as I thought, entered the compartment, which in the "Argonaut" is a little room, only four feet long and a little wider. After closing the door, I noticed that the color was leaving his face, and a few beads of perspiration were standing out upon his forehead, and had he been any one else than a professor or, possibly, a newspaper man, I would not have gone any further with the experiment. The door, however, was closed and securely fastened. I then opened the valve a full turn, and the air began to rush in with a great noise. He grabbed hold of one of the frames, and glanced with longing eyes at the door we had just entered. I then turned off the air, and said, "By the way, Professor, are you troubled with heart disease?" He said, placing his hand over his heart, "Why, yes, my heart is a little affected." Remarking, "Oh, well, this little depth will not hurt you," I turned on the air again after saying to him, "If you feel any pain in your ears, swallow as if you were drinking water." He immediately commenced swallowing, and during that half minute or so we were getting the pressure on I believe he swallowed enough to have drunk a bucketful of water. After getting the desired pressure, I stooped down and commenced to unscrew the bolts holding the door which leads out into the water. Our professor said, "What are you doing now?" I answered, "I am going to open this door so you can see the bottom." Throwing out his hands, he said, "No, no. Don't do that. I would not put you to that trouble for the world." However, about that time, the door dropped down, and as he saw the water *did not* come in, the color returned to his face, and he exclaimed, "Well, if I had not seen it, I would never have believed it!"

WHAT SUBMARINE VESSELS WILL DO FOR THE HUMAN RACE.

The object hitherto sought in building submarine vessels has been to provide a new appliance for carrying on war; and all naval authorities agree that if a successful torpedo boat of this type can be built, there is no means known to naval science to prevent the destruction of any squadron afloat. Viewing them from this point, submarines undoubtedly will be one of the greatest agencies ever known for the promulgation of that universal peace so much desired by all people who love their fellowman and who would rather see international differences settled by arbitration than by the sword. When every nation with a seacoast has among its defenses a number of submarine torpedo boats, it will be worse than folly to think of invading its territory from the sea. No transport ships would dare approach its coast-line and attempt to land an army if a number of these little destroyers were known to be prowling about the vicinity. In all probability the fear they would inspire would be so great as to break down the nerves of the best disciplined navy. Men can stand up and fight an enemy that they can see and at whom they can strike; but to be in a position where they do not know at what instant—whether asleep or awake—without any warning whatever, they may be blown into another world, will inspire such terror that no one could long endure the strain.

Had the Cubans been provided with one or two of these little craft, Spain could never have invaded and laid waste their beautiful territory with her army of 200,000 men. Consequently Cuba would have been in the position which all countries should be in, that the majority of the inhabitants could have managed their own affairs without interference from outsiders.

Warfare, however, is only one feature of their usefulness. While submarine torpedo boats will, in all probability, in future wars between maritime nations, destroy millions of dollars' worth of battleships, cruisers, etc., yet the submarine wrecking boat will undoubtedly recover from the bottom of the sea many times the value of the vessels lost in war. Of the cargoes, treasures, and vessels lost in the merchant service, the aggregate amounts to over one hundred millions

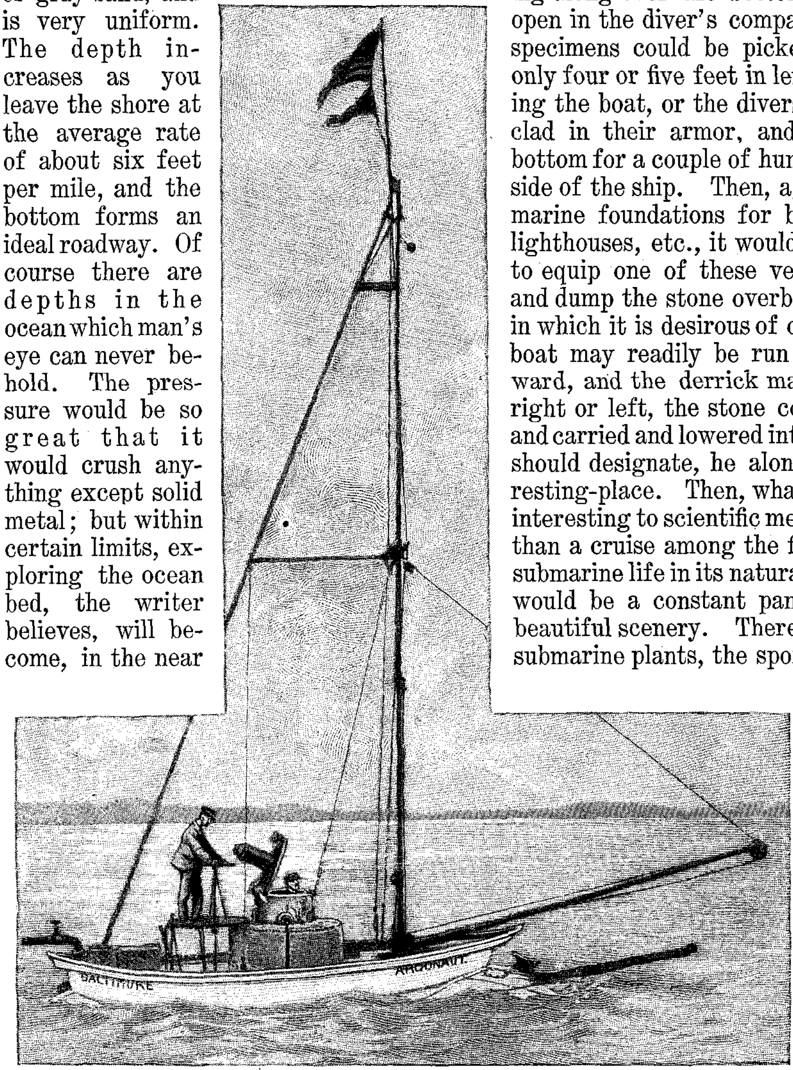


THE "ARGONAUT" IN DRY-DOCK.

Drawn from photographs by Mr. Lake. The door of the diver's compartment, just under the bow, is open, and resting on some of the keel blocks. Through this door the divers leave the boat when it is submerged, compressed air in the compartment preventing the entrance of water.

of dollars per year, according to the official report of Lieutenant-Commander Richardson Clover, Chief Hydrographer of the United States Navy; and as the loss has been going on for many years, the wealth lying at the bottom of the ocean transcends the fabulous riches of the Klondike. One authority said many years ago: “There is every reason to believe that the sea is even richer than the earth, owing to the millions of shipwrecks which have swallowed up so many a royal fortune.” Fortunately the majority of these great losses occur in waters in which it will be practical to operate with submarine boats of the “Argonaut” type. By referring to our coast lines, it will be found that the bottom is principally composed of a hard, white or gray sand, and is very uniform. The depth increases as you leave the shore at the average rate of about six feet per mile, and the bottom forms an ideal roadway. Of course there are depths in the ocean which man's eye can never behold. The pressure would be so great that it would crush anything except solid metal; but within certain limits, exploring the ocean bed, the writer believes, will become, in the near future, almost as common as traveling on the surface.

In addition to their great value in the wrecking business, submarine vessels will be of immense service in the coral, sponge, or pearl fisheries. These fisheries are principally carried on by native divers, who become so expert that they can remain under water for a minute or so, during which time they may get a handful of shells or a sponge. They can make but a few dives in a day, and can operate only during fair weather, and there is also great danger from sharks, which usually abound in great numbers in the waters where the pearl, sponge, or coral is found. What an immense harvest the submarine could recover here as she went wheeling along over the bottom. With the door open in the diver's compartment, the choice specimens could be picked up with a rake only four or five feet in length, without leaving the boat, or the divers could be sent out clad in their armor, and could search the bottom for a couple of hundred feet on either side of the ship. Then, again, in laying submarine foundations for breakwaters, piers, lighthouses, etc., it would only be necessary to equip one of these vessels as a derrick, and dump the stone overboard in the vicinity in which it is desirous of operating. As the boat may readily be run backward or forward, and the derrick may be swung to the right or left, the stone could be picked up, and carried and lowered into place as the diver should designate, he alone guiding it to its resting-place. Then, what would prove more interesting to scientific men or men of wealth than a cruise among the fishes and a view of submarine life in its natural element? There would be a constant panorama of new and beautiful scenery. There you would see the submarine plants, the sportive actions of the denizens of the deep, the beautiful coral, shells, and flowers with which in some localities the ocean bed is carpeted; and to this would be added the zest of probably running across a valuable treasure ship. In fact, it would be the most interesting exploration men could make.



THE “ARGONAUT” SAILING ON THE SURFACE.

From a photograph.

II.—A VOYAGE ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

By Ray Stannard Baker.

SIMON LAKE planned an excursion on the bottom of the sea for October 12th. His strange amphibian craft, the "Argonaut," about which we had been hearing so many marvels, lay off the pier at Atlantic Highlands. Before we were near enough to make out her hulk, we saw a great black letter A, framed of heavy gas-pipe, rising forty feet above the water. A flag rippled from its summit. As we drew nearer, we discovered that there really wasn't any hulk to make out—only a small oblong deck shouldering deep in the water and supporting a slightly higher platform, from which rose what seemed to be a squatty funnel. A moment later we saw that the funnel was provided with a cap somewhat resembling a tall silk hat, the crown of which was represented by a brass binnacle. This cap was tilted back, and as we ran alongside, a man stuck his head up over the rim and sang out, "Ahoy there!"

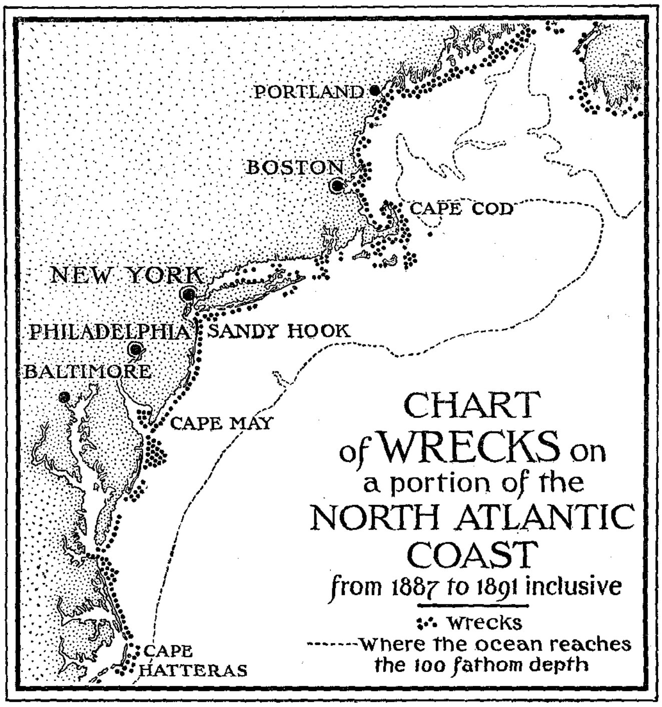
A considerable sea was running, but I observed that the "Argonaut" was planted as firmly in the water as a stone pillar, the big waves splitting over her without imparting any perceptible motion.

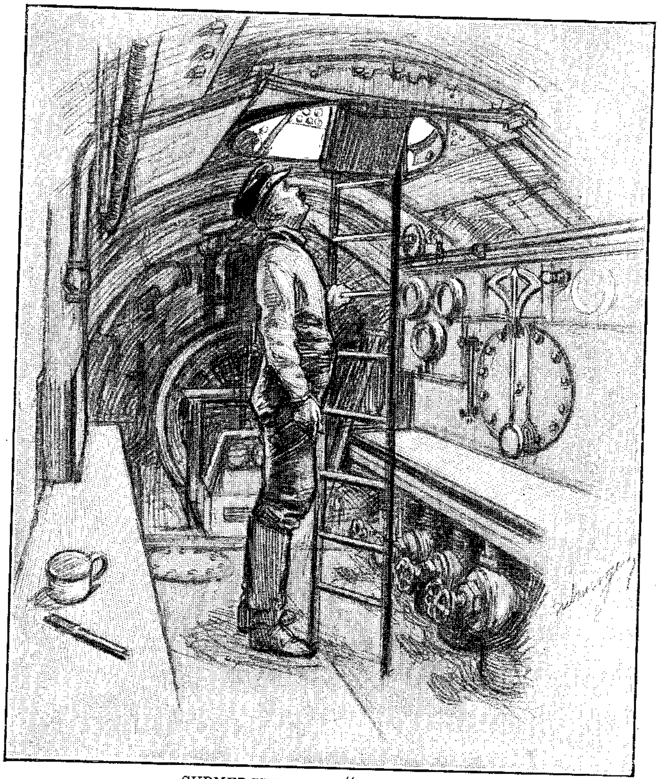
"She weighs fifty-seven tons," said Mr. Lake, "and there are only two or three tons above water. I never have seen the time when she rolled."

We scrambled up on the little platform, and peered down through the open conning-tower, which we had taken for a funnel, into the depths of the ship below. Wilson had started his gasoline engine, and I was wondering what became of the exhaust, which I heard rattling in the pipes, when I saw a white plume of steam rising from the very summit of the gas-pipe frame above us. "This leg of the A," explained Mr. Lake, "carries off the burnt gases, and this one brings in the fresh air while we are submerged. You see the pipes are tall enough, so that we can use them until we are more than fifty feet under water. Below that, we have to depend on the compressed air in our tanks, or on a hose reaching from the upper end of the pipe to a buoy on the surface." Mr. Lake had taken his place at the wheel, and we were going ahead slowly, steering straight across the bay toward Sandy Hook and deeper water. The "Argonaut" makes about five knots an hour on the surface, but when she gets deep down on the sea bottom, where she belongs, she can spin along more rapidly.

"Are you ready to go down?" asked Mr. Lake. The waves were already washing entirely over the lower platform, and occasionally breaking around our feet, but we both nodded solemnly.

"Open the center compartments," Mr. Lake shouted down the conning-tower. "I'm flooding the ballast compartments," he explained. "Usually we submerge by letting down two half-ton iron weights, and then, after admitting enough water to overcome our buoyancy, we can readily pull the boat to the bottom by winding in on the weight-





SUBMERGING THE "ARGONAUT."
The man is looking up at the compass in the binnacle.

cables. Unfortunately, we have lost one of the weights, and so we have to depend entirely on the compartments."

The "Argonaut" was slowly sinking under the water. We became momentarily more impressed with the extreme smallness of the craft to which we were trusting our lives. The little platform around the conning-tower on which we stood—in reality the top of the gasoline tank—was scarcely a half dozen feet across, and the "Argonaut" herself was only thirty-six feet long. Her sides had already faded out of sight, but not before we had seen how solidly they were built—all of steel, riveted and reinforced, so that the wonder grew how such a tremendous weight, when submerged, could ever again be raised.

"We had to give her immense strength," said Mr. Lake, "to resist the water pressure at great depths. She is built of the same thickness of steel as the government used for the 2,000-ton cruisers 'Detroit' and 'Montgomery.' She'll stand a hundred feet, although we never took her deeper than fifty. We like to keep our margins safe."

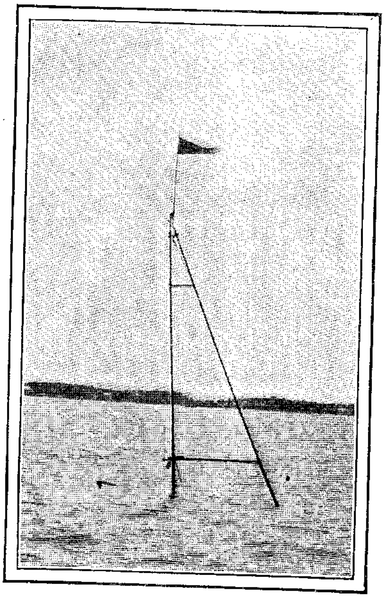
I think we made some inquiries about the safety of submarine boats in general. Other water compartments had been flooded, and we had settled so far down that the waves dashed repeatedly over the platform on which we stood—and the conning-tower was still wide open, inviting a sudden engulfing rush of water.

"You mustn't confuse the 'Argonaut' with ordinary submarine boats," said Mr. Lake. "She is quite different and much safer."

He explained that the "Argonaut" was not only a submarine boat, but much besides. She not only swims either on the surface or beneath it, but she adds to this accomplishment the extraordinary power of diving deep and rolling along the bottom of the sea on wheels. No machine ever before did that. Indeed, the "Argonaut" is more properly a "sea motocycle" than a "boat." In its invention Mr. Lake elaborated an idea which the United States Patent Office has decided to be absolutely original.

"I think we better go below," said Mr. Lake, with a trace of haste in his voice.

I went first, slipping hand over hand down the ladder. Mr. Stevens followed, and a great wave came slapping in after him, sousing down over his shoulders. Mr. Lake quickly shut down the conning-tower



AT THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC.

The "Argonaut" here lies submerged in twenty-eight feet of water, off Virginia Beach, Virginia, where the ocean bed is pure white sand. From a photograph.

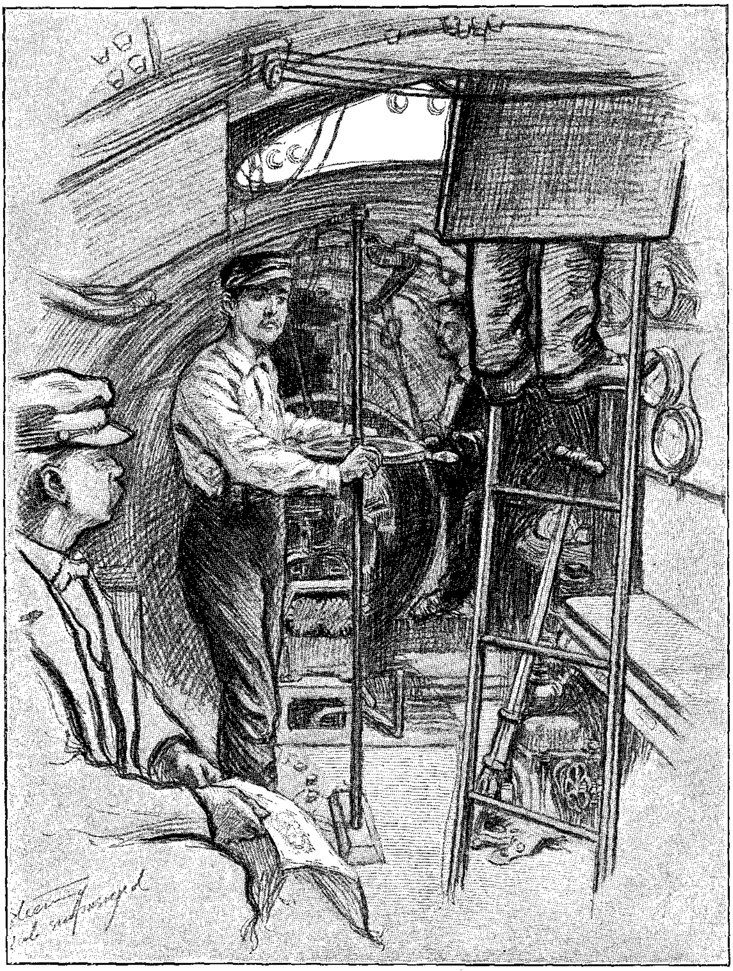
cap and screwed it fast over its rubber rims.

We found ourselves in a long, narrow compartment, dimly illuminated by yellowish-green light from the little, round, glass windows. The stern was filled with Wilson's gasoline engine and the electric motor, and in front of us, toward the bow, we could see through the heavy steel doorways of the diver's compartment into the lookout room, where there was a single round eye of light.

"She's almost under," said Mr. Lake.

I climbed up the ladder of the conning-tower and looked out through one of the glass ports. My eyes were just even with the surface of the water. In the trough of the waves I could catch a glimpse of the distant sunny shores of New Jersey, and here and there, off toward Staten Island, the bright sails of oyster smacks. Then, the next wave came driving and foaming entirely over the top of the vessel, and I could see the curiously beautiful sheen of the bright summit of the water above us. It was a most impressive sight. Not many people ever have had the opportunity of looking calmly upon the surface of the sea from below. Mr. Lake told me that in very clear water it was difficult to tell just where the air left off and the water began; but in the muddy bay where we were going down the surface looked like a peculiarly clear, greenish pane of glass moving straight up and down, not forward, as the waves appear to move when looked at from above.

Now we were entirely under water. The ripping noises that the waves had made in beating against the upper structure of the boat had ceased. As I looked through the thick glass port, the water was only three inches from my eyes, and I could see thousands of dainty, semi-translucent jelly-fish floating about as lightly as thistle-down. They gathered in the eddy behind the conning-tower in great numbers, bumping up sociably against one another and darting up and down with each gentle movement of the water. And I realized that we were in the domain of the fishes.



THE "ARGONAUT" SUBMERGED—A SCENE IN THE LIVING-ROOM.

On the left, Mr. Lake is seated; the steersman is in the center. The feet of the lookout in the conning-tower can be seen on the ladder to the right.

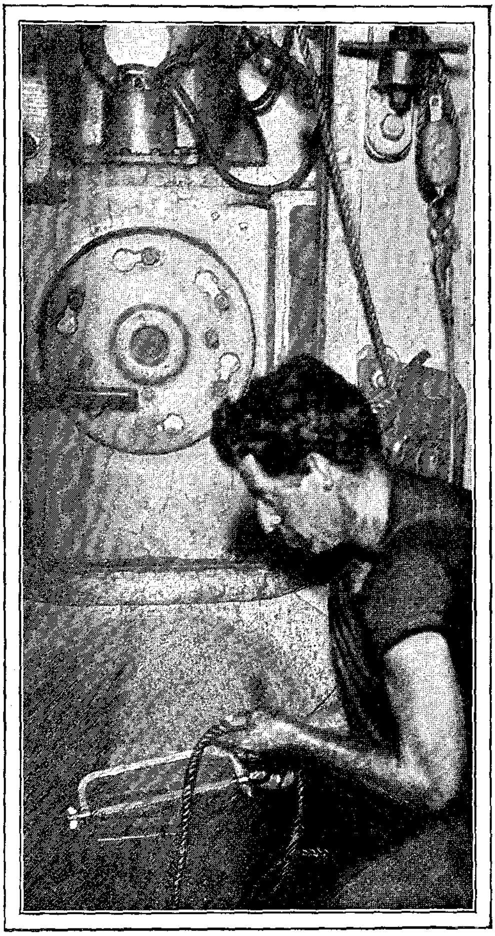
I returned to the bottom of the boat, to find that it was brilliantly lighted by electricity, and to have my ears pain me sharply.

"You see the air is beginning to come down," said Jim, the first mate, "and we are getting a little pressure."

I held up my hand, and felt the strong gust which was being drawn down through the tall air-pipe above us. It was comforting to know that the air arrangements were in working order.

Mr. Lake now hung a small mirror at an angle of forty-five degrees just at the bottom of the conning-tower, and stepped back to the steering-wheel. Upon looking into the mirror, he could see the reflection of the compass, which is placed at the very highest tip of the brass binnacle that crowns the conning-tower. "We can't use a compass down here," said he, "because there is too much machinery and steel." He has found by repeated experiments that the compass points as accurately under water as on the surface.

Jim brought the government chart, and Mr. Lake announced that we were heading directly for Sandy Hook and the open ocean. But we had not yet reached the bottom, and John was busily opening valves and letting in more water. I went forward to the little steel cubby-hole in the extreme prow of the boat, and looked out through the watch-port. The water had grown denser and yellower, and I could not see much beyond the dim outlines of the ship's spar reaching out forward. Jim said that he had often seen fishes come swimming up wonderingly to gaze into the port. They would remain quite motionless until he stirred his head, and then they vanished instantly. Mr. Lake has a remarkable photograph which he took of a visiting fish, and Wilson tells of nurturing a queer flat crab for days in the crevice of one of the view-holes. As I turned from the watch-port, my eye fell on an every-day-looking telephone, with the receiver hung up next the steel walls.



CUTTING A CABLE BROUGHT UP THROUGH THE DOOR OF THE DIVER'S COMPARTMENT.

From a photograph.

"Oh, yes," said Jim, "we have all the modern conveniences. That's for telephoning to the main part of the boat when the diver's compartment is closed and we can't get through."

He also showed me a complex system of call bells, by means of which the man at the lookout could direct the engineer. "When we are down in unknown waters," he said, "we have a big electric search-light which points out the way."

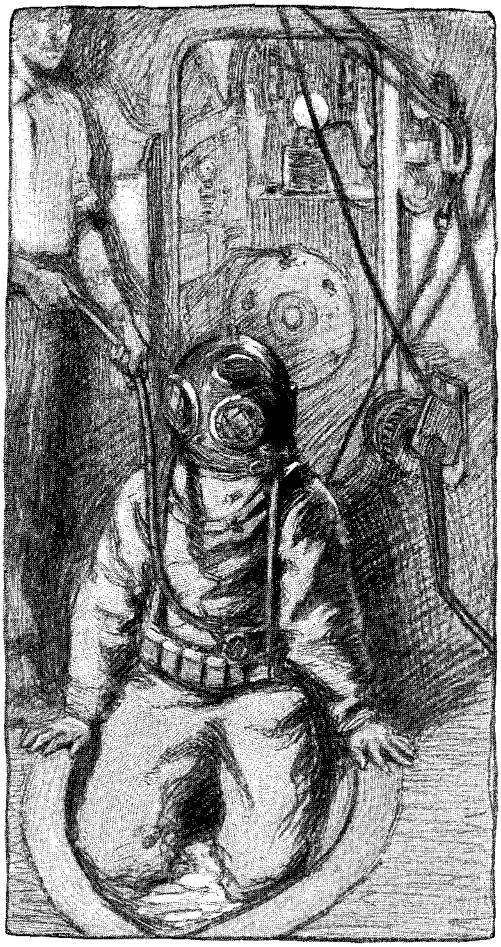
At that moment, I felt a faint jolt, and Mr. Lake said that we were on the bottom of the sea. "The bottom here is very muddy," he said, "and we are only resting a few hundred pounds' weight on our wheels. By taking in or pumping out water, we can press downward like a locomotive or like a feather. Where we have good hard sand to run on, we use our wheels for driving the boat; but in mud like this, where there's nothing to get hold of, we make our propeller do the work."

Here we were running as comfortably along the bottom of Sandy Hook Bay as we would ride in a Broadway car, and with quite as much safety. Wilson, who was of a musical turn, was whistling "Down Went McGinty," and Mr. Lake, with his hands on the pilot-wheel, put in an occasional word about his marvelous invention. On the wall opposite, there was a row of dials which told automatically every fact about our condition that the most nervous of men could wish to know. One of them shows the pressure of air in the main compartment of the boat, another registers vacuum, and when both are at zero, Mr. Lake knows that the pressure of the air is normal, the same as it is on the surface, and he tries to maintain it in this condition. There are also a cyclometer, not unlike those used on bicycles, to show how far the boat travels on its wheels; a depth gauge, which keeps us accurately informed as to the depth of the boat in the water, and a declension indicator. By the long finger of the declension dial we could tell whether we were going up hill or down. Once while we were out, there was a sudden, sharp shock, the pointer leaped back, and then quivered steady again. Mr. Lake said that we had probably struck a bit of wreckage or an embankment, but the "Argonaut" was running so lightly that she had leaped up jauntily and slid over the obstruction.

Strange things has Mr. Lake discovered about the bottom of the sea. He has found that nearly all sea roads are level, a fact of great importance to sea-carriages like the "Argonaut."

"People get the impression from the sea-bottom contours," he says, "that the ocean is filled with vast mountain ranges and deep valleys. As a matter of fact, these contours, in representing thousands of miles of width on a printed page, greatly exaggerate the depth, which at its greatest is only a few thousand feet, thus giving a very false idea. Some shores slope more than others, but I venture to say that there are few spots on the bottom of the Atlantic that would not be called level if they were bare of water."

We had been keeping our eyes on the depth dial, the most fascinating and interesting of any of the number. It showed that we were going down, down, down, literally down to the sea in a ship. When we had been submerged for more than an hour, and there was thirty feet of yellowish-green ocean over our heads, Mr. Lake suddenly ordered the machinery stopped. The clacking noises of the dynamo ceased, and the electric lights blinked out, leaving us at once in almost absolute darkness and silence. Before this, we had found it hard to realize that we were on the bottom of the ocean; now it came upon us suddenly and not without a touch of awe. This absence of sound and light, this unchanging motionlessness and coolness, this absolute negation—this was the bottom of the sea. It lasted only a moment, but in that moment we realized acutely the meaning and joy of sunshine and moving winds, trees, and the world of men.


DIVER LEAVING THE "ARGONAUT" UNDER WATER.

The compartment from which the divers descend is heavily charged with compressed air to prevent the water from entering when the door is opened into the sea, the pressure being increased one atmosphere, or fifteen pounds, to the square inch for every thirty-five feet of descent below the surface.

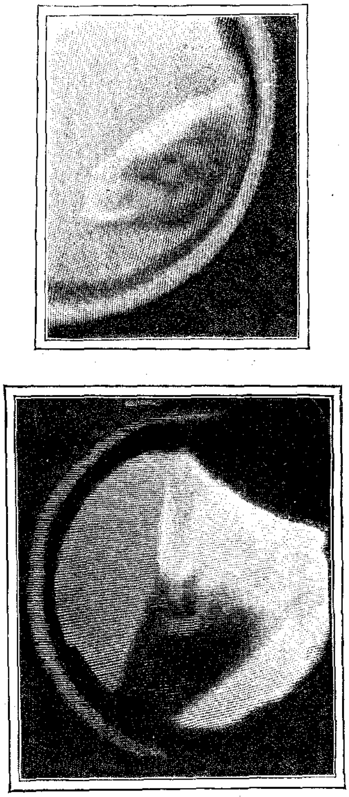
A minute light twinkled out like a star, and then another and another, until the boat was bright again, and we knew that among the other wonders of this most astonishing of inventions there was storage electricity which would keep the boat illuminated for hours, without so much as a single turn of the dynamo. With the stopping of the engine, the air supply from above had ceased; but Mr. Lake laid his hand on the steel wall above us, where he said there was enough air compressed to last us all for two days, should anything happen. The possibility of "something happening" had been lurking in our minds ever since we started. "What if your engine should break down, so that you couldn't pump the water out of the water compartments?" I asked.

"Here we have hand-pumps," said Mr. Lake promptly; "and if those failed, a single touch of this lever would release our iron keel, which weighs 4,000 pounds, and up we would go like a rocket."

I questioned further, only to find that every imaginable contingency, and some that were not at all imaginable to the uninitiated, had been absolutely provided against by the genius of the inventor. And everything from the gasoline engine to the hand-pump was as compact and ingenious as the mechanism of a watch. Moreover, the boat was not crowded; we had plenty of room to move around and to sleep, if we wished, to say nothing of eating. As for eating, John had brought out the kerosene stove and was making coffee, while Jim cut the pumpkin pie.

"This isn't Delmonico's," said Jim, "but we're serving a lunch that Delmonico's couldn't serve—a submarine lunch."

By this time the novelty was wearing off and we sat there, at the bottom of the sea, drinking our coffee with as much unconcern as though we were in an uptown restaurant. For the first time since we started, Mr. Lake sat down, and we had an opportunity of talking with him at leisure. He is a stout-shouldered, powerfully built man, in the prime of life—a man of cool common sense, a practical man, who is also an inventor. And he talks frankly and convincingly, and yet modestly, of his accomplishment.



FISH LOOKING IN AT THE WINDOW OF THE "ARGONAUT."

Both pictures are from photographs taken by Mr. Lake out of the forward look out window of the "Argonaut," while she was running up the Patapsco River to Baltimore.

"When I was ten years old," he said, "I read Jules Verne's 'Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea,' and I have been working on submarine boats ever since." At seventeen he invented a mechanical movement, at twenty he was selling a steering-gear which he had just patented. In 1894 he began to build his first submarine boat, the "Argonaut, Jr.," and for more than four years he has been slowly perfecting, patenting, and financing his invention.

Having finished our lunch, Mr. Lake prepared to show us something about the practical operations of the "Argonaut." It had been a good deal of a mystery to us how workmen penned up in a submarine boat could expect to recover gold from wrecks in the water outside, or to place torpedoes, or to pick up cables.

"We simply open the door, and the diver steps out on the bottom of the sea," Mr. Lake said, quite as if he was conveying the most ordinary information.

At first it seemed incredible, but Mr. Lake showed us the heavy, riveted door in the bottom of the diver's compartment. Then he invited us inside with Wilson, who, besides being an engineer, is also an expert diver. The massive steel doors of the little room were closed and barred, and then Mr. Lake turned a cock, and the air rushed in under high pressure. At once our ears began to throb, and it seemed as if the drums would burst inward.

"Keep swallowing," said Wilson the diver.

As soon as we applied this remedy, the pain was relieved, but the general sensation of increased air pressure, while exhilarating, was still most uncomfortable. The finger on the pressure dial kept creeping up and up, until it showed that the air pressure inside of the compartment was nearly equal to the water pressure without. Then Wilson opened a cock in the door. Instantly the water gushed in, and for a single instant we expected to be drowned there like rats in a trap.

"This is really very simple," Mr. Lake was saying calmly. "When the pressure within is the same as that without, no water can enter."

With that, Wilson dropped the iron door, and there was the water and the muddy bottom of the sea within touch of a man's hand. It was all easy enough to understand, and yet it seemed impossible, even as we saw it with our own eyes.

Mr. Lake stooped down, and picked up a wooden rod having a sharp hook at the end. This he pulled along the bottom. "You see how easily we can pick up a cable and cut it," he said. "Why, we could crawl along from here and cut all the submarine cables and mine wires connecting with New York in half a day, and no one ever would be the wiser. More than that, if the 'Argonaut' had been at Santiago, we could have cleared the harbor of Spanish mines within forty-eight hours. Then we could have crept under the Spanish fleet, where our divers would have stepped out and deliberately set mines or even fastened torpedoes to the bottoms of the ships. When the work was done, we could have backed away, until we were well out of reach of the effects of an explosion. And then, a connection of the wires, and Sampson would have been saved the trouble of smashing Cervera!"

Indeed, it seemed the simplest thing in the world. But the "Argonaut's" most serious work is in wrecking. Mr. Lake explained how difficult it is for divers to go down to wrecks from the surface, owing to the great weight of air-tubing and life-line which they are compelled to drag and the unsteadiness of the attendants' boat. In great depths the diver cannot stay submerged more than an hour at most, and three-quarters of the time is frequently spent in getting up and down.

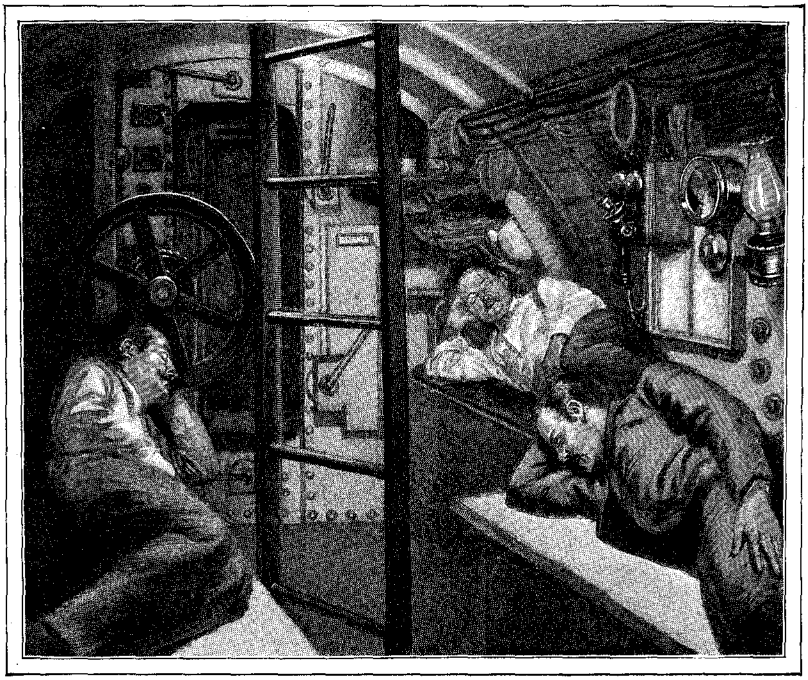
"You see we are at the bottom all the time," said Mr. Lake; "we just push our nose up into the wreck, the diver steps out with a short air-tube, and works right in the path of our search-light. He can come back in a minute for tools, or to rest, and go out again without delay, no matter how high the waves are running on the surface."

As we came up, Mr. Lake told us of his plan to build at once a 100-foot boat for practical work, the "Argonaut" being regarded more as an experiment.

We were now rising again to the surface, after being submerged for more than three hours. I climbed into the conning-tower and watched for the first glimpse of the sunlight. There was a sudden fluff of foam, the ragged edge of a wave, and then I saw, not more than a hundred feet away, a smack bound toward New York under full sail. Her rigging was full of men, gazing curiously in our direction, no doubt wondering what strange monster of the sea was coming forth for a breath of air.

RESTING UNDER THE SEA.

From a flash-light photograph of the "Argonaut's" crew "turned in" in the living-room. The door in front opens into the air-lock, diver's room, and forward lookout compartment (see the longitudinal section). On the right is the telephone by which communication is had with the forward compartments when the diver's room is in use.



STALKY AND CO.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "In Ambush," "Captains Courageous," "The Day's Work," etc.

II.

AN UNSAVORY INTERLUDE.

IT was a maiden aunt of Stalky who sent him both books, with the inscription, "To dearest Artie, on his sixteenth birthday;" it was McTurk who ordered their hypothecation; and it was Beetle, returned from Bideford, who flung them on to the window-sill of Number Five study with news that Bastable would advance but ninepence on the two, "Eric; or, Little by Little," being almost as great a drug as "St. Winifred's." "An' I don't think much of your aunt. We're nearly out of cartridges, too—Artie, dear."

Whereupon Stalky rose up to grapple with him, but McTurk sat on Stalky's head, calling him a "pure-minded boy" till peace was declared. As they were grievously in arrears with a Latin prose, as it was a blazing July afternoon, and as they ought to have been at a house cricket-match, they began to renew their acquaintance, intimate and unholy, with the volumes.

"Here we are!" said McTurk. "'Corporal punishment produced on Eric the worst effects. He burned *not* with remorse or regret'—make a note o' that, Beetle—'but with shame and violent indignation. He glared'—oh, naughty Eric! Let's get to where he goes in for drink."

"Hold on half a sec. Here's another sample. 'The Sixth,' he says, 'is the palladium of all public schools.' But this lot"—Stalky rapped the gilded book—"can't prevent fellows drinkin' and stealin', an' lettin' fags out of window at night, an'—an' doin' what they please. Golly, what we've missed—not goin' to St. Winifred's! . . ."

"I'm sorry to see any boys of my house taking so little interest in their matches."

Mr. Prout could move very silently if he pleased, though that is no merit in a boy's eyes. He had flung open the study-door without knocking—another sin—and looked at them suspiciously. "Very sorry, indeed, I am to see you frowsting in your studies."

"We've been out ever since dinner, sir," said McTurk wearily. One house-match is just like another, and their "ploy" of that week happened to be rabbit-shooting with saloon-pistols.

"I can't see a ball when it's coming, sir," said Beetle. "I've had my gig-lamps smashed at little-side cricket till I got excused. I wasn't any good even as a fag, then, sir."

"Tuck is probably your form. Tuck and brewing. Why can't you three take any interest in the honor of your house?"

They had heard that phrase till they were wearied. The "honor of the house" was Prout's weak point, and they knew well how to flick him on the raw.

"If you order us to go down, sir, of course we'll go," said Stalky, with maddening politeness. But Prout knew better than that. He had tried the experiment once at a big match, when the three, self-isolated, stood to attention for half an hour in full view of all the visitors, to whom fags, subsidized for that end, pointed them out as victims of Prout's tyranny. And Prout was a sensitive man.

In the infinitely petty confederacies of the common-room, King and Macrea, fellow house-masters, had borne it in upon him that by games, and games alone, was salvation wrought. Boys neglected were boys lost. They must be disciplined. Left to himself, Prout would have made a sympathetic house-master; but he was never so left, and with the devilish insight of youth, the boys knew to whom they were indebted for his zeal.

"Must we go down, sir?" said McTurk.

"I don't want to order you to do what a

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right-thinking boy should do gladly. I'm sorry." And he lurched out with some hazy impression that he had sown good seed on poor ground.

"What does he suppose is the use of that?" said Beetle.

"Oh, he's cracked. King jaws him in common-room about not keepin' us up to the mark, and Macrea burbles about 'dithcipline,' an' old Heffy sits between 'em sweatin' big drops. I heard Oke (the common-room butler) talking to Richards (Prout's house-servant) about it down in the basement the other day when I went down to bag some bread," said Stalky.

"What did Oke say?" demanded McTurk, throwing "Eric" into a corner.

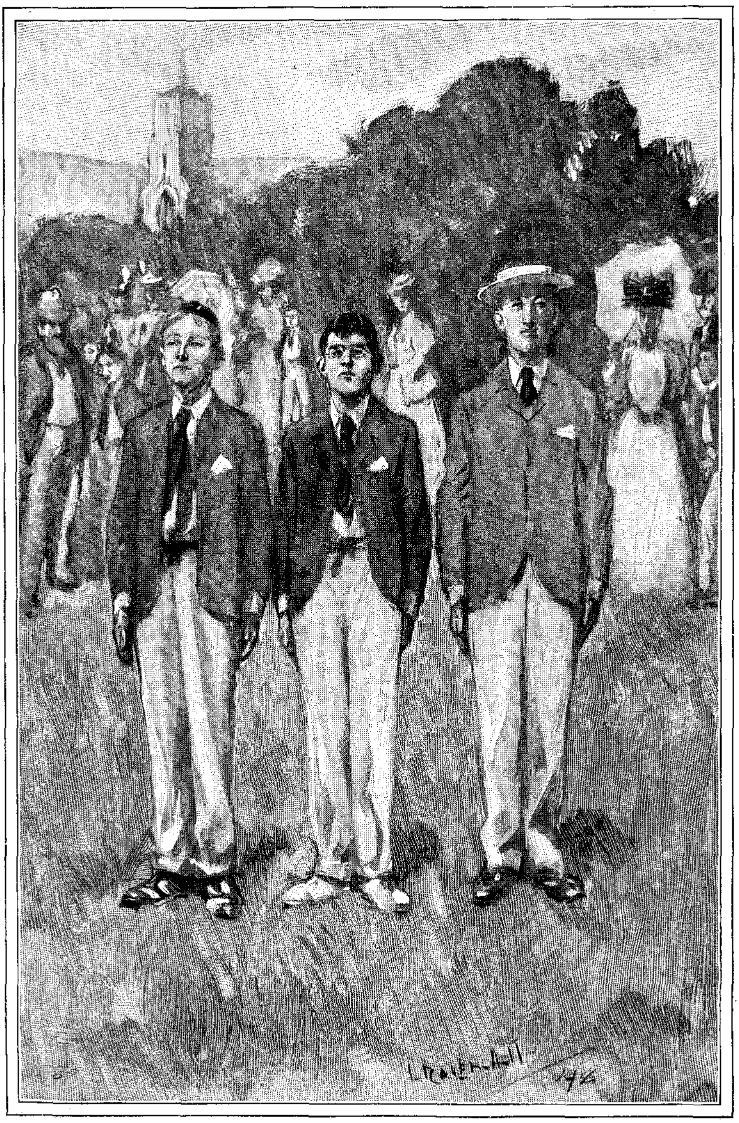
"Oh, he said, 'They make more nise nor a nest full o' jackdaws, an' half of it like we'd no ears to our heads that waited on 'em. They talks over old Prout—what he've done an' left undone about his boys. An' how their boys be fine boys, an' his'n be dom bad.' Well, Oke talked like that, you know, and Richards got awf'ly wrathy. He has a down on King for something or other. Wonder why?"

"Why, King talks about Prout in form-room — makes allusions, an' all that—only half the chaps are such asses they can't see what he's drivin' at. And d'you remember what he said about the 'Casual House' last Tuesday? He meant us. They say he says perfectly beastly things to his own house, making fun of Prout's," said Beetle.

"Well, we didn't come here to mix up in their rows," McTurk said wrathfully. "Who'll bathe after call-over? King's takin' it in the cricket-field. Come on." Turkey seized his hat and led the way.

They reached the sun-blistered pavilion over against the gray Pebbleridge just before roll-call, and, asking no questions, gathered from King's voice and manner that his house was on the road to victory.

"Ah, ha!" said he, turning to show the light of his countenance. "Here we have the ornaments of the Casual House at last. You consider cricket beneath you, I believe"—the crowd sniggered—"and from what I have seen this afternoon, I fancy many others of your house hold the same view. And may I ask what you purpose to do with your noble selves till tea-time?"



"The three, self-isolated, stood to attention."

"Going down to bathe, sir," said Stalky.

"And whence this sudden zeal for cleanliness? There is nothing about you that particularly suggests it. Indeed, so far as I remember—I may be at fault—but a short time ago——"

"Five years, sir," said Beetle hotly.

King scowled. "*One* of you was that thing called a water-funk. Yes, a water-funk. So now you wish to wash? It is well. Cleanliness never injured a boy or—a house. We will proceed to business," and he addressed himself to the call-over board.

"What the deuce did you say anything to him for, Beetle?" said McTurk angrily, as they strolled towards the big, open sea-baths.

"'Twasn't fair—remindin' one of bein' a water-funk. My first term, too. Heaps of chaps are—when they can't swim."

"Yes, you ass; but he saw he'd fetched you. You ought never to answer King."

"But it wasn't fair, Stalky."

"My Hat! You've been here six years, and you expect fairness. Well, you *are* a dithering idiot."

A knot of King's boys, also bound for the baths, hailed them, beseeching them to wash—for the honor of their house.

"That's what comes of King's jawin' and messin'. Those young animals wouldn't have thought of it unless he'd put it into their heads. Now they'll be funny about it for weeks," said Stalky. "Don't take any notice."

The boys came nearer, shouting an opprobrious word. At last they moved to windward, ostentatiously holding their noses.

"That's pretty," said Beetle. "They'll be sayin' our house stinks next."

When they returned from the baths, damp-headed, languid, at peace with the world, Beetle's forecast came only too true. They were met in the corridor by a fag—a common, lower-second fag—who at arm's length handed them a carefully wrapped piece of soap "with the compliments of King's house."

"Hold on," said Stalky, checking immediate attack. "Who put you up to this, Nixon? Rattray and White? (Those were two leaders in King's house.) Thank you. There's no answer."

"Oh, it's too sickening to have this kind o' rot shoved on to a chap. What's the sense of it? What's the fun of it?" said McTurk.

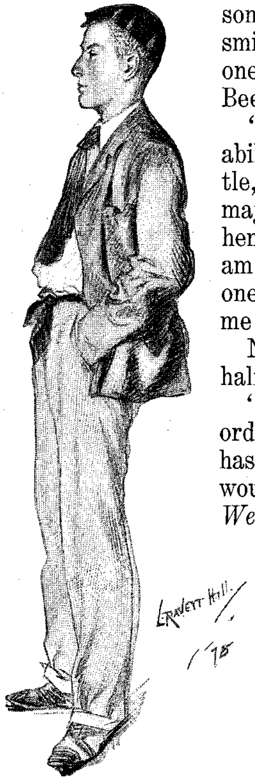
"It will go on to the end of the term, though," Beetle wagged his head sorrowfully. He had worn many jests threadbare on his own account.

In a few days it became an established legend of the school that Prout's house did not wash and were therefore noisome. Mr. King was pleased to smile succulently in form when one of his house drew aside from Beetle with certain gestures.

"There seems to be some disability attaching to you, my Beetle, or else why should Burton major withdraw, so to speak, the hem of his garments? I confess I am still in the dark. Will some one be good enough to enlighten me?"

Naturally he was enlightened by half the form.

"Extraordinary! Most extraordinary! However, each house has its traditions, with which I would not for the world interfere. *We* have a prejudice in favor of washing. Go on, Beetle—from 'Jugurtha tamen'—and, if you can, avoid the more flagrant forms of guessing."



McTurk.

Prout's house was furious because Macrea's and Hartopp's house joined King's to insult them. They called a house-meeting after dinner—an excited and angry meeting of all save the prefects, whose dignity, though they sympathized, would not allow them to attend. They read ungrammatical resolutions, and made speeches beginning, "Gentlemen, we have met on this occasion," and ending with, "It's a beastly shame," precisely as houses have done since time and schools began.

Number Five study attended, with its usual air of bland patronage. At last McTurk, of the lanthorn jaws, delivered himself:

"You jabber and jaw and burble, and that's about all you *can* do. What's the good of it? King's house'll only gloat because they've drawn you, and King will gloat, too. Besides, that resolution of Orrin's is chock full of bad grammar, and King'll gloat over *that*."

"I thought you an' Beetle would put it right, an'—an' we'd post it in the corridor," said the composer meekly.

"*Pas si je le connai.* I'm not goin' to meddle with the biznai," said Beetle. "It's a gloat for King's house. Turkey's quite right."

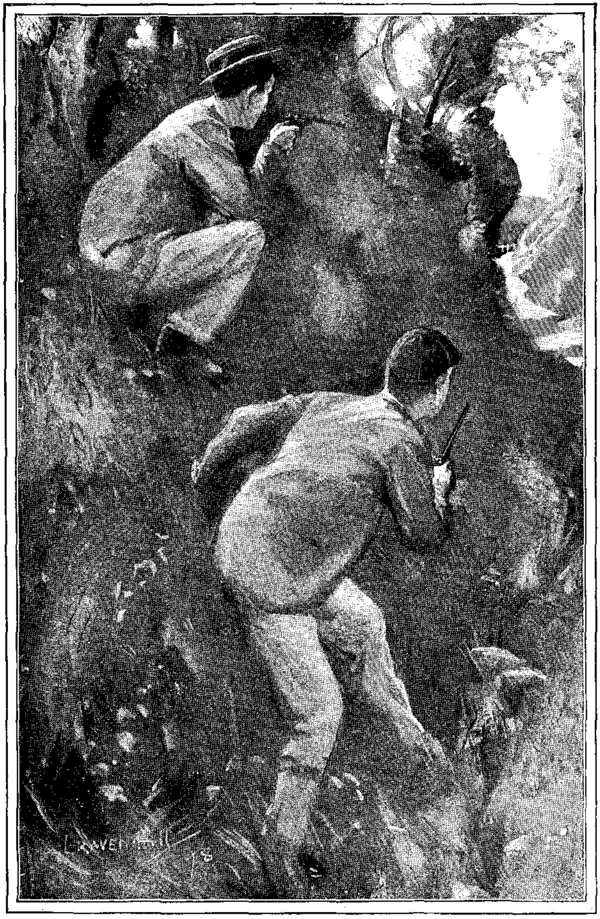
"Well, won't Stalky, then?"

But Stalky puffed out his cheeks and squinted down his nose in the style of Panurge, and all he said was, "Oh, you abject burblers!"

"You're three beastly scabs!" was the instant retort of the democracy, and they went out amid execrations.

"This is piffling," said McTurk. "Let's get our sallies, and go and shoot bunnies."

Three saloon-pistols, with a supply of bulleted breech-caps, were stored in Stalky's trunk, and this trunk was in their dormitory, and their dormitory was a three-bed attic one, opening out of a ten-bed establishment, which, in turn, communicated with the great range of dormitories that ran practically from one end of the College to the other. Macrea's house lay next to Prout's, King's next to Macrea's, and Hartopp's beyond that again. Carefully locked doors divided house from house, but each house, in its internal arrangements—the College had been originally a terrace of twelve large houses—was a replica of the next, one straight roof covering all.



"'*It's a cat, by Jove! You plug first.*'"

They found Stalky's bed drawn out from the wall to the left of the dormer window, and the latter end of Richards protruding from a two-foot-square cupboard in the wall.

"What's all this? I've never noticed it before. What are you tryin' to do, Fatty?"

"Fillin' basins, Muster Corkran." Richards's voice was hollow and muffled. "They've been savin' me trouble. Yiss."

"Looks like it," said McTurk. "Hi! You'll stick if you don't take care."

Richards backed puffing.

"I can't rache un. Yiss, 't ess a turncock, Muster McTurk. They've took an' runned all the watter-pipes a storey higher in the houses—runned 'em all along under the 'ang of the heaves, like. Runned 'em in last holidays. *I* can't reach the turncock."

"Let me try, then," said Stalky, diving into the aperture.

"Slip 'ee to the left, then, Muster Corkran. Slip 'ee to the left, an' feel in the dark."

To the left Stalky wriggled, and saw a long line of lead-pipe disappearing up a triangular tunnel, whose roof was the rafters and boarding of the college roof, whose floor was sharp-edged joists, and whose side was the rough studding of the lath and plaster wall under the dormer.

"Rummy show. How far does it go?"

"Right along, Muster Corkran—right along from end to end. Her runs under the 'ang of the heaves. Have 'ee rached the stopcock yet? Mr. King got un put in to save us carryin' watter from downstairs to fill the basins. No place for a lusty man like old Richards. I'm tu thickabout to go ferretin'. Thank 'ee, Muster Corkran."

The water squirted through the tap just inside the cupboard, and, having filled the basins, the grateful Richards waddled away.

The boys sat round-eyed on their beds considering the possibilities of this trove. Two floors below them they could hear the hum of the angry house; for nothing is so still as a dormitory in mid-afternoon of a midsummer term.

"It has been papered over till now." McTurk examined the little door. "If we'd only known before!"

"I vote we go down and explore. No one will come up this time o' day. We needn't keep *cavé*."

They crawled in, Stalky leading, drew the door behind them, and on all fours embarked on a dark and dirty road full of plaster, odd shavings, and all the raffle that builders leave in the waste room of a house. The passage was perhaps three feet wide, and, except for the struggling light round the edges of the cupboards (there was one to each dormer), almost pitchy dark.

"Here's Macrea's house," said Stalky, his eye at the crack of the third cupboard. "I can see Barnes's name on his trunk. Don't make such a row, Beetle! We can get right to the end of the Coll. Come on! . . . We're in King's house now—I can see a bit of Rattray's trunk. How these beastly boards hurt one's knees!" They heard his nails scraping on plaster.

"That's the ceiling below. Look out! If we smashed that the plaster 'ud fall down in the lower dormitory," said Beetle.

"Let's," from McTurk.

"An' be collared first thing? Not much. Why, I can shove my hand ever so far up between these boards."

Stalky thrust an arm to the elbow between the joists.

"No good stayin' here. I vote we go back and talk it over. It's a crummy place. Must say I'm grateful to King for his waterworks."

They crawled out, brushed one another clean, slid the saloon-pistols down a trouser-leg, and hurried forth to a deep and solitary Devonshire lane in whose flanks a boy might sometimes slay a young rabbit. They threw themselves down under the rank elder bushes, and began to think aloud.

"You know," said Stalky at last, sighting at a distant sparrow, "we could hide our sallies in there like anything."

"Huh!" Beetle snorted, choked, and gurgled. He had been silent since they left the dormitory. "Did you ever read a book called 'The History of a House' or something? I got it out of the library the other day. A French woman wrote it—Violet somebody. But it's translated, you know; and it's very interestin'. Tells you how a house is built."

"Well, if you're in a sweat to find out *that*, you can go down to the new cottages they're building for the coastguard."

"My Hat! I will." He felt in his pockets. "Give me tuppence, some one."

"Rot! Stay here, and don't mess about in the sun."

"Gi' me tuppence."

"I say, Beetle, you aren't stuffy about anything, are you?" said McTurk, handing over the coppers. His tone was serious, for though Stalky often, and McTurk occasionally, manœuvered on his own account, Beetle had never been known to do so in all the history of the confederacy.

"No, I'm not. I'm thinking."

"Well, we'll come, too," said Stalky, with a general's suspicion of his aides.

"Don't want you."

"Oh, leave him alone. He's been taken worse with a poem," said McTurk. "He'll go burbling down to the Pebbleridge and spit it all up in the study when he comes back."

"Then what did he want with the tuppence, Turkey? He's gettin' too beastly independent. Hi! There's a bunny. No, it ain't. It's a cat, by Jove! You plug first."

Twenty minutes later a boy with a straw hat at the back of his head, and his hands in his pockets, was staring at workmen as they moved about a half-finished cottage. He produced some ferocious tobacco, and was passed from the forecourt into the interior, where he asked many questions.

"Well, let's have your beastly epic," said Turkey, as they burst into the study, to find Beetle deep in Viollet-le-Duc and some drawings. "We've had no end of a lark."

"Epic? What epic? I've been down to the coastguard."

"No epic? Then we will slay you, O Beetle," said Stalky, moving to the attack. "You've got something up your sleeve, *I* know, when you talk in that tone!"

"Your Uncle Beetle"—with an attempt to imitate Stalky's war-voice—"is a great man."

"Oh, no; he jolly well isn't anything of the kind. You deceive yourself, Beetle. Scrag him, Turkey!"

"A great man," Beetle gurgled from the floor. "*You* are futile—look out for my tie!—futile burblers. I am the great man. I gloat. Ouch! Hear me!"

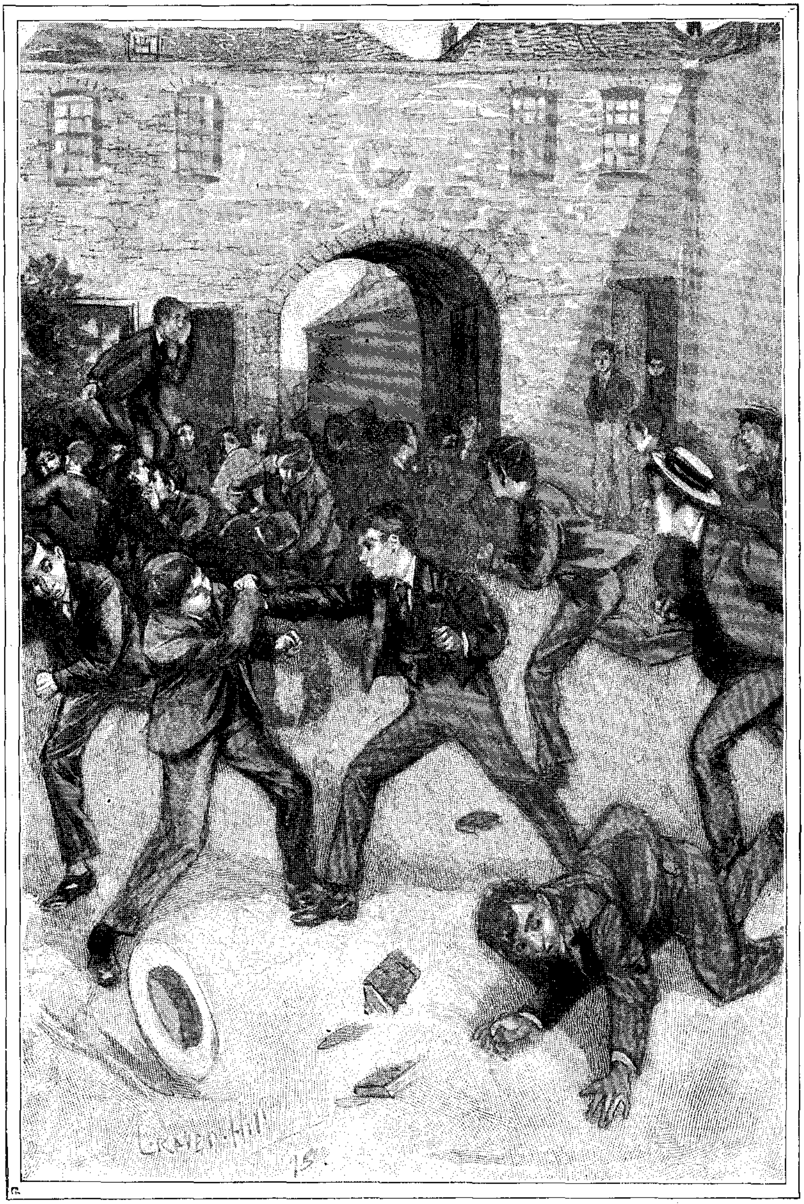
"Beetle, de-ah"—Stalky dropped unreservedly on Beetle's chest—"we love you, an' you're a poet. If I ever said you were a doggaroo, I apologize; but you know as well as we do that you can't do anything by yourself without mucking it."

"I've got a notion."

"And you'll spoil the whole show if you don't tell your Uncle Stalky. Cough it up, ducky, and we'll see what we can do. Notion, you fat impostor—I knew you had a notion when you went away! Turkey said it was a poem."

"I've found out how houses are built. Le' me get up. The floor-joists of one room are the ceiling-joists of the room below."

"Don't be so filthy technical."



"*Prout's juniors hurled themselves into the war.*"

"Well, the man told me. The floor is laid on top of those joists—those boards on edge that we crawled over—but the floor stops at a partition. Well, if you get behind a partition, same as you did in the attic, don't you see that you can shove anything you please under the floor between the floor-boards and the lath and plaster of the ceiling below? Look here. I've drawn it."

He produced a rude sketch, sufficient to enlighten the allies. There is no part of the modern school curriculum that deals with architecture, and none of them had yet reflected whether floors and ceilings were hollow or solid. Outside his own immediate interests the boy is as ignorant as the savage he so admires; but he has also the savage's resource.

"I see," said Stalky. "I shoved my hand there. An' then?"

"An' then . . . They've been calling us stinkers, you know. We might shove somethin' under—sulphur, or something that stunk pretty bad—an' stink 'em out. I know it can be done somehow." Beetle's eyes turned to Stalky handling the diagrams.

"Stinks?" said Stalky interrogatively. Then his face became luminous with delight. "By gum! I've got it. Horrid stinks! Turkey!" He leaped at the Irishman. "This afternoon—just after Beetle went away! *She's* the very thing!"

"Come to my arms, my beamish boy," caroled McTurk, and they fell into each other's arms dancing. "Oh, frabjous day! Calloo, callay! She will! She will!"

"Hold on," said Beetle. "I don't understand."

"Dear man! It shall, though. Oh, Artie, my pure-souled youth, let us tell our darling Reggie about Pestiferous Stinkadores."

"Not until after call-over. Come on!"

"I say," said Orrin, stiffly, as they fell into their places along the walls of the gymnasium. "The house are goin' to hold another meeting."

"Hold away, then." Stalky's mind was elsewhere.

"It's about you three this time."

"All right, give 'em my love . . . *Here, sir*," and he tore down the corridor.

Gamboling like kids at play, with bounds and sidestarts, with caperings and curvetings, they led the almost bursting Beetle to the rabbit-lane, and from under a pile of stones drew forth the new-slain corpse of a cat. Then did Beetle see the inner meaning of what had gone before, and lifted up his voice in thanksgiving for that the world held warriors so wise as Stalky and McTurk.

"Well-nourished old lady, ain't she?" said Stalky. "How long d'you suppose it'll take her to get a bit whiff in a confined space?"

"Bit whiff! What a coarse brute you are!" said McTurk. "Can't a poor pussy cat get under King's dormitory-floor to die without your pursuin' her with your foul innuendoes?"

"What did she die under the floor for?" said Beetle, looking to the future.

"Oh, they won't worry about *that* when they find her," said Stalky.

"A cat may look at a king." McTurk rolled down the bank at his own jest. "Pussy, you don't know how useful you're goin' to be to three pure-souled, high-minded boys."

"They'll have to take up the floor for her, same as they did in Number Nine when the rat croaked. Big medicine—heap big medicine! Phew! Oh, Lord, I wish I could stop laughin'," said Beetle.

"Stinks! Hi, stinks! Clammy ones!" McTurk croaked as he regained his place. "And"—the exquisite humor of it brought them sliding down together in a tangle—"it's all for the honor of the house, too!"

"An' they're holdin' another meetin'—on us," Stalky panted, his knees in the ditch and his face in the long grass. "Well, let's get the bullet out of her and hurry up. The sooner she's bedded out the better."

Between them they did some grisly work with a penknife; between them (ask not who buttoned her to his bosom) they took up the corpse and hastened back, Stalky arranging their plan of action at the full trot.

The afternoon sun, lying in broad patches on the bed-rugs, saw three boys and an umbrella disappear into a dormitory wall. In five minutes they emerged, brushed themselves all over, washed their hands, combed their hair, and descended.

"Are you sure you shoved her far enough under?" said McTurk suddenly.

"Hang it, man, I shoved her the full length of my arm and Beetle's brolly. That must be about six feet. She's bung in the middle of King's big upper ten-bedder. Eligible central situation, *I* call it. She'll stink out his chaps, and Hartopp's and Macrea's, when she really begins to fume. I swear your Uncle Stalky is a great man. Do you realize what a great man he is, Beetle?"

"Well, I had the notion first, hadn't I, only——"

"You couldn't do it without your Uncle Stalky, could you?"

"They've been calling us stinkers for a week now," said McTurk. "Oh, *won't* they catch it!"

"Stinker! Yah! Stink-ah!" rang down the corridor.

"And she's there," said Stalky, a hand on either boy's shoulder. "She—is—there, gettin' ready to surprise 'em. Presently she'll begin to whisper to 'em in their dreams. Then she'll whiff. Golly, how she'll whiff! Oblige me by thinkin' of it for two minutes."

They went to their study in more or less of silence. There they began to laugh—laugh as only boys can. They laughed with their foreheads on the tables, or on the floor, laughed at length curled over the backs of chairs or clinging to a book-shelf, laughed themselves limp.

And in the middle of it Orrin entered on behalf of the house.

"Don't mind us, Orrin; sit down. You don't know how we respect and admire you. There's something about your pure, high, young forehead, full of the dreams of innocent boyhood, that's no end fetching. It is, indeed."

"The house sent me in to give you this." He laid a folded sheet of paper on the table and retired with an awful front, pursued down the staircase by renewed peals of hysterical mirth.

"It's the resolution! Oh, read it, some one. I'm too silly sick with laughin' to see," said Beetle.

Stalky jerked it open with a precautionary sniff.

"Phew! Phew! Listen. '*The house notices with pain and contempt the attitude of indifference*'—how many f's in indifference, Beetle?"

"Two for choice."

"Only one here—'*adopted by the occupants of Number Five Study in relation to the insults offered to Mr. Prout's house at the recent meeting in Number Twelve Form-room, and the house hereby pass a vote of censure on the said study.*' That's all."

"And she bled all down my shirt, too!" said Beetle.

"An' I'm catty all over," said McTurk, "though I washed twice."

"An' I nearly broke Beetle's brolly plantin' her where she would blossom!"

The situation was beyond speech, but not laughter. There was some attempt that night to demonstrate against the three in their dormitory; so they came forth.

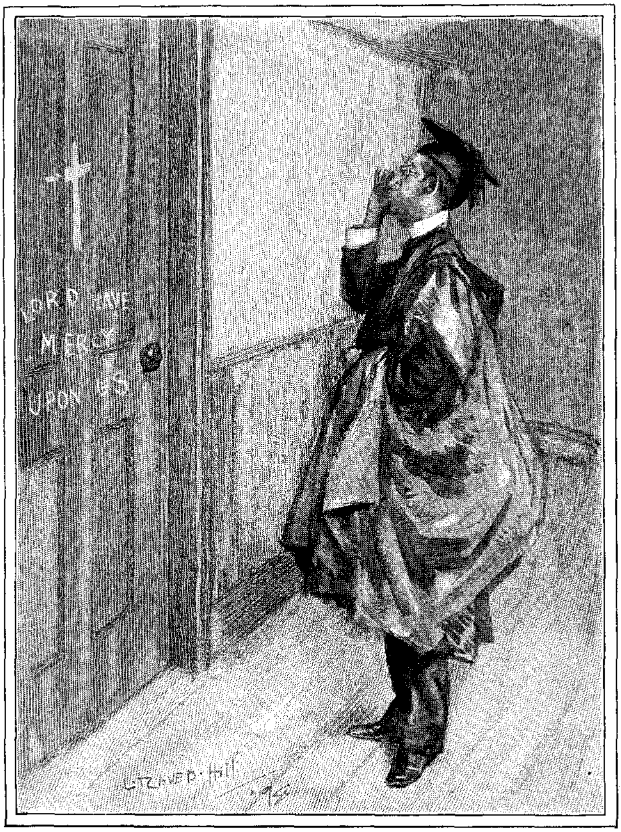
"You see," Beetle began suavely, "the trouble with you is that you're a set of unthinkin' asses. You've no more brains than spidgers. We've told you that heaps of times, haven't we?"

"We'll give all three of you a dormitory lickin'. You always jaw at us as if you were prefects," cried one.

"Oh, no, you won't," said Stalky, "because you know that if you did you'd get the worst of it sooner or later. *We* aren't in any hurry. *We* can afford to wait for our little revenges. You've made howlin' asses of yourselves, and just as soon as King gets hold of your precious resolutions to-morrow you'll find that out. If you aren't sick an' sorry by to-morrow night, I'll—I'll eat my hat."

But or ever the dinner-bell rang next day Prout's were sadly aware of their error. King received stray members of the house with an exaggerated attitude of fear. Did they purpose to cause him to be dismissed from the College by unanimous resolution? What were their views concerning the government of the school, that he might hasten to give effect to them? He would not offend them for worlds; but he feared—he sadly feared—that his own house, who did not pass resolutions (but washed), might somewhat deride.

King was a happy man, and his house, basking in the favor of his smile, made that afternoon a long penance to the misled Prout's. And Prout himself, with a dull and lowering visage, tried to think out the rights and wrongs of it all, only plunging deeper into bewilderment. Why should his house be called "Stinkers"? Truly, it was a small thing, but he had been trained to be-


LORD HAVE MERCY UPON US

" . . . and left King to find it."

lieve that straws show which way the wind blows, and that there is no smoke without fire. He approached King in common-room with a sense of injustice, but King was pleased to be full of airy persiflage that tide, and brilliantly danced dialectical rings round Prout.

"Now," said Stalky at bedtime, making pilgrimage through the dormitories before the prefects came up, "*now* what have you got to say for yourselves? Foster, Carton, Finch, Longbridge, Marlin, Brett! I heard you chaps catchin' it from King—he made hay of you—an' all you could do was to wriggle an' grin an' say, 'Yes, sir,' an' 'No, sir,' an' 'O, sir,' an' 'Please, sir'! You an' your resolution! Urh!"

"Oh, shut up, Stalky."

"Not a bit of it. You're a gaudy lot of resolutionists, you are! You've made a sweet mess of it. Perhaps you'll have the decency to leave us alone in future."

Here the house grew angry, and in many voices pointed out how this blunder would never have come to pass if Number Five study had helped them from the first.

"But you chaps are so beastly conceited, an'—an' you swaggered into the meetin' as if we were a lot of idiots," growled Orrin of the resolution.

"That's precisely what you *are*. That's what we've been tryin' to hammer into your thick heads all this time," said Stalky. "Never mind, we'll forgive you. Cheer up. You can't help bein' asses, you know," and, the enemy's flank deftly turned, Stalky hopped into bed.

That night was the first of sorrow among the jubilant King's. By some accident of underfloor drafts the cat did not vex the dormitory beneath which she lay, but the next one to the right; stealing on the air rather as a pale-blue sensation than as any poignant offense. But the mere adumbration of an odor is enough for the sensitive nose and clean tongue of youth. Decency demands that we draw several carbolized sheets over what the dormitory said to Mr. King and what Mr. King replied. He was genuinely proud of his house and fastidious in all that concerned their well-being. He came; he sniffed; he said things. Next morning a boy in that dormitory confided to his bosom friend, a fag of Macrea's, that there was trouble in their midst which King would fain keep secret. But the Macrea's boy had also a bosom friend in Prout's, a shock-headed fag of malignant disposition, and when he wormed out the secret, he told—told it in a high-pitched treble that rang along the corridor like a bat's squeak.

"An'—an' they've been calling us 'stinkers' all this week. Why, Harland minor says they simply can't sleep in his dormitory for the stink. Come on!"

"With one shout and with one cry" Prout's juniors hurled themselves into the war, and through the "quarter" between first and second lesson some fifty twelve-year-olds were embroiled on the gravel outside King's windows to a tune whose *leit-motif* was the word "stinker."

"Hark to the minute-gun at sea!" said Stalky. They were in their study collecting books for second lesson, Latin, with King. "I thought his azure brow was a bit cloudy at prayers. 'She is comin', sister Mary. She is——'"

"If they make such a row now, what *will* they do when she really begins to look up an' take notice?"

"Well, no vulgar repartee, Beetle. All we want is to keep out of this row like gentlemen."

"''Tis but a little faded flower.' Where's my Horace? Look here, I don't understand what she means by stinkin' out Rattray's dormitory first. We holed in under White's, didn't we?" said McTurk, with a wrinkled brow.

"Skittish little thing. She's rompin' about all over the place, I suppose."

"My Aunt! King'll be a cheerful customer at second lesson. I haven't prepared my Horace one little bit, either," said Beetle. "Come on!"

They were outside the form-room door now. It was within five minutes of the bell, and King might arrive at any moment.

Turkey elbowed into a cohort of scuffling fags, cut out Thornton tertius (he that had been Harland's bosom friend), and bade him tell his tale.

It was a simple one, interrupted by tears. Many of King's house had already battered him for libel.

"Oh, it's nothing," McTurk cried. "He says that King's house stinks. That's all."

"Stale!" Stalky shouted. "We knew that years ago, only we didn't choose to run about shoutin' 'stinker.' We've got some manners, if they haven't. Catch a fag, Turkey, and make sure of it."

Turkey's long arm closed on a hurried and anxious ornament of the lower second.

"Oh, McTurk, please let me go. I don't stink—I swear I don't!"

"Guilty conscience!" cried Beetle. "Who said you did?"

"What d'you make of it?" Stalky punted the small boy into Beetle's arms.

"Snf! Snf! He does, though. I think it's leprosy—or thrush. P'raps it's both. Take it away."

"Indeed, Master Beetle"—King generally came to the house-door for a minute or two as the bell rang—"we are vastly indebted to you for your diagnosis, which seems to reflect almost as much credit on the natural unwholesomeness of your mind as it does upon your pitiful ignorance of the diseases of which you discourse so glibly. We will, however, test your knowledge in other directions."

That was a merry lesson, but, in his haste to scarify Beetle, King clean neglected to give him an imposition, and since at the same time he supplied him with many priceless adjectives for later use, Beetle was well content, and applied himself most seriously throughout third lesson (algebra with little Hartopp) to composing a poem entitled "The Lazar-house."

After dinner King took his house to bathe off the Pebbleridge. It was an old promise; but he wished he could have evaded it, for all Prout's lined up by the fives-court and cheered with intention. In his absence not less than half the school invaded the infected dormitory to draw their own conclusions. The cat had gained in the last twelve hours, but a battlefield of the fifth day could not have been so flamboyant as the spies reported.

"My word, she *is* doin' herself proud," said Stalky. "Did you ever smell anything like it? Ah, an' she isn't under White's dormitory at all yet."

"But she will be. Give her time," said Beetle. "She'll twine like a giddy honeysuckle. What howlin' Lazarites they are! No house is justified in makin' itself a stench in the nostrils of decent——"

"High-minded, pure-souled boys. *Do* you burn with remorse and regret?" said McTurk, as they hastened to meet the house coming up from the sea. King had deserted it, so speech was unfettered. Round its front played a crowd of skirmishers—all houses mixed—flying, reforming, shrieking insults. On its tortured flank marched the Hoplites, seniors hurling jests one after another—simple and primitive jests of the Stone Age. To these the three added themselves, dispassionately, with an air of aloofness, almost sadly.

"And they *look* all right, too," said Stalky. "It can't be Rattray, can it? Rattray?"

No answer.

"Rattray, dear? He seems stuffy about something or other. Look here, old man, *we* don't bear any malice about your sending that soap to us last week, do we? Be cheerful, Rat. You can live this down all right. I dare say it's only a few fags. Your house *is* so beastly slack, though."

"You aren't going back to the house, are you?" said McTurk. The victims desired nothing better. "You've simply no conception of the reek up there. Of course, frouzin' as you do, you wouldn't notice it; but, after this nice wash and the clean, fresh air, even *you'd* be upset. Much better camp on the Burrows. We'll get you some straw. Shall we?"

The house hurried in to the tune of "John Brown's body," sung by loving school-mates, and barricaded themselves into their form-room. Straightway Stalky chalked a large cross, with "Lord, have mercy upon us," on the door, and left King to find it.

The wind shifted that night and wafted a carrion-reek into Macrea's dormitories; so that boys in nightgowns pounded on the locked door between the houses, entreating King's to wash. Number Five Study went to second lesson with not more than half a pound of camphor apiece in their clothing; and King, too wary to ask for explanations, gibbered awhile and hurled them forth. So Beetle finished yet another poem at peace in the study.

"They're usin' carbolic now. Malpas told me," said Stalky. "King thinks it's the drains."

"She'll need a lot o' carbolic," said McTurk. "No harm tryin', I suppose. It keeps King out of mischief."

"I swear I thought he was goin' to kill me when I sniffed just now. He didn't mind Burton major sniffin' at me the other day, though. He never stopped Alexander howlin' 'Stinker!' into our form-rooms before—before we doctored 'em. He just grinned," said Stalky. "What was he frothing over you for, Beetle?"

"Aha! That was my subtle jape. I had him on toast. You know he always jaws about the learned Lepsius."

"'Who at the age of four'—*that* chap?" said McTurk.

"Yes. Whenever he hears I've written a poem. Well, just as I was sittin' down, I whispered, 'How is our learned Lepsius?' to Burton major. Old Butt grinned like an owl. *He* didn't know what I was drivin' at; but King jolly well did. That was really why he hove us out. Ain't you grateful? Now shut up. I'm goin' to write the 'Ballad of the Learned Lepsius.'"

"Keep clear of anything coarse, then," said Stalky. "I shouldn't like to be coarse on this happy occasion."

"Not for wo-orlds. What rhymes to 'stenches,' some one?"

In common-room at lunch King discoursed acridly to Prout of boys with prurient minds, who perverted their few and baleful talents to sap discipline and corrupt their equals, to deal in foul imagery and destroy reverence.

"But you didn't seem to consider this when your house called us—ah—stinkers. If you hadn't assured me that you never interfere with another man's house, I should almost believe that it was a few casual remarks of yours that started all this nonsense."

Prout had endured much, for King always took his temper to meals.

"You spoke to Beetle yourself, didn't you? Something about not bathing, and being a water-funk," the school chaplain put in. "I was scoring in the pavilion that day."

"I may have—jestingly. I really don't pretend to remember every remark I let fall among small boys; and full well I know the Beetle has no feelings to be hurt."

"May be; but he, or they—it comes to the same thing—have the fiend's own knack of discovering a man's weak place. I confess I rather go out of my way to conciliate Number Five study. It may be weak, but so far, I believe, I am the only man here whom they haven't maddened by their—well—attentions."

"That is all beside the point. I flatter myself I can deal with them alone as occasion arises. But if they feel themselves morally supported by those who should wield an absolute and open-handed justice, then I say that my lot is indeed a hard one. Of all things I detest, I admit that anything verging on disloyalty among ourselves is the first."

The common-room looked at one another out of the corners of their eyes, and Prout blushed.

"I deny it absolutely," he said. "Er—in fact, I own that I personally object to all three of them. It is not fair, therefore, to——"

"How long do you propose to allow it?" said King.

"But surely," said Macrae, deserting his usual ally, "the blame, if there be any, rests with you, King. You can't hold them responsible for the—you prefer the good old Anglo-Saxon, I believe—stink in your house. My boys are complaining of it now."

"What can you expect? You know what boys are. Naturally they take advantage of what to them is a heaven-sent opportunity," said little Hartopp. "What *is* the trouble in your dormitories, King?"

Mr. King explained that as he had made it the one rule of his life never to interfere with another man's house, so he expected not to be too patently interfered with. They might be interested to learn—here the chaplain heaved a weary sigh—that he had taken all steps that, in his poor judgment, would meet the needs of the case. Nay, further, he had himself expended, with no thought of reimbursement, sums, the amount of which he would not specify, on disinfectants. This he had done because he knew by bitter—by most bitter—experience that the management of the college was slack, dilatory, and inefficient. He might even add almost as slack as the administration of certain houses which now thought fit to sit in judgment on his actions. With a short summary of his scholastic career, and a *précis* of his qualifications, including his degrees, he withdrew, slamming the door.

"Heigho!" said the chaplain. "Ours is a dwarfing life—a belittling life, my brethren. God help all schoolmasters! They need it."

"I don't like the boys, I own"—Prout dug viciously with the fork into the tablecloth—"and I don't pretend to be a strong man, as you know. But I confess I can't see any conceivable reasons why I should take steps against Stalky and the others because King happens to be annoyed by—by——"

"Falling into the pit he has digged," said little Hartopp. "Certainly not, Prout. No one accuses *you* of setting one house against another through sheer idleness."

"A belittling life—a belittling life." The chaplain rose. "I go to correct French exercises. By dinner King will have scored off some unlucky child of thirteen; he will repeat to us every word of his brilliant repartees, and all will be well."

"But about those three. Are they so prurient-minded?"

"Nonsense," said little Hartopp. "If you thought for a minute, Prout, you would see that the 'precocious flow of fetid imagery,' that King complains of, is borrowed wholesale from King. *He* 'nursed the pinion that impelled the steel.' Naturally he does not approve. Come into the smoking-room for a minute. It isn't fair to listen to boys; but they should be now rubbing it into King's house outside. Little things please little minds."

The dingy den off the common-room was never used for anything except gowns. Its windows were ground glass; one could not see out of it, but one could hear almost every word on the gravel outside. A light and wary footstep came up from Number Five.

"Rattray!" in a subdued voice—Rattray's study fronted that way. "D'you know if Mr. King's anywhere about? I've got a——" McTurk discreetly left the end of the sentence open.

"No. He's gone out," said Rattray unguardedly.

"Ah! The learned Lepsius is airing himself, is he? His Royal Highness has gone to fumigate." McTurk climbed on the railings, where he held forth like the never-wearied rook.

"Now in all the Coll. there was no stink like the stink of King's house, for it stank vehemently and none knew what to make of it. Save King. And he washed the fags *privatim et seriatim*. In the fishpools of Hesbon washed he them, with an apron about his loins."

"Shut up, you mad Irishman!" There was the sound of a golf-ball spurling up gravel.

"It's no good getting wrathy, Rattray. We've come to jape with you. Come on, Beetle. They're all at home. You can wind 'em."

"Where's the Pomposo Stinkadore? 'Tisn't safe for a pure-souled, high-minded boy to be seen round his house these days. Gone out, has he? Never mind. I'll do the best I can, Rattray. I'm *in loco parentis* just now."

("One for you, Prout," whispered Macrea, for this was Mr. Prout's pet phrase.)

"I have a few words to impart to you, my young friend. We will discourse together awhile."

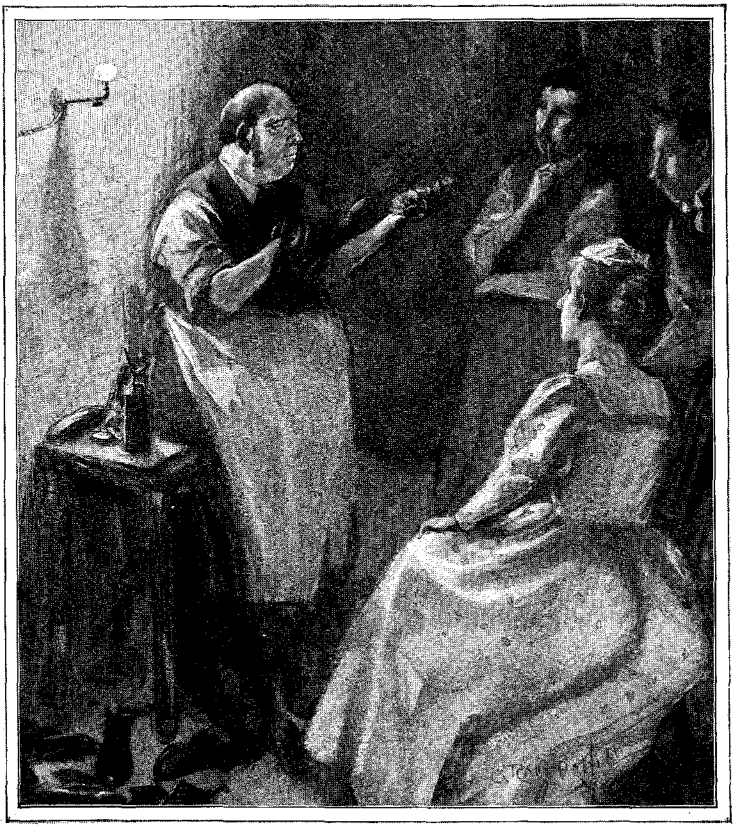
Here the listening Prout sputtered: Beetle, in a high head voice, had chosen a favorite gambit of King's.

"I repeat, Master Rattray, we will confer, and the matter of our discourse shall not be stinks, for that is a loathsome and obscene word. We will, with your good leave—granted, I trust, Master Rattray, granted, I trust—study this—this scabrous upheaval of latent demoralization. What impresses me most is not so much the blatant indecency with which you swagger abroad under your load of putrescence" (you must imagine this discourse punctuated with golf-balls, but old Rattray was ever a bad shot) "as the cynical immorality with which you revel in your abhorrent aromas. Far be it from me to interfere with another's house——"

("Good Lord!" said Prout, "but this *is* King."

"Line for line, letter for letter; listen," said little Hartopp.)

"But to say that you stink, as certain lewd fellows of the baser sort aver, is to say



"'Yiss, I tall 'ee.'"

nothing—less than nothing. In the absence of your beloved house-master, for whom no one has a higher regard than myself, I will, if you will allow me, explain the grossness—the unparalleled enormity—the appalling fetor of the stenches (I believe in the good old Anglo-Saxon word), stenches, sir, with which you have seen fit to infect your house . . . Oh, bother! I've forgotten the rest, but it was very beautiful. Aren't you grateful to us for laborin' with you this way, Rattray? Lots of chaps 'ud never have taken the trouble, but we're grateful, Rattray."

"Yes, we're horrid grateful," croaked McTurk. "We don't forget that soap. *We*'re polite. Why ain't you polite, Rat?"

"Hallo!" Stalky cantered up, his cap over one eye. "Exhortin' the Whiffers, eh? I'm afraid they're too far gone to repent. Rattray! White! Perowne! Malpas! No answer. This is distressin'. This is truly distressin'. Bring out your dead, you glandered lepers!"

"You think yourself funny, don't you?" said Rattray, stung from his dignity by this last. "It's only a rat or something under the floor. We're going to have it up to-morrow."

"Don't try to shuffle it off on a poor dumb animal, and dead, too. I loathe prevarication. 'Pon my soul, Rattray——"

"Hold on. The Hartoffles never said ''Pon my soul' in all his little life," said Beetle critically.

("Ah!" said Prout to little Hartopp.)

"Upon my word, sir, upon my word, sir, I expected better things of you, Rattray. Why can you not own up to your misdeeds like a man? Have *I* ever shown any lack of confidence in *you?*"

("It's not brutality," murmured little Hartopp, as though answering a question no one had asked. "It's boy; only boy.")

"And this was the house," Stalky changed from a pecking, fluttering voice to tragic earnestness. "This was the—the—open cess-pit that dared to call us 'stinkers.' And now—and now, it tries to shelter itself behind a dead rat. You annoy me, Rattray. You disgust me! You irritate me unspeakably. Thank Heaven, I am a man of equable temper——"

("This is to your address, Macrea," said Prout.

"I fear so, I fear so.")

"Or I should scarcely be able to contain myself before your mocking visage."

"*Cavé!*" in an undertone. Beetle had spied King sailing down the corridor.

"And what may you be doing here, my little friends?" the house-master began. "I had a fleeting notion—correct me if I am wrong (the listeners with one accord choked)—that if I found you outside my house I should visit you with dire pains and penalties."

"We were just goin' for a walk, sir," said Beetle.

"And you stopped to speak to Rattray *en route.*"

"Yes, sir. We've been throwing golf-balls," said Rattray, coming out of the study.

("Old Rat is more of a diplomat than I thought. So far he is strictly within the truth," said little Hartopp. "Observe the ethics of it, Prout.")

"Oh, you were sporting with them, were you? I must say I do not envy you your choice of associates. I fancied they might have been engaged in some of the prurient discourse with which they have been so disgustingly free of late. I should strongly advise you to direct your steps most carefully in the future. Pick up those golf-balls." He passed on.

. . . .

Next day Richards, who had been a carpenter in the navy, and to whom odd jobs were confided, was ordered to take up a dormitory floor, for Mr. King held that something must have died there.

"We need not neglect all our work for a trumpery incident of this nature; though I am quite aware that little things please little minds. Yes, I have decreed the boards to be taken up after lunch under Richards's auspices. I have no doubt it will be vastly interesting to a certain type of so-called intellect; but any boy of my house or another's found on the dormitory stairs will *ipso facto* render himself liable to three hundred lines."

The boys did not collect on the stairs, but most of them waited outside King's. Richards had been bound to cry the news from the attic window, and, if possible, to exhibit the corpse.

"'Tis a cat, a dead cat!" Richards's face showed purple at the window. He had been in the chamber of death and on his knees for some time.

"Cat be blowed!" cried McTurk. "It's a dead fag left over from last term. Three cheers for King's dead fag!"

They cheered lustily.

"Show it, show it! Let's have a squint at it!" yelled the juniors. "Give her to the Bug-hunters (this was the natural history society). The cat that looked at the King—and died of it! Hoosh! Yai! Yaow! Maiow! Ftzz!" were some of the cries that followed.

Again Richards appeared.

"She've been"—he checked himself suddenly—"dead a long taime."

The school roared.

"Well, come on out for a walk," said Stalky in a well-chosen pause. 'It's all very disgustin', and I do hope the Lazar-house won't do it again."

"Do what?" a King's boy cried furiously.

"Kill a poor innocent cat every time you want to get off washing. It's awfully hard to distinguish between you as it is. I prefer the cat, I must say. She isn't quite so whiff. What are you goin' to do, Beetle?"

"*Je vais gloater. Je vais gloater tout le* blessed afternoon. *Jamais j'ai gloaté comme je gloaterai aujourd'hui. Nous bunkerons aux bunkers.*"

And it seemed good to them so to do.

. . . .

Down in the basement, where the gas flickers and the boots stand in racks, Richards, amid his blacking-brushes, held forth to Oke of the common-room, Gumbly of the dining-halls, and fair Lena of the laundry.

"Yiss. Her were in a shockin' staate an' condition. Her nigh made me sick, I tal 'ee. But I rowted un out, and I rowted un out, an' I made all shipshape, though her smelt like to bilges."

"Her died mousin', I rackon, poor thing," said Lena.

"Then her moused different from any made cat o' God's world, Lena. I up with the top-board, an' she were lying on her back, an' I turned un ovver with the brume-handle, an' 'twas her back was all covered with the plaster from 'twixt the lathin'. Yiss, I tal 'ee. An' under her head there lay, like, so's to say, a little pillow o' plaster druv up in front of her by raison of her slidin' along on her back. No cat niver went mousin' on her back, Lena. Some one had shoved her along right underneath, so far as they could shove un. Cats don't make theyselves pillows for to die on. Shoved along, she were, when she was settin' for to be cold, laike."

"Oh, yeou'm too clever to live, Fatty. Yeou go get wed an' taught some sense," said Lena, the affianced of Gumbly.

"Larned a little 'fore iver some maidens was born. Sarved in the Queen's Navy, I have, where yeou'm taught to use your eyes. Yeou go 'tend your own business, Lena."

"Do 'ee mean what you'm been tellin' us?" said Oke.

"Ask me no questions, I'll give 'ee no lies. Bullet-hole clane thru from side to side, an' tu heart-ribs broke like withies. I seed un when I turned un ovver. They'm clever, oh, they'm clever, but they'm not too clever for old Richards! 'Twas on the born tip o' my tongue to tell, tu, but . . . he said us niver washed, he did. Let his dom boys call us 'stinkers,' he did. Sarve un dom well raight, I say!"

Richards spat on a fresh boot and fell to his work, chuckling.

THE DAY OF BATTLE.

STORIES GATHERED IN THE FIELD.

By Stephen Bonsal.

I RODE into Lawton's camp about midnight, and there "pitched my poncho"—all that was left of the equipment I had been accumulating during the last few days. I had thought to sleep and rest against the coming of the day, when we were to ride out and see the flag given to the battle breeze upon a foreign soil for the first time for more than half a century. But very little rest came to Lawton or to those who camped with him this night. If any further illustration were needed of the awkward running of

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Editor's Note.—The scenes and incidents of the battle at Caney and San Juan contained in this article are taken from Mr. Bonsal's forthcoming book ("The Fight for Santiago"), in the press of the Doubleday and McClure Company. They are not published consecutively, or chosen with any idea of shedding light upon debatable points in the campaign. They are incidents of great human interest which fell under the writer's personal observation, and they give, we believe, a clearer idea of how and under what circumstances the battle was fought, and who won it, than any number of carefully studied military disquisitions.

the military machine and of the state of unpreparedness in which the army approached the dangerous work that was cut out for it, it could be found in the busy vigil the commander of this division was compelled to keep the night before the battle, upon which he should have entered with mind and body refreshed by sleep. All night long General Lawton lay dressed, stretched out upon his cot, while aides and orderlies and messengers of every kind came pouring in from every fraction of his command, following each other in quick succession, and announcing that this regiment was without ammunition and that for the other the promised rations had not arrived. A man with less patience and endurance would have been aweary of his battle well before it was begun. It was not so with Lawton. He spent the night working like a quartermaster and an ordnance officer in one, and yet the morning found him clear-headed, and apparently fresh, and certainly capable of commanding in a very brilliant way the division he had spent the night before in arming and feeding. . . .

We rode out along the trail to the right before the sun rose, while the forest was still as death and the great dewdrops clustered upon the plantain leaves like pearls. The mists of the morning still hung over the valley of Caney as we rode out upon the little plateau overlooking it. Slowly, stealthily a column of volunteers was disappearing down into the valley below, where it was still night. For a long time after we could see them no more, their canny voices came back to us. It was a strange and surprising thing to hear the "burr" of the Connecticut Valley men in tropical surroundings such as these. They were the Second Massachusetts Volunteers going to the front. As we waited, the sun sprang up from behind the eastern hills, and the cold, damp mist of the morning melted before its welcome light and heat, and out of it all the village of Caney floated upon our view—at first vaguely, like the mirage upon a summer sea, and then so clearly, as the searching light of the tropical sunshine began to fall upon it. We watch the peaceful scene for what seems a long time, though no doubt it is only a few minutes, until the village comes to take before our eyes the shape and color of a Spanish flag. The tiles of the roofs are all red, and the walls of the houses all yellow. And so you try to hate it, but cannot. The smoke of hearth-fires rises gently from the chimneys. You wonder if they know what a conflagration is about to break over the place, and what a bloody drama is to be enacted in this peaceful vale. . . . You start. You hear the rattle of the iron harness, and know, without looking around, that the guns are now unlimbered and the moment near. Lawton is sweeping the valley with his glasses, and a succession of aides come galloping back to him with information as to the advance of the infantry. At last he turns to a large, heavily-built man standing by his side, and says quietly, "Now, Captain Capron, I'm ready when you are." Perhaps it is only because I was so hungry, but I remember I thought they were going to breakfast, and the loss of my tomato can, in which I cooked my coffee, again made itself keenly felt. But Captain Capron rushes back to his guns; his whole being quivers with excitement. He, more than any man, has a heavy reckoning to exact from the Spaniards to-day. "Number one!" he shouts. "Load! Make ready! Fire!" And the first shot of the battle goes crashing through the trees and down into the sleeping valley.

. . . I will tell you a little incident of the attack upon Caney, one of a score of similar incidents which doubtless occurred in every battalion, only this one came under my observation—one of those pathetic little asides which do not escape you, from which you cannot hope to escape even amid the turmoil of battle; one of the little things, those miniatures of war, which you can grasp and remember and perhaps portray, while the magnificent or the terrible picture of the whole (it all depends upon your mood) utterly eludes you. Some troops with whom you have exchanged war jokes and opinions as to the battle early in the morning are lying below you, hidden in the thicket, awaiting the order for a further advance. As you step down to speak to them you see that, even thus early in the day, they have not escaped unscathed, and that the litters they bring with them are already filled with desperately wounded men, for most of whom the war is over. "How is M——?" inquires the young lieutenant who is in command of the company to-day, the old, gray-haired captain having, to his mortification and despair, at the last moment been compelled to fall out. "I saw him fall as he led the men over that bare place in the ridge."

"We have him with us," answers the sergeant. "The boys have brought him along, but the doctor says he can do nothing for him."

There is another short delay, a breathing spell, in the stubbornly contested advance, and the young lieutenant springs across the glade to the tree where the poor fellow is lying, with the tell-tale blue fleck in his forehead, and now and again a sluggish, choking stream of blood oozing from his mouth. The young fellow kneels down, and lifts the soldier in his arms as gently as any woman could, and says: "M——, I've come to take it all back. I didn't know what a soldier was until you taught me. You didn't get out of step to-day. It was the other fellows who couldn't keep up with you, and your rifle was in tiptop shape. I guess the Spaniards can tell something about your shooting."

The poor fellow smiles. It almost seems as though a blush mounts his cheeks, though they wear a bloodless pallor. "Any chance?"

"Of course there is." Then slowly, "But the doctor says you are hard hit, and so I've come to tell you what I thought of you. You've done your whole duty to-day, and no more than that can be said of any man in this whole army."

The wounded soldier, of whom neither the captain nor the company had been very proud in times of peace, pressed his lieutenant's hand and closed his eyes. When the doctor came, he was unconscious, and so he appeared to remain for the next two days, during all the dragging about and hauling backwards and forwards that the wounded men from Caney underwent. I wish I could say with any certainty that he got well. It would be my excuse for telling the story, only I'm not sure. But to my surprise, a week later I discovered him alive in the divisional hospital. The doctors said that they were surprised, too, and that as he had lived so long without any right to, they would not be very much more surprised if he recovered. M—— remembered me and the fact that I had stood by at his parting with his lieutenant. He talked about indifferent matters, and then he said, with a little weak laugh, "What do you think I saw, and what do you think I heard those three days the doctor said I was delirious? Why, the lieutenant was leaning over me and saying, 'M——, I'm that proud of you. You did get into step this morning.' Of course he didn't mean it—that is, he only meant to hearten me up a bit because I was hit hard; but, you know, it seems to me that while I was delirious I was pretty near heaven; as near to it as I ever expect to be." . . .

To nine-tenths, and perhaps to a larger proportion still, of the five brigades which made the gallant advance through the jungle and up the heights of San Juan, under such untoward circumstances and under such a withering and unrelenting fire, the trying experience was also a novel one. Only a few of the gray-haired colonels surviving from the Civil War could remember from their subaltern days to have confronted such a fire as this. Some men, not counting those who are born fools, come into the world and pass through it without ever having had an experience of physical fear; but these men, even when you include the fools, are not a majority, or even a considerable minority, of mankind. And few men there were who, as they advanced into the unknown that now opened before them, into the jungle where the shrapnel grumbled and sang, and the shells burst overhead, and the unseen bullets struck down men at their sides, did not give evidence of the strain that the performance of their duty under such grim circumstances as these imposed upon them. Indeed, there were not a few who came up the road livid with fear, looking wildly about them upon every side with starting eyes to see from where their death might come.

One of these, a young officer whom I knew, I could hardly recognize as he passed, so changed were his features, so distracted was the expression of his face. The mask of discipline had fallen, and for a moment I thought to see into the man's very soul. His company had been halted for a minute by the little hillock behind which I lay in almost perfect security, and where there was security for others, too. But he had to go on, leading the hundred men who would obey him implicitly, who would follow him either right up to the enemy's lines or in cowardly flight off the field, just as he said, just as he led. Seeing my anxiety at the suffering I had surprised in his face, he said, "I'm sweating blood with fear; but I will go ahead all right, and keep my men in line, too, never fear."

He went on, and, by force of character and unwavering devotion to duty, carried his weak and protesting body into the zone of fire. That evening I listened to those who told how gallantly he had died at the head of his company in the charge up the heights, and I thought then, and have thought many times since, that though many died there, and there was much glory, no one showed such heroism or was deserving of such praise as this man, who was born a coward and who died at the head of the charge with the bravest of the brave. . . .

These moments of delay and of evident indecision which prevailed before the charge was made were discouraging indeed, and could not fail to exert a disconcerting effect upon any but the most thoroughly trained soldier, who knew that, whatever might happen, it was not the soldier's duty to reason why. News came down from the more advanced columns, brought by the wounded and the dashing orderlies of the Second Cavalry, and let drop by the staff officers as they galloped hither and thither up and down the road, and these scraps of information were anything but encouraging as to the situation. The wounded seemed amazed and confused as they puzzled and racked their brains to answer the questions that were put to them by the men who were crouching in the brush awaiting their turn to advance. I remember one poor fellow limping by in great pain, who looked absolutely disconcerted when the men shouted out to him, "Come and have a drink of water, boy, and tell us how things are going on up front."

"I don't know anything that's worth a drink," he said frankly; but the canteen was given him all the same, and he gulped down several draughts of the water greedily. Then: "You want to know how things are going on up front? Well, if you boys will only tell me where the front is, I'll tell you if I know anything about it. It's mighty confusing, I can tell you, in this jungle. I've tried to keep my wits about me, but I ain't sure I have, and I ain't certain about anything. We was a-sliding through the jungle on our bellies as fast as we could go, and getting pretty nigh on to the Spaniards, we thought, when all of a sudden I get this puncture square in the back, and two boys who were sliding forward with me, they get done up for good, and they were shot in the back, too. Then the lieutenant told me to go back to the dressing-station, and before I had gone twenty yards, there comes another volley right from the rear, and I get this bullet in the calf. Then I crawled back to the company, and told the lieutenant that if he had no objection I would rather keep on right to the front, it being more in my line, anyhow, than going to the rear; but he ordered me back. It's mighty darned lonesome packing yourself along through this jungle, and I guess I'll sit here with you boys a spell. Somehow it don't seem to have no head or tail to it, this old battle."

Everybody laughed; but those who laughed had not been wounded and had not been lost in the jungle, and the man who had didn't mind their laughter at all. And though, during the battle and since, I have sat at the feet of great captains and of wise men who have written books about strategy and the art of war, I have heard nothing so illuminating, nothing that depicted so well the confusion of the jungle scene, as the words of this wounded soldier, as with a confused smile he drank his fill from my canteen.

McKibbin, my colonel by the kindest of adoption—that of picking up a worn-out and hungry camp follower on the road, and giving him supper and a place to sleep where there was never more than six inches of water or a dozen land crabs at a time—is leading his men across the ford, upon which now a heavy and well-directed fire is falling. He guides them across, showing where the footing is good and where it is treacherous, with a natural unconcern and the courtesy of a gentleman who is conducting ladies across the flaggings of a muddy street. The regiment only crosses the creek once, but the colonel crosses ten times—that is, he pioneers and escorts each company in its turn; and when the men are safely under cover, he steps out to have a chat with a staff officer who is riding by, and they are talking when a litter comes by, a most uncomfortable and unsatisfactory litter, made out of a tattered army blanket. The colonel peeps in as the bearers brush by him, and then shouts out, "Stop, men! Why, Harry Egbert, how are you? Wounded, of course!"

A small, gray-haired man, Colonel Egbert of the gallant Sixth, peeps out of the blanket as cheerful as a chipmunk and with the quick, sharp eyes of a squirrel, and shouts back, "Well, Mac, this is worth being wounded for."

"Why, Harry, I haven't seen you since—well, bless my soul, since that day at Bethesda churchyard. You remember. Thirty, thirty-two, thirty-four—well, no matter, a good many years ago."

"Yes, I remember. I was standing on a stone fence in a hollow, and you were above me and taller, and you shouted, 'Look out, Harry, the Rebs are loading with grape! Jump!' and I jumped, but not quick enough. I was on my back for two months."

"And now you are wounded again," said McKibbin, with good-natured banter. "You ought to be mustered out." Examining the wound, he added, "That would settle most men, but it won't keep you off the firing-line long." Then the two colonels who had not met for so long, but who had kept the memory of their young friendship warm through all the years that had elapsed from Bethesda in Virginia to Santiago in Cuba, parted with a warm pressure of the hand, the one going to the hospital, and the other to the charge up San Juan hill on our left flank, where he won by his gallantry the single star of the brigadier which he now so deservedly wears.

A striking-looking man, with his head and face covered with masses of iron-gray hair, came walking slowly up to the ford. He was stripped to the waist, and a first-aid bandage soaked in blood was wrapped about his bare chest. His wound was evidently very serious; but as he could still walk, he had insisted upon giving up the litter which was placed at his disposal to a man who, he thought, was more severely wounded; who, at least, could not walk. Two colored soldiers came with him, and upon their stout shoulders he leaned heavily as his weakness increased and the fatigue of the journey told more and more upon his ebbing strength. He staggered, and fell into the water at the ford. The soldiers dragged him out bodily, and placed him on the bank to rest for a moment before continuing the long march down to the divisional hospital, three miles away. Suddenly one of the negro soldiers clapped his hand to his side, and with joy beaming out of every lineament of his good-natured face said, or rather shouted, for he could not contain his satisfaction, "Don't you hear 'em, Colonel? Don't you hear our boys singing 'Hallelujah, Happy Land'?"

The Colonel had other thoughts, and he answered wearily, "Hear what, my man?"

"Why, don't you hear our boys singing on the hill? Colonel, you give 'em the right steer suah, and now they's up there and singing to let you know it, suah, suah. I take my oath, Colonel. They ain't no regiment in the army that can sing like that but the old Twenty-fourth." And both the darkies chuckled, and laughed to scorn any suggestion that they might be mistaken and that perhaps, after all, the Twenty-fourth men were not upon the hill. "They's up there, Colonel, suah. Fac', I can most see 'em now. You gave them the right steer, suah, and they wouldn't have gone up if you hadn't told 'em to."

Some of the confidence which the "buffalo" soldiers had to overflowing came to the wounded Colonel, who was in the sad plight of having directed a charge which was almost a forlorn hope, and of then being wounded and compelled to leave the men when they most needed his steady hand and voice to guide and cheer them. He was Colonel Liscum of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, who had succeeded to the command of the Third Brigade after the death of the gallant Wikoff, and after Colonel Worth, Wikoff's immediate successor, had been carried desperately wounded off the field. Liscum had brought the little brigade to the foot of the hill and planned the charge, when he received his wound, a shot through the body and very near the heart.

In the Homeric days, when heroes so towered over their lesser fellows, there may have been indispensable men, but there were none such in the Fifth Corps, and of no man can it be said that had he not been there the victory might not have been won; for it was a soldiers' fight from first to last, and it was won by stout hearts that did not know defeat, and there were many of them. But if there are men who more than their fellows contributed to the astonishing results of the campaign, these men—I say it without fear of contradiction from any one who was there—were the teamsters and packers of the mule trains, who carried the much-needed cartridges right up to the firing-line. These heroes—and they were heroes if there still be left any grace in the much-abused and overworked word—were not bound to the service they rendered by an oath, and they wore no uniform and followed no flag which encouraged and compelled them to daring deeds. They were simply the hired men of the army, at so much a month, to be discharged at will; and indeed of the few that survived the hardships which the campaign entailed upon them, and from which they suffered more in proportion than the soldiers, because they were less well taken care of and had more fatiguing work to do, quite a number were discharged in Santiago because mule trains were no longer needed, and they had to shift for themselves to get back to the country they had served so well and so recently. The scene of all those beheld upon the edge of the battle which is most indelibly engraven upon my memory, the one which I most often delight to recall, is the picture I had of a mule train which crossed the creek and pulled up in the road, awaiting the result of the charge up the hill upon which the fortune of the day, as things had now developed, undoubtedly depended.

"Get back, man! What are you doing here?" shouted an excited aide as he galloped by and saw the long file of restless mules and the tall, raw-boned, imperturbable packers. "You think we all want mule meat for breakfast?"

"We are here 'cording to orders," replied the chief packer, "and I guess we'll remain here until them orders is changed, though two of the boys has been knocked out and a whole mess of the mules."

The officer dashed on as though not caring longer to bandy words with a madman; but the packer continued, half to me and half for his personal satisfaction, "I got my orders from Lieutenant Cabaniss, the boss of all the mule trains, and from Lieutenant Brooks, son of General Brooks, you know, and the ordnance officer of the whole blamed outfit, to bring these cartridge boxes right here, and here I'll stick until he tells me to go away. He said, 'Before this mix-up is straightened out, the boys on the firing-line will be wanting ball cartridges, and will be wanting 'em bad;' and he's gone up there to tell 'em where they can get more when their belts is empty, and I'm going to stay here if all hell breaks loose."

And this surmise was only too true. Shortly before five o'clock, details of men came rushing down from nearly every regiment on the hill, in the wildest excitement, announcing that the ammunition was nearly spent. They fell upon the mule train, pried open the boxes with their bayonets, filled their pockets, their hats, their haversacks, and their blankets with the precious cartridges to replace the 200 rounds already fired. And then they rushed back to the firing-line, where, thanks to this mule train and the 200,000 rounds it had brought up and kept at the front, they were now in a position to meet any emergency. So I believe, if there were any men or set of men who did more than their fellows to turn the tide of battle and to win the day, they were the men of this mule train, who, for all I know, may be among those teamsters and packers who have since been turned adrift in the streets of Santiago to shift for themselves.

The Second Infantry, with the First Battalion under Major S——, was pushed well forward, and deploying in the wild sugar cane to the left of the trail, at last found some slight shelter from the fire behind a little knoll not five hundred yards away from the heights which the First and the Third Brigades of the Division were now preparing to storm. Here the men lay flat on their faces and were partially sheltered, and here they enjoyed a magnificent view of the preparations for that epic charge which were now in progress. But our little major was far from pleased at the prospect. As he put it to the regimental adjutant, in a confidential way, "I do not see where the Second Foot comes in. There is evidently something big going on, and yet I don't see exactly how the Second Foot is going to get mixed up in it."

The Major had recovered spirits a little since that awful day at Tampa when a hundred lubberly, unlicked recruits had been unloaded on his regiment of veterans. And now he was as keen as ever for an opportunity to get his regiment mixed up in whatever was going on. A commanding officer's duty being first and above all to his regiment, there were moments almost when I thought the little Major would have borne with Christian fortitude and resignation the defeat of the two brigades, so that he might gallop forward with his men to change the fortunes of the day and to give the two brigades a chance to reform their shattered lines behind the Second Foot.

In the midst of this mental struggle which, as I have taken the liberty to indicate, was in progress, the Major looked around and saw, or perhaps only thought he saw, several of his men peeping askant with the tails of their eyes over their ears, and with a pretty decided inclination to go to the rear depicted upon their faces. The little Major flew into a great passion. The thought that even the recruits, the "rookies" of his regiment, the famous Second Foot, even though they were but men who had been picked out of the slums of our great cities and the country lanes through many a distant State not six weeks before, should show the slightest nervousness or concern at the leaden hail that was passing over their heads filled him with mortification and disgust. "I'll teach you not to squint over your ears like balking horses!" he shouted, and soon the order was passed down for the men to stand up and the regiment to fall into company formation and go through the manual of arms. Not a man held back, though many left their cover and the close embrace of the black earth with reluctance and dire threats against the recruities whom the Major had thought to discover looking with a not unnatural longing towards the rear. For five minutes, under the heavy fire and under the stony glare of the Major, who had been deeply outraged in his most sacred feelings, the devoted regiment was made to go through the manual of arms; and they did it, apparently, at least, as calmly and as precisely as though they were showing off before Mr. Plant's excursionists at Tampa. Then the Major inquired slowly, with no signs of haste in his voice, of the company commanders, one after another, whether they thought the men had gotten their nerve back under the stimulating and steadying effect of the manual of arms under fire. The company commanders thought and said quite quickly that they had. The Major, who seemed only half pleased, let his searching eyes wander slowly over the regiment for more than five minutes, and then said, in a slow and somewhat disappointed drawl, " Well, I guess you had better let them all lie down and get under cover again."

Before the order was well out of his lips, the regiment had hit the ground as one man. It sounded like the collapse of a wall. A moment later one of the irrepressible recruits, who was an eyesore to the whole regiment because of a reddish derby hat and a black coat in which he had joined and which, in the hurry and bustle and the complete disorganization that prevailed, had never been replaced, and who never seemed to be depressed at the thought that the Spaniards would surely hang him if they caught him for not being properly uniformed, shouted out, " What's the matter with our little Major? Hooray, hooray!" " None of that —— volunteer business around here," shrieked the little Major, now fairly beside himself with rage, for one of those impudent recruits had presumed to express his approval of the commanding officer's conduct upon the field of battle. There was an awful pause for a moment, and then the Major began quietly and very distinctly, so that the whole regiment could hear: " Private ——, you have plenty of spunk. I like your spirit, I do. You just climb over that hill and have a look to see whether the Spaniards are still firing at us and whether our men are going up to the fort, and you may also report upon anything else interesting that may come your way."

The recruit saluted with a woebegone expression upon his face, and then started to stalk up the hill upon the tips of his toes, while the men of the regiment rolled convulsively upon the ground and crammed bunches of guinea grass in their mouths to keep from exploding with laughter; for while you may see nothing amusing in it any more than did the luckless recruit, the regimental sense of humor is a very peculiar thing, and the Major's little joke was considered by far the best of the campaign. In about five minutes the recruit returned hot and breathless and without the red hat, but strangely dignified and composed. " Our boys is going up the Spanish hill hand over fist, Major, and on the top of our little hill the bullets is whistling and the dust is flying down the ridge as though a lot of folks were out there a-beatin' carpets."

Then the little Major waited a few minutes longer, until we saw the blue banner of the infantry brigade rising over the royal palms which crowned the heights, and the little swallow-tailed guidons of the cavalry troops lighting up with glimpses of bright color of red and white and yellow the delicate tracery of the great ferns which spread over the crest of the hill like a great lace kerchief of evergreen; and until the stout hurrahs of the men who had survived the murderous fire and who had won the heights came back to us borne upon the sluggish, lazy airs of the noontide. And then, according to the order under which the little Major had been chafing like a greyhound in the leash, the Second Foot swung out from its position and prepared to go up the heights, about a quarter of a mile to the left of the fort, which was now ours. His eyes glistened like coals when, as the intervening open space was only half traversed, he found that the Spaniards, who had not retreated all along the line, were pouring a heavy fire upon his men from an intrenched position and that the regiment, an unlooked-for boon, was to have a little fight all to itself.

The regiment—a regiment in name only, in numbers really a small battalion—was now ordered into platoon formation. While the preparations for the change were in progress, the officers carefully examined the strange little earthworks before them from which the Spaniards were firing. Two-thirds of the way up the hillside, and upon the military crest,* rather than upon the top of the steep ascent, the Spaniards had dug three ditches, bulging out toward the front and center like bay windows. The ditches had been dug to a depth of three feet on the outside, and the excavated earth thrown upon logs placed along the inside of the trench, and in each trench about fifty Spaniards were sheltered. This examination of the Spanish position had taken less time than it has to describe it. Through the Spanish fire, which was heavy, but, fortunately, badly directed, the little regiment advanced by regular methodical rushes until the advance platoon was barely 150 yards away from the trenches. The Major gave the command to fix bayonets and charge with the cold steel, and, like a rush of the whole line in a school football game, the regiment now broke and went forward, the men swarming pell-mell and helter-skelter up the hillside.

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* Had the fort and the main defenses of the heights been situated upon the military crest, the successful charge of our men would have seemed a still more impossible feat of arms. But, fortunately, they had been placed upon the actual, and not upon the military, crest of the heights.

The Spaniards evidently did not relish the prospect of an encounter at close quarters, and disappeared from the trenches without even firing a parting volley. Our men, too, kept their fire as they toiled up the hillside behind the retreating Spaniards, expecting to pick them off one and all once the crest of the hill, which, as they knew, commanded the whole country beyond, was reached. After a hard, a toilsome pull, they staggered out upon the level, but not a Spaniard, with the exception of a few wounded men who had been left behind, was to be seen; they had vanished as completely as though transformed into thin air. Now and again as our men, not a little awed by their mysterious disappearance, peered forward through the brush, the tassels of the long grass, which covered the little valley that lay between the heights we had won and the second line of the trenches around Santiago, could be seen to vibrate, and a volley would invariably follow, directed in the hope of bringing down one of the skulking refugees, as he made his way into the Spanish lines on all fours. But the Spaniards, while they remained obstinately invisible, were very soon heard from, and in a way which cost the regiment dear. Seeing that further pursuit was impossible, our men set to work upon intrenchments of an emergency description, digging with their bayonets and scooping out the loosened earth with their meat-ration cans, while the Spaniards, concealed in the trees and behind trenches, poured a heavy fire upon them.

Though the Major was known to be a perfect salamander, though all the Indian chiefs with whom he had come in warlike contact in recent years had announced, without reservation of any kind, that the Major's life lines were of that enduring description which could not be severed either by bullet, fire, or sword, the officers and men all alike hated to see him marching up and down the shallow line with a chip of challenge on his shoulder, like the little game-cock that he was, greedy for another battle. They begged and implored him to keep back and under what little cover there was. These well-meant dissuasions, however, seemed only to exert a most irritating influence upon the Major's nerve.

"You'll get hit if you do not come down from your perch," shouted one with the familiarity of the senior captain.

"No, I won't," replied the Major with a snort.

"Why, you are hit now."

"No, I'm not."

"Well," apologetically and in explanation of the positive statement that had been made, "your blouse flew out in the back, and there are several bullet-holes through it, anyhow."

"Well, perhaps there are; but I'm not hit, all the same," replied the Major in tones of triumph.

After another little pause, the regimental adjutant shouted, with a certain undeniable accent of triumph in his voice: "Well, you're hit now!"

"I'm not; and when I am, I will report to the surgeon without any of your assistance. Thank you kindly all the same."

"Well," grumbled the adjutant, "I don't care whether you're hit or not; but I'll swear your hat jumped half-way round your head, and a whole lot of dust came from where I thought your brain was."

But the Major only snorted, and began to show his men by personal example how meat-ration cans can be made to do a shovel's work. Suddenly, as he bent over his work, he collapsed all in a heap, and a general rush was made for him there where he lay. He was worshipped by every man in the regiment, particularly by the recruities, whom he only belabored for their own good. When they got up to him, they found him sitting upon his haunches and looking pretty spry.

"Are there any of those Missouri mules around here?" he inquired suspiciously. "I guess I've been kicked by one of those shave-tail mules."

"I'm afraid you're shot," said the Sergeant-Major, with a quizzical expression upon his face. "There's more bullets than mules about here, and they kick just as hard."

Then the men tore off the Major's tunic, and disclosed to view the tell-tale blood and the little blue holes where the bullet had entered and where it had gone out; for the little Major, there was no mistake about it, had been shot clean through the body.

"It's only a graze, and I don't think it worth while reporting—not just now," said the little Major, "though, perhaps, I may go to sick report in the morning."

And so for seven long days and nights he lay out in the trenches, in all the mud and rain and in one of the most exposed points on the line, until the General of the Division heard of the Major's idea that he had only been grazed, and that the bullet had gone around, which was in direct contradiction to the opinion of the five army surgeons who had seen the wound. So he got on his horse one Sunday afternoon and rode out to the trench where the Major was lying—in a raised corner where he could command a view of every man in the regiment, and from where, especially, he could keep an eye on the recruits. After the usual commonplaces, the General asked the Major pleasantly enough whether he preferred to go to the hospital in an ambulance or, bound and gagged, upon a mule, "packed" by some Arizona packer. The Major said he didn't want to go back to the hospital in any way, that all he wanted was fresh air and to be let alone. Here the air was fresh and wholesome, and he had 400 nurses to look after him, he remonstrated.

"You've got to go back, Major. You've got to go before I leave," said General Kent. "We've got some pretty fine men in this line, but we can't afford to take any chances with a man like you."

And so the little Major was carried by force back to the hospital, where, as he had truly prophesied, the air was not good and the nurses were few, and where he had a close squeak for his life.* And the regiment mourned him as one man, especially the recruities, to whom nobody now paid any more attention, and who felt that their chances of ever becoming real soldiers, worth their rations and perhaps a little salt besides, were gone forever.

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* The fortune of war brought the convalescent Major and myself together upon the same transport on our journey home after the surrender. When the pilot off Hatteras threw a bundle of papers on board, the first item my eye fell upon in the paper which I had secured from the scramble was the announcement that the little Major had been made a lieutenant-colonel in recognition of his services in the action of July 1st. The thought of this well-deserved reward only filled the Major with rage for the ways of politicians in general and those of the War Department in particular. "There are a score of men at least," he shouted, "who should have been promoted before me, and I won't change my shoulder-straps, regulations or no regulations, until Tom, Dick, and Harry have been promoted too." That night the Major sat up late, drawing up a list of the men who should have been promoted before him, and the next day I saw him assisted by several soldiers of the hospital corps on board the train bound for Washington. "I shall not leave Washington," he said, "until I have persuaded the President and the Secretary that a great injustice has been done, and that I cannot profit by it."

THE WAR ON THE SEA AND ITS LESSONS.

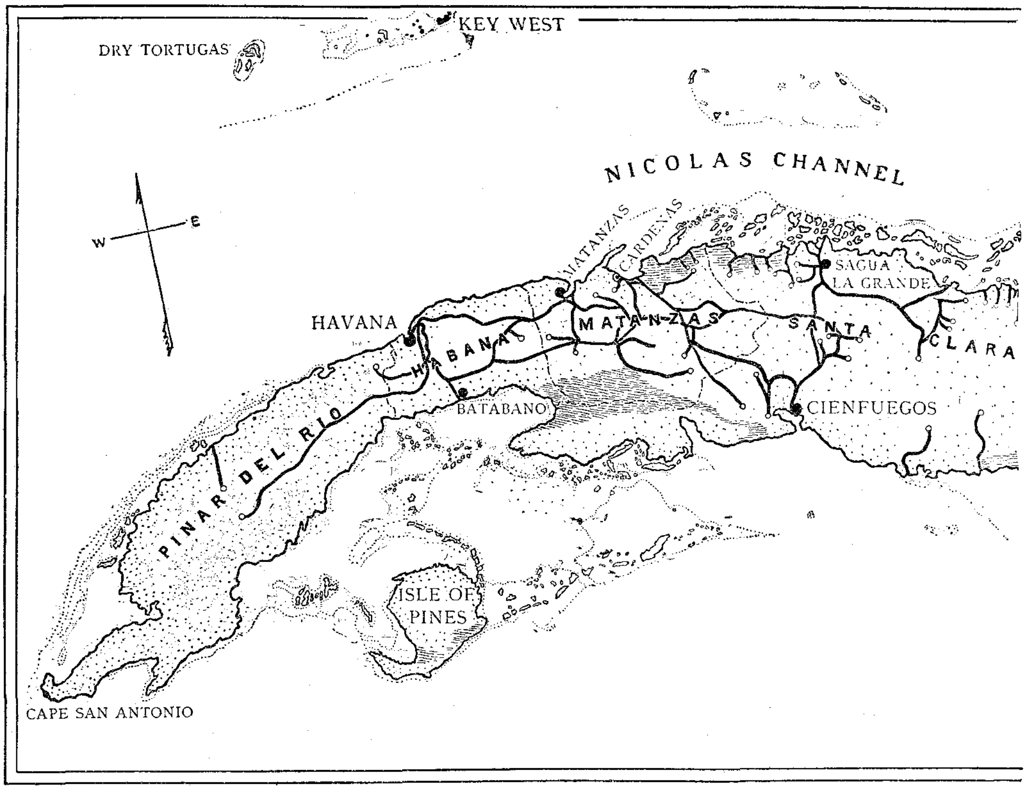
By Captain Alfred T. Mahan,

Author of "The Influence of Sea Power upon History," "Life of Nelson," etc.

II.

THE EFFECT OF DEFICIENT COAST DEFENSE ON THE MOVEMENTS OF THE NAVY.—THE MILITARY AND NAVAL CONDITIONS OF THE ENEMY AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR.

THE unsatisfactory condition of the coast defenses, mentioned in our last paper, deprived the navy of the support of its complementary factor in the scheme of national sea power, and imposed a vicious, though inevitable, change in the initial plan of campaign, which should have been directed in full force against the coast of Cuba. The four newer monitors on the Atlantic coast, if distributed among our principal ports, were not adequate, singly, to resist the attack which was suggested by the possibilities of the case—though remote—and still more by the panic among certain of our citizens. On the other hand, if the four were massed and centrally placed, which is the correct disposition of any mobile force, military or naval, intended to counteract the attack of an enemy, whose particular line of approach is as yet uncertain, their sluggishness and defective nautical qualities would make them comparatively inefficient. New York, for instance, is a singularly central and suitable point, relatively to our northern Atlantic seaboard, in which to station a division intended to meet and thwart the plans of a squadron like Cervera's, if directed against our coast ports, in accordance with the fertile imaginations of evil which were the fashion in that hour. Did the enemy appear off either Boston, the Delaware, or the Chesapeake, he could not effect material injury before a division of ships of the "Ore-



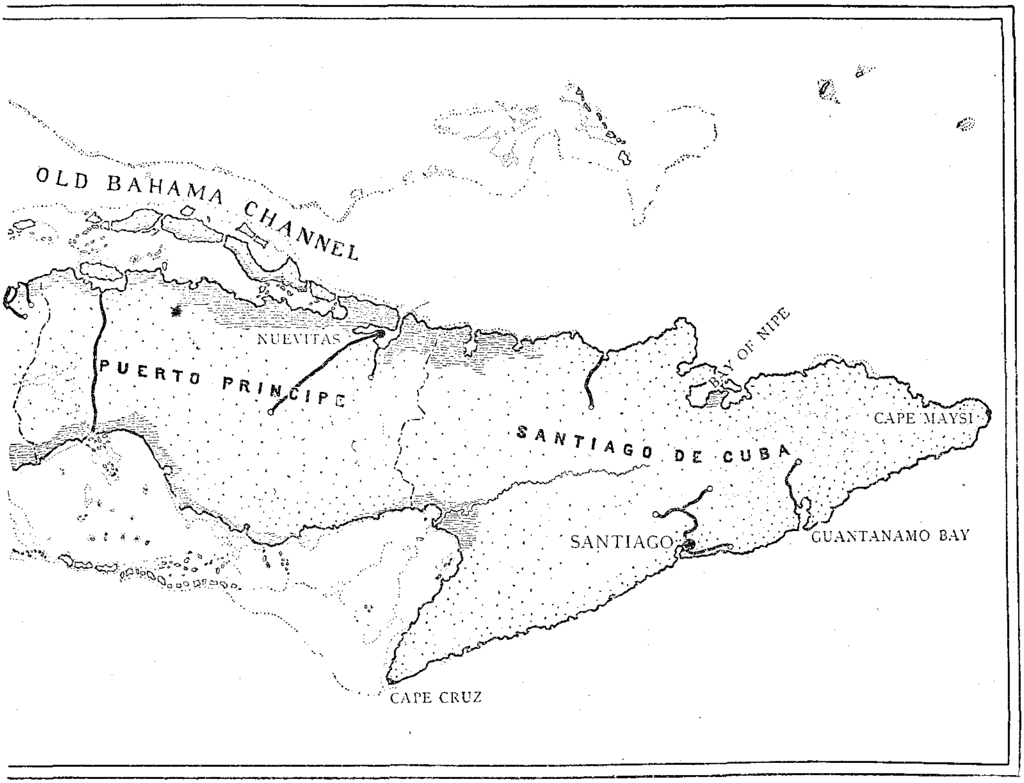
MAP OF CUBA.

Made under the direction of Captain Mahan to illustrate his articles. Railroads shown in heavy black lines.

gon'' class would be upon him; and within the limits named are found the major external commercial interests of the country, as well as the ocean approaches along which they travel. But had the monitors been substituted for battle-ships, not to speak of their greater slowness, their inferiority as steady gun-platforms would have placed them at a serious disadvantage, if the enemy were met outside, as he perfectly well might be.

It was probably such considerations as these, though the writer was not privy to them, that determined the division of the battle-fleet, and the confiding to the section styled the Flying Squadron the defense of the Atlantic coast for the time being. The monitors were all sent to Key West, where they would be at hand to act against Havana; the narrowness of the field in which that city, Key West, and Matanzas are comprised making their slowness less of a drawback, while the moderate weather which might be expected to prevail would permit their shooting to be less inaccurate. The station of the Flying Squadron in Hampton Roads, though not so central as New York relatively to the more important commercial interests, upon which, if upon any, the Spanish attack might fall, was more central as regards the whole coast; and, above all, was nearer than New York to Havana and to Porto Rico. The time element also entered the calculations in another way, for a fleet of heavy ships is more certainly able to put to sea, at a moment's notice, in all conditions of tide and weather, from the Chesapeake than from New York Bay. In short, the position chosen may be taken to indicate that, in the opinion of the Navy Department and its advisers, Cervera was not likely to attempt a dash at an Atlantic port, and that it was more important to be able to reach the West Indies speedily than to protect New York or Boston: a conclusion which the writer entirely shared.

The country, however, should not fail to note that the division of the armored fleet into two sections, nearly a thousand miles apart, though probably the best that could be done under all the circumstances of the moment, was contrary to sound practice; and that the conditions which made it necessary should not have existed. Thus deficient coast protection reacts unfavorably upon the war fleet, which in all its movements should



be free from any responsibility for the mere safety of the ports it quits. Under such conditions as then obtained, it might have been possible for Spain to force our entire battle-fleet from its offensive undertaking against Cuba and to relegate it to mere coast defense. Had Cervera's squadron, instead of being despatched alone to the Antilles, been recalled to Spain, as it should have been, and there reinforced by the two armored ships which afterward went to Suez with Cámara, the approach of this compact body would have compelled our fleet to concentrate; for each of our divisions of three ships—prior to the arrival of the "Oregon"—would have been too weak to hazard an engagement with the enemy's six. When thus concentrated, where should it be placed? Off Havana or at Hampton Roads? It could not be at both. The answer undoubtedly should be, "Off Havana;" for there it would be guarding the most important part of the enemy's coast, blocking the access to it of the Spanish fleet, and at the same time covering Key West, our naval base of operations. But, if the condition of our coast defenses at all corresponded to the tremors of our seaport citizens, the government manifestly would be unable to hold the fleet thus at the front. Had it, on the contrary, been impossible for an enemy's fleet to approach nearer than three miles to our seacoast, without great and evident danger of having ships damaged which could not be replaced, and of wasting ammunition at ranges too long even for bombardments, the Spanish battle-fleet would have kept away, and would have pursued its proper object of supporting their campaign in Cuba by driving off our fleet—if it could. It is true that no amount of fortification will secure the coasting trade beyond easy gun-shot of the works; but as the enemy's battle-fleet could not have devoted itself for long to molesting the coasters—because our fleet would thereby be drawn to the spot—that duty must have devolved upon vessels of another class, against which we also would have provided, and did provide, by the squadron of cruisers under Commodore Howell. In short, proper coast defense, the true and necessary complement of an efficient navy, releases the latter for its proper work—offensive, upon the open seas, or off the enemy's shores.

The subject receives farther illumination when we consider, in addition to the hypothetical case just discussed—the approach of six Spanish ships—the actual conditions at the opening of the campaign. We had chosen Cuba for our objective, had begun our operations, Cervera was on his way across the ocean, and our battle-fleet was divided and posted as stated. It was reasonable for us to estimate each division of our ships—one comprising the "New York," "Iowa," and "Indiana;" the other, the "Brooklyn," "Massachusetts," and "Texas"—as able to meet Cervera's four, these being of a class slightly inferior to the best of ours. We might at least flatter ourselves that, to use a frequent phrase of Nelson's, by the time they had soundly beaten one of these groups, they would give us no more trouble for the rest of the year. We could, therefore, with perfect military propriety, have applied the two divisions to separate tasks on the Cuban coast, *if* our own coast had been adequately fortified.

The advantage—nay, the necessity—of thus distributing our battle-ships, having only four enemies to fear, will appear from a glance at the map of Cuba. It will there be seen that the island is particularly narrow abreast of Havana, and that from there, for a couple of hundred miles to the eastward, extends the only tolerably developed railroad system, by which the capital is kept in communication with the seaports on the north coast, as far as Sagua la Grande, and on the south with Cienfuegos and Batabano. This narrowness, and the comparative facility of communication indicated by the railroads, enabled Spain, during her occupation, effectually to prevent combined movements between the insurgents in the east and those in the west; a power which Weyler endeavored to increase by the *trocha* system—a ditch or ditches, with closely supporting works, extending across the island. Individuals, or small parties, might slip by unperceived; but it should have been impossible for any serious coöperation to take place. The coastwise railroads, again, kept Havana and the country adjacent to them in open, if limited, communication with the sea, so long as any one port upon their lines remained unblockaded. For reasons such as these, in this belt of land, from Havana to Sagua and Cienfuegos, lay the chief strength of the Spanish tenure, which centered upon Havana; and in it the greatest part of the Spanish army was massed. Until, therefore, we were ready to invade, which should not have been before the close of the rainy season, the one obvious course open to us was to isolate the capital and the army from the sea, through which supplies of all kinds—daily bread, almost, of food and ammunition—were introduced; for Cuba, in these respects, produces little.

To perfect such isolation, however, it was necessary not only to place before each port armed cruisers able to stop merchant steamers, but also to give to the vessels so stationed, as well on the south as on the north side, a backbone of support by the presence of an armored fleet, which should both close the great ports—Havana and Cienfuegos—and afford a rallying-point to the smaller ships, if driven in by the appearance of Cervera's division. The main fleet—three armored ships—on the north was thus used, although the blockade, from the fewness of available cruisers, was not at first extended beyond Cardenas. On the south, a similar body—the Flying Squadron—should, from the first, have been stationed before Cienfuegos; for each division, as has been said, could with military propriety have been risked singly against Cervera's four ships. This was not done, because it was possible—though most improbable—that the Spanish squadron might attempt one of our own ports; because we had not perfect confidence in the harbor defenses; and because, also, of the popular outcry. Consequently, the extremely important port of Cienfuegos, a back door to Havana, was blockaded only by a few light cruisers; and when the Spanish squadron was reported at Curaçao, these had to be withdrawn. One only was left to maintain in form the blockade which had been declared; and she had instructions to clear out quickly if the enemy appeared. Neither one, nor a dozen, of such ships would have been the slightest impediment to Cervera's entering Cienfuegos, raising our blockade by force; and this, it is needless to add, would have been hailed in Spain and throughout the continent of Europe as a distinct defeat for us—which, in truth, it would have been, carrying with it consequences political as well as military.

This naval mishap, had it occurred, would have been due simply to inadequate armament of our coasts; for to retain the Flying Squadron in the Chesapeake, merely as a guard to the coasting trade, would have been a serious military error, subordinating an offensive operation—off Cienfuegos—to one merely defensive, and not absolutely vital. "The best protection against an enemy's fire," said Farragut, "is a well-directed fire from our own guns." Analogically, the best defense for one's own shores is to harass and threaten seriously those of the opponent; but this best defense cannot be employed to the utmost, if the inferior, passive, defense of fortification has been neglected. The fencer who wears also a breastplate may be looser in his guard. Seaports cannot strike beyond the range of their guns; but if the great commercial ports and naval stations can strike effectively so far, the fleet can launch into the deep rejoicing, knowing that its home interests, behind the buckler of the fixed defenses, are safe till it returns.

The broader determining conditions, and the consequent dispositions made by the Government of the United States and its naval authorities, in the recent campaign, have now been stated and discussed. In them is particularly to be noted the crippling effect upon naval operations produced by the consciousness of inadequate coast defenses of the permanent type. The sane conclusion to be drawn is, that, while sea-coast fortification can never take the place of fleets; that while, as a defense even, it, being passive, is far inferior to the active measure of offensive defense, which protects its own interests by carrying offensive war out on to the sea, and, if may be, to the enemy's shores; nevertheless, by the fearless freedom of movement it permits to the navy, it is to the latter complementary—completes it; the two words being etymologically equivalent.

The other comments hitherto made upon our initial plan of operations—for example, the impropriety of attempting simultaneous movements against Porto Rico and Cuba, and the advisability or necessity, under the same conditions, of moving against both Cienfuegos and Havana by the measure of a blockade—were simply special applications of general principles of warfare, universally true, to particular instances in this campaign. They address themselves, it may be said, chiefly to the soldier or seaman, as illustrating his especial business of directing war; and while their value to the civilian cannot be denied—for whatever really enlightens public opinion in a country like ours facilitates military operations—nevertheless the function of coast defense, as contributory to sea power, is a lesson most necessary to be absorbed by laymen; for it, as well as the maintenance of the fleet, is in this age the work of peace times, when the need of preparation for war is too little heeded to be understood. The illustrations of the embarrassment actually incurred from this deficiency in the late hostilities are of the nature of an object lesson, and as such should be pondered.

At the same time, however, that attention is thus called to the inevitable and far-reaching effect of such antecedent neglects, shown in directions where men would not ordinarily have expected them, it is necessary to check exaggeration of coast defense, in extent or in degree, by remarking that in any true conception of war, fortification, defense, inland and seacoast alike, is of value merely in so far as it conduces to offensive operations. This is conspicuously illustrated by our recent experience. The great evil of our deficiencies in coast armament was that they neutralized temporarily a large part of our navy; prevented our sending it to Cuba; made possible that Cervera's squadron, during quite an interval, might do this or that thing of several things thus left open to him, the result of which would have been to encourage the enemy, and possibly to produce political action by our ill-wishers abroad. Directly upon this consideration—of the use that the Flying Squadron might have been, if not held up for coast defense—follows the further reflection how much more useful still would have been a third squadron; that is, a navy half as large again as we then had. Expecting Cervera's force alone, a navy of such size, free from anxiety about coast defense, could have barred to him San Juan de Puerto Rico as well as Cienfuegos and Havana; or had Cámara been joined to Cervera, as he should have been, such a force would have closed both Cienfuegos and Havana with divisions that need not have feared the combined enemy. If, further, there had been a fourth squadron—our coast defense in each case remaining the same—our evident naval supremacy would probably have kept the Spanish fleet in Europe. Not unlikely there would have been no war; in which event, the anti-imperialist may observe, there would, thanks to a great and prepared navy, have been no question of the Philippines, and possibly none of Hawaii.

In short, it is with coast defense and the navy as it is with numbers *versus* size in battle-ships. Both being necessary, the question of proportion demands close attention; but in both cases the same single principle dominates—offensive power, not defensive, determines the issues of war. Coast defense in the problem is a nearly constant quantity, not difficult of determination; the variable factor is the navy, upon whose greater or less strength depends the aggressive efficiency which shortens war, and so mitigates its evils. The important centers and internal waterways of commerce must receive local protection, when they are exposed to attack from the sea; the rest must trust, and can in such case safely trust, to the fleet, upon which, as the offensive arm, all other expenditure for military maritime efficiency should be made. The preposterous and humiliating terrors of the past months, that a hostile fleet would waste coal and ammunition shelling villages and bathers on a beach, we may hope will not recur.

Before proceeding to study the operations of the war, the military and naval conditions of the enemy at its outbreak must be briefly considered.

Spain, being a state that maintains at all times a regular army, respectable in numbers as well as in personal valor, had at the beginning, and, from the shortness of the war, continued to the end to have a decided land superiority over ourselves. Whatever we might hope eventually to produce in the way of an effective army, large enough for the work in Cuba, time was needed for the result, and time was not allowed. In one respect only the condition of the Peninsula seems to have resembled our own; that was in the inadequacy of the coast defenses. The matter there was even more serious than with us, because not only were the preparations less, but several large sea-coast cities—for instance, Barcelona, Malaga, Cadiz—lie immediately upon the seashore; whereas most of ours are at the head of considerable estuaries, remote from the entrance. The exposure of important commercial centers to bombardment, therefore, was for them much greater. This consideration was indeed so evident, that there was in the United States Navy a perceptible current of feeling in favor of carrying maritime war to the coast of Spain and to its commercial approaches.

The objection to this, on the part of the Navy Department, was, with slight modifications, the same as to the undertaking of operations against Porto Rico. There was not at our disposition, either in armored ships or in cruisers, any superfluity of force over and beyond the requirements of the projected blockade of Cuba. To divert ships from this object, therefore, would be false to the golden rule of concentration of effort—to the single eye that gives light in warfare. Moreover, in such a movement, the reliance, as represented in the writer's hearing, would have been upon moral effect, upon the dismay of the enemy; for we should soon have come to the end of our physical coercion. As Nelson said of bombarding Copenhagen, "We should have done our worst, and no nearer friends." The influence of moral effect in war is indisputable, and often tremendous; but, like some drugs in the pharmacopœia, it is very uncertain in its action. The other party may not, as the boys say, "scare worth a cent;" whereas material forces can be closely measured beforehand and their results reasonably predicted. This statement, generally true, is historically especially true of the Spaniard, attacked in his own land. The tenacity of the race has never come out so strongly as under such conditions, as was witnessed in the old War of the Spanish Succession and during the usurpation of Napoleon.

On the other hand, such an enterprise on our part, if directed against Spanish commerce on the seas, as was suggested by several excellent officers, would have had but a trivial objective. The commerce of Spain was cut up, root and branch, by our expeditions against her colonies, Cuba and Manila; for her most important trade depended upon monopoly of the colonial markets. The slight stream of traffic maintained in Spanish bottoms between the English Channel and the Peninsula was so small that it could readily have been transferred to neutral ships, whose flag we had for this war engaged should protect enemy's goods. Under these circumstances, the coasts of the Philippines and of Cuba were to us the coast of Spain, and far more conveniently so than that of the home country would have been. A Spanish merchant captain, writing from Barcelona as early as the 7th of May, had said: "At this moment we have shut up in this port the [steam] fleets of five transatlantic companies," which he names. "The sailing-vessels are tied up permanently. Several [named] ships have fallen into the hands of the enemy. Meantime the blockade of Cuba, Puerto Rico, and Manila continues, at least for our flag, and maritime commerce is at a standstill. In Barcelona some foreign firms, exporters to the Philippines, have failed, as well as several custom-house brokers, owing to the total cessation of mercantile movement. The losses already suffered by our trade are incalculable, amounting to much more than the millions needed to maintain a half-dozen armored ships, which would have prevented the Yankees from daring so much." These vessels continued to lie idle in Barcelona until the dread of Commodore Watson's threatened approach caused them to be sent to Marseilles, seeking the protection of the neutral port. A few weeks later the same Spanish writer comments: "The result of our mistakes," in the management of the navy, "is the loss of the markets of Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines, and, in consequence, the death of our merchant marine." Inquiries were addressed by the State to the Chambers of Commerce, for suggestions as to the opening of new markets, to compensate for the existing suspension of communications with "the over-sea provinces."

With such results from our operations in the Antilles and the Philippines, there was no inducement, and indeed no justification, for sending cruisers across the ocean, until we had enough and to spare for the blockade of Cuba and Porto Rico. This was at no time the case, up to the close of the war, owing to a combination of causes. The work of paralyzing Spanish trade was being effectually done by the same measures that tended to strangle the Spanish armies in Cuba and the Philippines, and which, when fully developed, would entirely sever their necessary communications with the outside world. Besides all this, the concentration of our efforts upon Cuba, with a subsequent slight extension to the single port of San Juan in Porto Rico, imposed upon Spain the burden of sustaining the war between three and four thousand miles from home, and spared us the like additional strain. Every consideration so far entertained, therefore, of energy as well as of prudence, dictated the application of all the pressure at our disposal at the beginning of hostilities, and until the destruction of Cervera's squadron, upon Cuba, and in a very minor degree upon Porto Rico. Indeed, the ships placed before San Juan were not for blockade, properly so called, but to check any mischievous display of energy by the torpedo cruiser within.

After thus noting briefly the conditions of the enemy's coast defenses and commerce, there remains to consider the one other element of his sea power—the combatant navy—with regard to its force, and to its disposition when war began.

As was before said, the disparity between the armored fleets of the two nations was nominally inconsiderable; and the Spaniards possessed one extremely valuable—and by us unrivalled—advantage in a nearly homogeneous group of five* armored cruisers, very fast, and very similar both in nautical qualities and in armament. It is difficult to estimate too highly the possibilities open to such a body of ships, regarded as "a fleet in being," to use an expression that many of our readers may have seen, but perhaps scarcely fully understood.

The phrase "fleet in being," having within recent years gained much currency in naval writing, demands—like the word "Jingo"—preciseness of definition; and this, in general acceptance, it has not yet attained. It remains, therefore, somewhat vague, and so occasions misunderstandings between men whose opinions perhaps do not materially differ. The writer will not attempt to define, but a brief explanation of the term and its origin may not be amiss. It was first used, in 1690, by the British admiral Lord Torrington, when defending his course in declining to engage decisively, with an inferior force, a French fleet, then dominating in the Channel, and under cover of which it was expected that a descent upon the English coast would be made by a great French army. "Had I fought otherwise," he said, "our fleet had been totally lost, and the kingdom had lain open to invasion. As it was, most men were in fear that the French would invade; but I was always of another opinion, for I always said that whilst we had a fleet in being, they would not dare to make an attempt."

A "fleet in being," therefore, is one the existence and maintenance of which, although inferior, on or near the scene of operations, is a perpetual menace to the various more or less exposed interests of the enemy, who cannot tell when a blow may fall, and who is therefore compelled to restrict his operations, otherwise possible, until that fleet can be destroyed or neutralized. It corresponds very closely to "a position on the flank and rear" of an enemy, where the presence of a smaller force, as every military student knows, harasses, and may even paralyze offensive movements. When such a force is extremely mobile, as a fleet of armored cruisers may be, its power of mischief is very great; potentially, it is for ever on the flank and rear, threatening the lines of communications. It is indeed as a threat to communications that the "fleet in being" is chiefly formidable.

The theory received concrete and convincing illustration during the recent hostilities, from the effect exerted—and justly exerted—upon our plans and movements by Cervera's squadron, until there had been assembled before Santiago a force at once so strong and so numerous as to make his escape very improbable. Even so, when a telegram was received from a capable officer that he had identified by night, off the north coast of Cuba, an armored cruiser—which, if of that class, was most probably an enemy—the sailing of Shafter's expedition was stopped until the report could be verified; whereby five or six valuable days were lost. So much for the positive, material influence—in the judgment of the writer, the reasonable influence—of a "fleet in being." As regards the moral effect, the effect upon the imagination, it is scarcely necessary more than to allude to the extraordinary play of the fancy, the kaleidoscopic effects elicited from our own people, and from some foreign critics, in propounding dangers for ourselves and ubiquity for Cervera. Against the infection of such tremors it is one of the tasks of those in responsibility to guard themselves, and, if possible, their people. "Don't make pictures for yourself," was Napoleon's warning to his generals. "Every naval operation since I became head of the government has failed, because my admirals see double, and have learned—where I don't know—that war can be made without running risks."

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* In this number is included the "Emperador Carlos V.;" which, however, did not accompany the other four under Cervera.

The probable value of a "fleet in being" has, in the opinion of the writer, been much over-stated; for, even at the best, the game of evasion, which this is, if persisted in, can have but one issue. The superior force will in the end run the inferior to earth. In the meanwhile, however, vital time may have been lost. It is conceivable, for instance, that Cervera's squadron, if thoroughly effective, might, by swift and well-concealed movements, have detained our fleet in the West Indies until the hurricane of the past September swept over the Caribbean. We had then no reserve to replace armored ships lost or damaged. But, for such persistence of action, there is needed in each unit of the "fleet in being" an efficiency rarely attainable, and liable to be lost by unforeseen accident at a critical moment. Where effect, nay safety, depends upon mere celerity of movement, as in retreat, a crippled ship means a lost ship; or a lost fleet, if the body sticks to its disabled member. Such efficiency it is probable Cervera's division never possessed. The length of its passage across the Atlantic, however increased by the embarrassment of frequently recoaling the torpedo destroyers, so far overpassed the extreme calculations of our naval authorities, that ready credence was given to an apparently authentic report that it had returned to Spain; the more so that such concentration was strategically correct, and it was incorrect to adventure an important detachment so far from home, without the reinforcement it might have received in Cadiz. This delay, in ships whose individual speed had originally been very high, has been commonly attributed in our service to the inefficiency of the engine-room force; and this opinion is confirmed by a Spanish officer writing in their "Revista de Marina." "The Americans," he says, "keep their ships cruising constantly, in every sea, and therefore have a large and qualified engine-room force. We have but few machinists, and are almost destitute of firemen." An amusing story was told the writer some years ago by one of our consuls in Cuba. Making a rather rough passage between two ports, he saw an elderly Cuban or Spanish gentleman peering frequently into the engine-room with evident uneasiness. When asked the cause of his concern, the reply was, "I don't feel comfortable unless the man in charge of the engines talks English to them."

When to the need of constant and sustained ability to move at high speed is added the necessity of frequent recoaling, allowing the hostile navy time to come up, it is evident that the active use of a "fleet in being," however perplexing to the enemy, must be both anxious and precarious to its own commander. The contest is one of strategic wits, and it is quite possible that the stronger, though slower, force, centrally placed, may, in these days of cables, be able to receive word and to corner its antagonist before the latter can fill his bunkers. Of this fact we should probably have received a very convincing illustration, had a satisfactory condition of our coast defenses permitted the Flying Squadron to be off Cienfuegos, or even off Havana, instead of in Hampton Roads. Cervera's entrance to Santiago was known to us within twenty-four hours. In twenty-four more it could have been communicated off Cienfuegos by a fast despatch boat, after which less than forty-eight would have placed our division before Santiago. The uncertainty felt by Commodore Schley, when he arrived off Cienfuegos, as to whether the Spanish division was inside or no, would not have existed had his squadron been previously blockading; and his consequent delay of over forty-eight hours—with the rare chance thus offered to Cervera—would not have occurred. To coal four great ships within that time was probably beyond the resources of Santiago;

whereas the speed predicated for our own movements is rather below than above the dispositions contemplated to insure it.

The great end of a war fleet, however, is not to chase, nor to fly, but to control the seas. Had Cervera escaped our pursuit at Santiago, it would have been only to be again paralyzed at Cienfuegos or at Havana. When speed, not force, is the reliance, destruction may be postponed, but can be escaped only by remaining in port. Let it not, therefore, be inferred, from the possible, though temporary, effect of a "fleet in being," that speed is the chief of all factors in the battle-ship. This plausible, superficial notion, too easily accepted in these days of hurry and of unreflecting dependence upon machinery as the all in all, threatens much harm to the future efficiency of the navy. Not speed, but power of offensive action, is the dominant factor in war. The decisive preponderant element of great land forces has ever been the infantry, which it is needless to say is also the slowest. The homely summary of the art of war, "To get there first with the most men," has with strange perverseness been so distorted in naval—and still more in popular—conception, that the second and more important consideration has been subordinated to the former and less essential. It is of no use to get there first, unless, when the enemy in turn arrives, you have also the most men—the greater force. This is especially true of the sea, because there inferiority of force—of gun power—cannot be compensated, as on land it at times may be, by judiciously using accidents of the ground. I do not propose to fall into an absurdity of my own by questioning the usefulness of higher speed, *provided* the increase is not purchased at the expense of strictly offensive power; but the time has come to say plainly that its value is being exaggerated; that it is in the battle-ship secondary to gun power; that a battle-fleet can never attain, nor maintain, the highest rate of any ship in it, except of that one which at the moment is the slowest—for it is a commonplace of naval action that fleet speed is that of the slowest ship; that not exaggerated speed, but uniform speed—sustained speed—is the requisite of the battle-fleet; that it is not machinery, as is often affirmed, but brains and guns that win battles and control the sea. The true speed of war is not headlong precipitancy, but the unremitting energy which wastes no time.

For the reasons that have been given, the safest, though not the most effective, disposition of an inferior "fleet in being" is to lock it up in an impregnable port or ports, imposing upon the enemy the intense and continuous strain of watchfulness against escape. This it was that Torrington, the author of the phrase, proposed for the time to do. Thus it was that Napoleon, to some extent before Trafalgar, but afterward with set and exclusive purpose, used the French navy, which he was continually augmenting, and yet never, to the end of his reign, permitted again to undertake any serious expedition. The mere maintenance of several formidable detachments, in apparent readiness, from the Scheldt round to Toulon, presented to the British so many possibilities of mischief, that they were compelled to keep constantly before each of the French ports a force superior to that within, entailing an expense and an anxiety by which the Emperor hoped to exhaust their endurance. To some extent this was Cervera's position and function in Santiago, whence followed logically the advisability of a land attack upon the port, to force to a decisive issue a situation which was endurable only if incurable. "The destruction of Cervera's squadron," justly commented an Italian writer, before the result was known, "is the only really decisive fact that can result from the expedition to Santiago, because it will reduce to impotence the naval power of Spain. The determination of the conflict will depend throughout upon the destruction of the Spanish sea power, and not upon territorial descents, although the latter may aggravate the situation." The American admiral from before Santiago, when urging the expedition of a land force to make the bay untenable, telegraphed, "The destruction of this squadron will end the war;" and it did.

In other respects it is probable that the Spanish admiral had little confidence in a squadron which, whatever the courage or other qualities of the officers and seamen, had never manœuvered together until it left the Cape de Verde Islands. Since its destruction, a writer in a Spanish naval magazine has told the following incident: "A little more than a year ago we visited General Cervera in la Carraca [the Cadiz arsenal], and we said to him: 'You appear to be indicated, by professional opinion, for the command of the squadron in case war is declared.' 'In that case,' he replied, 'I shall accept; knowing, however, that I am going to a Trafalgar.' 'And how could that disaster be avoided?' 'By allowing me to expend beforehand 50,000 tons of coal in evolutions, and ten thousand projectiles in target practice. Otherwise we shall go to a Trafalgar. Remember what I say.' "

It is curious to contrast with this well-founded fear of an experienced and gallant officer, expressed in private conversation, the opinion of another Spanish officer, lately Minister of Marine, given to the Madrid public through a newspaper—the "Heraldo," of April 6th last. It illustrates, further, the curious illusions entertained in high quarters in Spain:

"We had an opportunity to-day of talking for a long time with General Beranger, the last Secretary of the Navy under the Conservative Cabinet. To the questions which we directed to him concerning the conflict pending with the United States, he was kind enough to inform us that he confided absolutely in the triumph of our naval forces. . . . 'We shall conquer on the sea, and I am now going to give you my reasons. The first of these is the remarkable discipline that prevails on our war ships; and the second, as soon as fire is opened, the crews of the American ships will commence to desert, since we all know that among them are people of all nationalities. Ship against ship, therefore, a failure is not to be feared. I believe that the squadron detained at Cape de Verde, and particularly the destroyers, should have, and could have, continued the voyage to Cuba, since they have nothing to fear from the American fleet.' "

The review from which Cervera's opinion is quoted has, since the disasters to the Spanish navy, been full of complaints and of detailed statements concerning the neglect of the navy, both in its material and in drills, during the antecedent months of peace, owing to the practice of a misplaced, if necessary, economy. But that economy, it is justly argued, would not have been required to a disabling degree, if so disproportionate an amount of money had not been expended upon the army, by a state whose great colonial system could in war be sustained only by a fleet. "In more than a year," writes a captain in the Spanish navy, "we have had only one target practice, and that limited in extent, in order to expend the least possible amount of ammunition." Had even the nominal force been kept in efficient condition for immediate action, the task of the United States would have been greatly prolonged, and far from so easy as it has been since declared by those among our people who delight to belittle the great work our country has just achieved, and to undervalue the magnanimity of its resolution to put a stop to outrages at our doors, which were well said to have become intolerable. Neither by land nor by sea was the state of the case so judged by professional men, either at home or abroad. It was indeed evident that, if we persevered, there could be but one issue; but this might have been postponed, by an active opponent, long enough to have disheartened our nation, if it was as easily to be discouraged by the difficulties and dangers, now past, as it is in some quarters represented again to be by the problems arising out of the war and its conquests. Such discouragement, perplexity, and consequent frustration of the adversary's purposes are indeed the prime function of a "fleet in being;" to create and to maintain moral effect, in short, rather than physical, unless indeed the enemy, yielding to moral effect, divides his forces in such wise as to give a chance for a blow at one portion of them. The tendency to this also received illustration in our war. "Our sea coast," said a well-informed person to the present writer, "was in a condition of unreasoning panic, and fought to have little squadrons scattered along it everywhere, according to the theory of defense always favored by stupid terror." The "stupidity," by all military experience, was absolute—unqualified; but the Navy Department succeeded in withstanding the "terror"—the moral effect—so far as to compromise on the Flying Squadron; a rational solution, though not unimpeachable. We thus, instead of a half-dozen naval groups, had only two, the combination of which might perhaps be effected in time enough.

RISING WOLF—GHOST DANCER.

By Hamlin Garland,

Author of "Main-traveled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

He sat in the shade of the lodge, smoking his pipe.

His face was thin, keen, and very expressive. The clear brown of his skin was pleasant to see, and his hair, wavy from long confinement in braids, was glossy as a blackbird's wing. Around his neck he wore a yellow kerchief—yellow was his "medicine" color—and he held a soiled white robe about his loins. He was about fifty years of age, but seemed less than forty.

He studied me quizzically as I communicated to him my wish to hear the story of his life, and laughingly muttered some jocose remark to his pretty young wife, who sat near him on a blanket, busy at some needlework. But the humorous look passed out of his face as he mused, the shadows lengthened on the hot, dry grass, and on the smooth slopes of the buttes the sun grew yellow.

After a long pause, he lifted his head and began to speak in a low and pleasant voice. He used no gestures, and his glance was like that of one who sees a small thing on a distant hill.

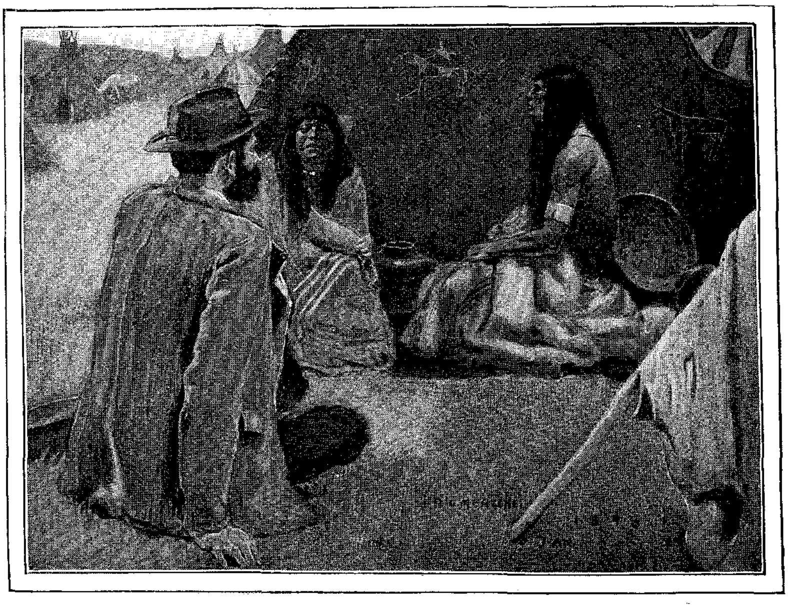
"I am well brought up," were his first words. "My father was chief medicine-man* of his tribe, and one who knew all the stories of his people. I was his best-loved son, and he put me into the dances of the warriors when I was three years old. I carried one of his war-bonnet feathers in my hand, and was painted like the big warriors.

"When my father wished to give a horse to the Cut-throat or Burnt-thigh people who visited us and danced with us, he put into my hands the little stick which counted for a horse, and I walked across the circle by his side and handed the stick to our friend. Then my mother was proud of me, and I was glad to see her smile.

"My father made me the best bows, and my mother made pretty moccasins for me, covered with bright beads and the stained quills of the porcupine. I had ponies to ride, and a little tepee of my own in which to play I was chief.

"When I was a little older, I loved well to sit near my father and the old men and hear them tell stories of the days that were gone. My father's stories were to me the best of all, and the motions of his hands the most beautiful. I could sit all day to listen. Best of all I liked the stories of magic deeds.

"One day my father saw me holding my ear to the talk, and at night he said to me, 'My son, I see you are to be a medicine-man. You are not to be a warrior. When you are



"But the humorous look passed out of his face as he mused."

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* In Indian use the word "medicine" should be understood to mean magic power. A medicine-man may heal the sick, but a healer is not necessarily a medicine-man. A medicine-man is a seer, a yogi.

older, I will teach you the secrets of my walk, and you shall follow in my path.'

"Thereafter I watched everything the medicine-men did. I crept near, and listened to their words. I followed them with my eyes when they went aside to pray. Where magic was being done—there was I. At the dance I saw my father fling live squirrels from his empty hand. I saw him breathe smoke upon the body of a dead bird, and it awoke and ran to a wounded man and tore out the rotting flesh and cured him. I saw a mouse come to life in the same way. I saw the magic bladder move when no one touched it; and I saw a man buried and covered with a big stone too great for four men to lift, and I saw him come forth as if the stone were a blanket.

"I saw there were many ways to become a medicine-man. One man went away on a high mountain, and there he stood and cried all the day and all the night, saying:

'O Great Spirit!
I am a poor man.
I want to be wise.
I want to be big medicine-man.
Help me, Great Spirit!
I want to be honored among my people.
Help me get blankets, horses.
Help me raise my children.
Help me live long,
Honored of my people.'

"So he chanted many hours, without food or water, and it was cold also. At last he fell down in a sleep and dreamed. When he came home, he had medicine. A big bird had told him many secrets.

"Another went into a sweat-house to purify himself. He stayed all night inside, crying to the Great Spirit. He, too, dreamed, but he did not tell his dreams.

"A third man went into his tepee on a hill near the camp, and there, with nothing to eat or drink, he sat crying like the other two, and at last he slept, and in the night voices that were not of his mouth came in the tepee, and I, who listened unobserved, was afraid, and his women were afraid also. He soon became a great medicine-man; and I went to my father, and I said:

"'Make me a medicine-man like Spotted Elk.'

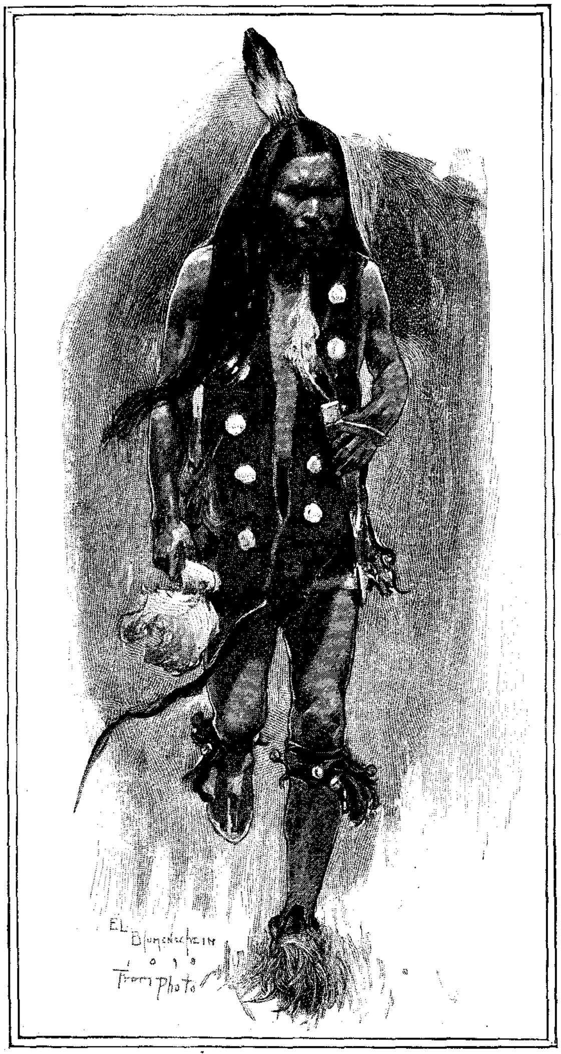
"He looked upon me, and said:

"'My son, you are too young.'

"Nevertheless I insisted, and he promised that, when I became sixteen years of age, he would help me to become like Spotted Elk. This pleased me.

"As I grew older I put away in my memory all the stories my father knew of our people. I listened always when the old men talked. I watched the medicine-men as they smoked to the Great Spirits of the world. I crept near, and heard them cry to the Great Spirit overhead and to the Dark One who lives below the earth. I listened all the time, and by listening I grew wise as an old man.

"I knew all the wonderful stories of the coyote and of the rattlesnake. I knew what



A Ghost Dancer.

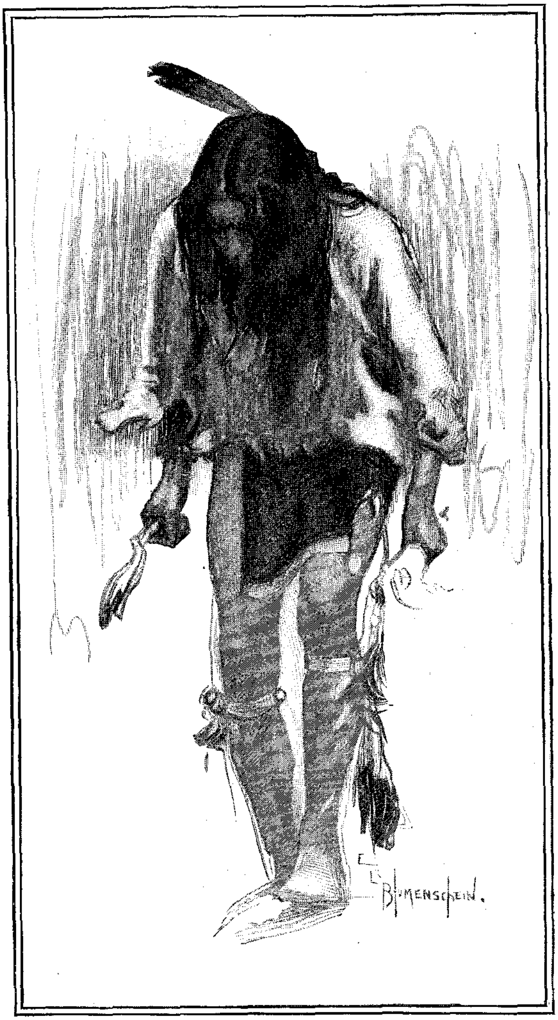
the eagle said to his mate, and I knew the power of the great bear who sits erect like a man. I was a hunter, but I followed the game to learn its ways. In those days we were buffalo-eaters. We did not eat fish, nor fowl, nor rabbits, nor the meat of bear. Our women pounded wild cherries and made cakes of them, and of that we ate sometimes, but always we lived upon buffalo meat, and we were well and strong, not as we are now.

"I learned to make my own bows and also to make moccasins, though that was women's work, and I did not sew beads or paint porcupine quills. I wanted to know all things—to tan hides, to draw pictures—all things.

"By and by time came when I was to become a medicine-man. My father took me to Spotted Elk, the greatest of all medicine-men, he that could make birds from lumps of meat and mice from acorns.

"To him my father said: 'My son wishes to be great medicine-man. Because you are old and wise I bring him to you. Help me to give him wisdom.'

"Then they took me to a tepee on a hill far from the camp, and there they sat down with me and sang the old, old songs of our tribe. They took food, and offered it to the Great Spirits who live in the six directions, beginning at the southeast. Then they smoked, always beginning at the southeast. This they taught me to do, and to chant a prayer to each. Then they closed the tepee, and left me alone.



A Ghost Dancer.

"All night I cried to the Great Spirits:

Hear me—O hear me!
You are close beside me.
You are here in the tepee.
Hear me, for I am poor and weak.
I wish to be great medicine-man.
I need horses, blankets. I am a boy.
I wish to be great and rich.
Hear me—O hear me!

"All night, all next day I cried. I grew hungry and cold by and by. I fell asleep; then came to me in my sleep a fox, and he opened his mouth, and talked to me. He told me to put weasel-skin full of medicine, and wear fox-skin on my head, and that would make me big medicine. Then he went away, and I woke up.

"I was very hungry, and I opened the tepee and came out, and it was sunrise. My father was sleeping on the ground, and when I touched him, he woke quickly and said:

"'My son, I am glad to see you. I heard voices that were not yours calling in the tepee, and I was afraid.'

"'All is well,' I said. 'Give me food.'

"When I was fed, I took my bow and arrow and went forth to kill a weasel. When I was alone, I sat down and prayed to the Great Spirits of the six world directions, and smoked, beginning at the southeast, and a voice came in my ear which said, 'I will lead you.' Soon I came upon a large, sleeping weasel; he was white all over as snow, though it was yet fall. Him I killed and skinned, and stretched the pelt on a flat stick to make a pouch. Then I sought the medicine to go in it. What that was I will not tell, but at last it was filled, and then I slew a big red fox, and out of his fur I made my cap.

"Each night I went into my tepee alone to smoke and chant, and each night strange birds and animals came to me and talked and taught me much wisdom. Then came voices of my ancestors, and taught me how to cure the sick and how to charm the buffalo and the elk. Then I began to help my father to heal the sick people, and I became honored among my companions; and when I caught a maid on her way to the spring, she did not struggle; she was glad to talk with me, for I had a fine tepee and six horses and many blankets.

"I grew skilful. I could do many things white people never see. I could be buried deep in the ground, while a mighty stone which six men alone could lift was rolled upon me. Then in the darkness, when I cried to the Great Spirits, they came swiftly and put their hands to the stone and threw it far away, and I rose and walked forth, and the people wondered. I cured many people by the healing of my hands, and by great magic like this. I had a dried mouse, and once when a man came to me stiff and cold with a hole in his side, I said, 'Put him before me.'

"When they did as I bid, I took the mouse and put it before the man who was dead, and I blew smoke upon the mouse and said: 'Great Spirits, help me to do this great magic.' Then the mouse came to life, and ran to the dead man and put his beak in the hole, and pulled out the bad flesh, and the wound closed up and the man rose.

"These wonderful things I did, and I became rich. I had a fine, large tepee and many horses and skins and blankets. People said, 'See, there goes Rising Wolf. He is young, but he has many horses.' Therefore, I came to be called 'Many Horses;' but I had only one wife, Sailing Hawk. I cared only for her."

The chief's handsome face had long since become grave and rapt. Now it suddenly grew grim. His little wife moved uneasily in her seat by his side, and he looked at her with a strange glance. Between them had crept the shadow of Sailing Hawk's death.

"One day while I sat with Sailing Hawk in my tepee, a big, black cloud came flying out of the west like an eagle, and out of it the red fire stabbed and killed my wife and set my tepee on fire. My heart was like ice when I rose and saw my Sailing Hawk dead. I seized my gun. I fired many times into the cloud. I screamed at it in rage. My eyes were hot. I was crazy. At last I went away, but my wife was dead, and my heart empty and like ashes. I did not eat for many days, and I cared no more for the Great Spirits. I prayed no more. I could not smoke, but I sat all night by the place where my Sailing Hawk lay, and no man dared come to me. My heart was very angry toward everybody and all things. I could not see the end of my trail. All was black before me.

"My people at this time were living on their own lands. The big fight with 'Long Hair' had passed away, and we were living at peace once more; but the buffalo were passing away, and we feared and wondered.

"Then the white man came with his soldiers, and made a corral here in the hot, dry country, and drove us therein, and said, 'If you go outside we will shoot you.' Then we became poor. We had then no buffalo at all. We were fed poor beef, and had to wear white men's clothes which did not fit. We could not go to hunt in the mountains, and the land was waterless and very hot in summer, and we froze in winter. Then there were many sick, but the white men sent a doctor, and he laughed at me, and ordered me not to go near the sick ones. This made my heart black and sorrowful, for the white man gave strange white powders that were very bitter in the mouth, and the people died thereafter.

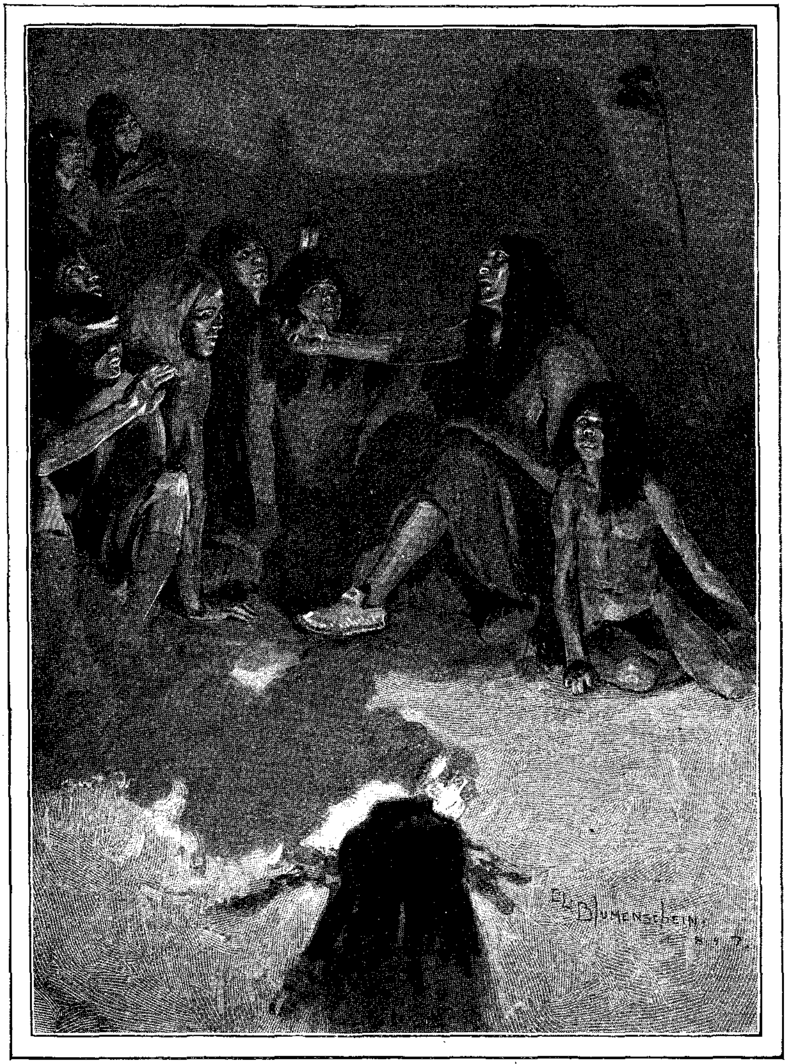
"But many times when he had gone I went in and made strong magic and cured the sick, and he thought it was his white powders. Nevertheless, more and more of my people came to believe in the white man, and so I grew very poor, and was forced to get rations like the rest. It was a black time for me.

"One night there came into our midst a Snake messenger with a big tale. 'Away in the west,' he said to us in sign-talk, 'a wonderful man has come. He speaks all languages, and he is the friend of all red men. He is white, but not like other white men. He has been nailed to a tree by the whites. I saw the holes in his hands. He teaches a new dance, and that is to gather all the Indians together in council. He wants a few head men of all tribes to meet him where the big mountains are, in the place where the lake is surrounded by pictured rocks. There he will teach us how to make mighty magic and drive away the white man and bring back the buffalo.'

"All that he told us we pondered long,

and I said: 'It is well, I will go to see this man. I will learn his dance.'

"All this was unknown to the agent, and at last, when the time came, four of us set forth at night on our long journey. On the third day two Snake chiefs and four Burnt-thighs joined us, then four Cut-throat people, and we all journeyed in peace. At last we came to the lake by the pictured rocks where the three snow mountains are.



"I loved well to sit near . . . the old men and hear them tell stories of the days that were gone."

"There were many Indians there. The Big Bellies were there from the north; and the Blackfeet, and the Magpies, and the Weavers, and the People-of-the-south-who-run-round-the-rocks, and the Black-people-of-the-mountains all were there. We had council, and we talked in signs, and we all began to ask, 'Where is the Great Helper?' A day passed, and he did not come; but one night when we sat in council over his teachings, he suddenly stepped inside the circle. He was a dark man, but not so dark as we were. He had long hair on his chin, and long, brown head-hair, parted in the middle. I looked for the wounds on his wrists; I could not see any. He moved like a big chief, tall and swift. He could speak all tongues. He spoke Dakota, and many understood. I could understand the language of the Cut-throat people, and this is what he said:

"'My people, before the white man came you were happy. You had many buffalo to eat and tall grass for your ponies. You could come and go like the wind. When it was cold, you could go into the valleys to the south, where the healing springs are; and when it grew warm, you could return to the mountains in the north. The white man came. He dug the bones of our mother, the earth. He tore her bosom with steel. He built big trails and put iron horses on them. He fought you and beat you, and put you in barren places where a horned toad would die. He said you must stay there; you must not hunt in the mountains.

"'Then he breathed his poison upon the buffalo, and they disappeared. They vanished into the earth. One day they covered the hills, the next nothing but their bones remained. Would you remove the white man? Would you have the buffalo come back? Listen, and I will tell you how to make great magic. I will teach you a mystic dance, and then let everybody go home and dance. When the grass is green, the change will come. Let everybody dance four days in succession, and on the fourth day the white man will disappear and the buffalo come back; our dead will return with the buffalo.

"'The earth is old. It will be renewed. The new and happy world will slide above the old as the right hand covers the left.

"'You have forgotten the ways of the fathers; therefore great distress is upon you. You must throw away all that the white man has brought you. Return to the dress of the fathers. You must use the sacred colors, red and white, and the sacred grass, and in the spring, when the willows are green, the change will come.

"'Do no harm to any one. Do not fight each other. Live in peace. Do not tell lies. When your loved ones die, do not weep, nor burn their tepees, nor cut your arms, nor kill horses, for you will see the dead again.'

"His words made my heart glad and warm in my breast. I thought of the bright days when I was a boy and the white man was far away, when the buffalo were like sagebrush on the plains—there were so many. I rose up. I went toward him. I bowed my head, and I said:

"'Oh, father, teach us the dance!' and all the people sitting round said, 'Good! teach us the dance!'

"Then he taught us the song and the dance which white people call the ghost dance, and we danced all together, and while we danced near him he sat with bowed head. No one dared to speak to him. The firelight shone on him. Suddenly he disappeared. No one saw him go. Then we were sorrowful, for we wished him to remain with us. It came into my heart to make a talk; so I rose, and said:

"'Friends, let us now go home. Our father has given us the mighty magic dance. Let us go home and teach all our people, and dance the four days, so that the white man may go and the buffalo come back. All our fathers will come back. The old men will be made young. The blind will see again. We will all be happy once more.'

"This seemed good to them, and we all smoked the pipe and shook hands and took our separate trails. The Blackfeet went north, the People-that-click-with-their-tongues went west, and the Magpies, the Cut-wrists, and the Snakes started together to the east. The Burnt-thighs kept on, while the Magpies and the Cut-wrists turned to the northeast.

"At last we reached home, and I called a big dance, and at the dance I told the people what I had seen, and they were very glad. 'Teach us the dance,' they cried to me.

"'Be patient,' I said. 'Wait till all the other people get home. When the grass is green and the moon is round, then we will dance, and all the red people will dance at the same time; then will the white man surely fade away, and the buffalo come up out of the earth where he is hid and roam the sod once more.'

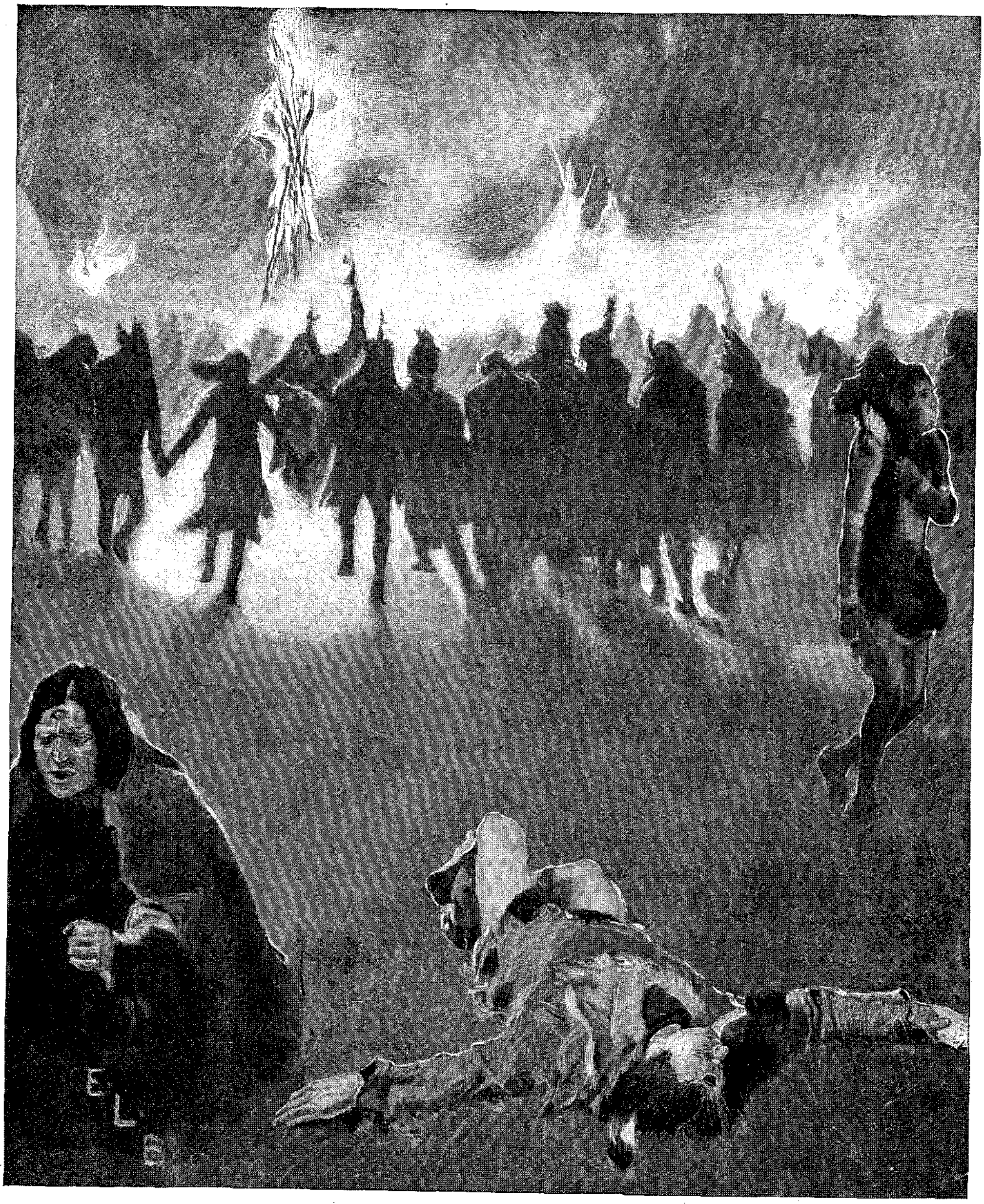
"Then they did as I bid, and when the moon was round as a shield, we beat the drum and called the people to dance.

"Then the white man became much excited. He called for more soldiers everywhere to stop the dance, so I heard afterward. But the people paid no attention, for was not the white man poor and weak by the magic of the dance?

"Then we built five fires, one to each world direction and one in the center. We put on our best dress. We painted our faces and bodies in memory of our forefathers, who were mighty warriors and hunters. We carried bows and arrows and tomahawks and war-clubs in memory of the days before the white man's weapons. Our best singers knelt around the drum, and the women sat near to help them sing. When the drum began to beat, our hearts were very glad. There were Magpies and Cut-throats among us, but we were all friends. We danced between the fires, and as we danced the drummers sang the mystic song:

Father, have pity on us.
We are crying for thirst—
All is gone!
We have nothing to eat.
Our Father, we are poor—
We are very poor.
The buffalo are gone,
They are all gone.
Take pity on us, O Father!
We are dancing as you wish,
Because you commanded us.
We dance hard—
We dance long.
Have pity!

"The agent came to see us dance, but we did not care. He was a good man, and we felt sorry for him, for he must also vanish with the other white people. He listened to our crying, and looked long, and his interpreter told him we prayed to the Great Spirits to destroy the white man and bring back the buffalo. Then he called me with his hand,



"We danced between the fires."

and because he was a good man I went to him. He asked me what the dance meant, and I told him, and he said, 'It must stop.' 'I cannot stop it,' I said. 'The Great Spirits have said it. It must go on.'

"He smiled, and went away, and we danced. He came again on the third day, and always he laughed. He said, 'Go on. You are big fools. You will see the buffalo will never come back, and the white man is too strong to be swept away. Dance till the fourth day, dance hard, but I shall watch you.'

"On the fourth night, while we danced, soldiers came riding down the hills, and their chiefs, in shining white hats, came to watch us. All night we prayed and danced. We prayed in our songs.

Great Spirit, help us.
You are close by in the dark.
Hear us and help us.
Take away the white man.
Send back the buffalo.
We are poor and weak.
We can do nothing alone.
Help us to be as we once were,
Happy hunters of buffalo.

"But the agent smiled, and the soldiers of the white chiefs sat not far off, their guns in their hands, and the moon passed by, and the east grew light, and we were very weary, and my heart was heavy. I looked to see the red come in the east. 'When the sun looks over the hills, then it will be,' I said to my friends. 'The white man will become as smoke. The wind will sweep him away.'

"As the sun came near we all danced hard. My voice was almost gone. My feet were numb, my legs were weak, but my heart was big.

"'Oh, help us, Great Spirits,' we cried in despair.

Father, the morning star,
Father, the morning star,
Look on us!
Look on us, for we have danced till dawn;
Look on us, for we have danced until daylight.

Take pity on us,
O Father, the morning star!
Show us the road—
Our eyes are dark.

Show us our dead ones.
We cry and hold fast to you,
O morning star.
We hold out our hands to you and cry.
Help us, O Father!
We have sung till morning
The resounding song.

"But the sun came up, the soldiers fired a big gun, and the soldier chiefs laughed. Then the agent called to me,

"'Your Great Spirit can do nothing. Your Messiah lied.'

"Then I covered my head with my blanket and ran far away, and I fell down on the top of the high hill. I lay there a long time, thinking of the white man's laugh. The wind whistled a sad song in the grass. My heart burned, and my breath came hard.

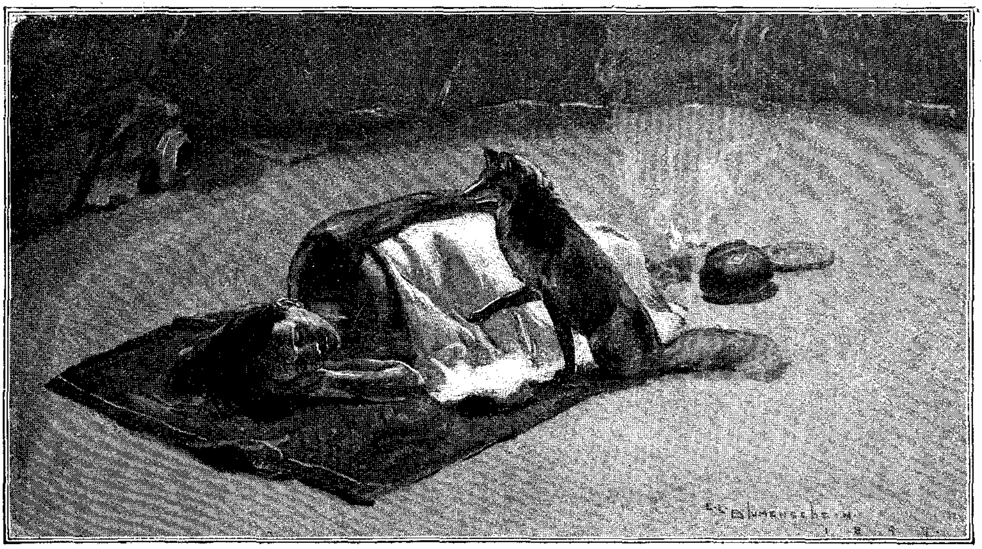
"'Maybe he was right. Maybe the messenger was two-tongued and deceived us that the white man might laugh at us.'

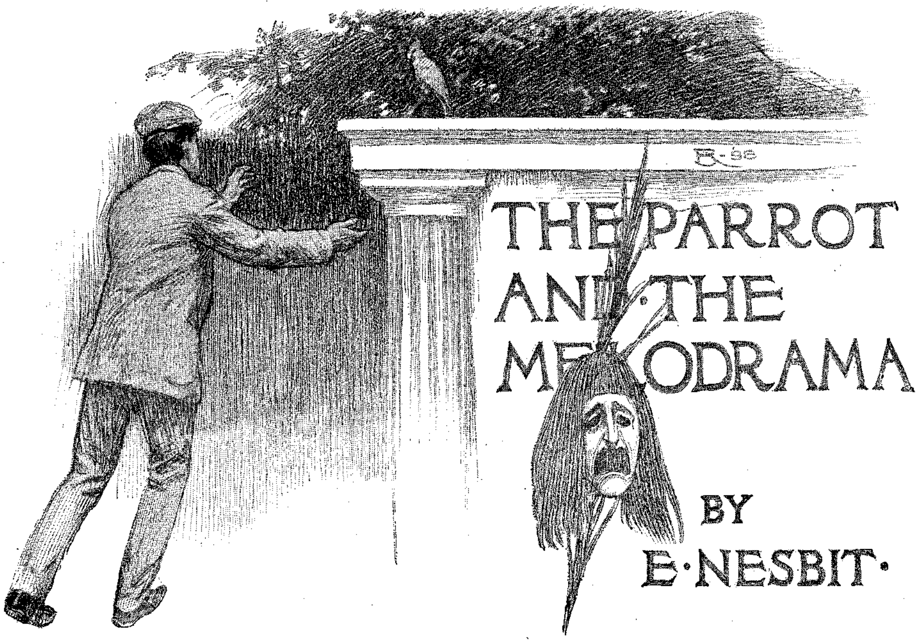
"All day I lay there with my head covered. I did not want to see the light of the sun. I heard the drum stop and the singing die away. Night came, and then on the hills I heard the wailing of my people. Their hearts were gone. Their bones were weary.

"When I rose, it was morning. I flung off my blanket, and looked down on the valley where the tepees of the white soldiers stood. I heard their drums and their music. I had made up my mind. The white man's trail was wide and dusty by reason of many feet passing thereon, but it was long. The trail of my people was ended.

"I said, 'I will follow the white man's trail. I will make him my friend, but I will not bend my neck to his burdens. I will be cunning as the coyote. I will ask him to help me to understand his ways, and then I will prepare the way for my children. Maybe they will outrun the white man in his own shoes. Anyhow, there are but two ways. One leads to hunger and death, the other leads where the poor white man lives. Beyond is the happy hunting-ground, where the white man cannot go.'"

"There came to me in my sleep a fox."





THE PARROT AND THE MELODRAMA

BY E·NESBIT·

Author of "Songs of Love and Empire,"
"The Marden Mystery," etc.

FOR all as respectable as you see me now, prosperous and portly, with my practice in London and my villa at Hazlemere, I once, when I was a barrister, and briefless, played a leading part in as thorough a melodrama as ever brought down the house in a Surrey-side theater.

My aunt was my one surviving relative; it was she who had paid for my schooling, given me my rare tips, and made it possible for me to take up my scholarship at Exeter. It was she whose checks supported me, more or less adequately, in my dusty rooms in the Temple. It was she who appointed me to the office of caretaker at Willow Cottage, near Grindhurst, while she went for her summer holiday to Scotland.

Willow Cottage is a very comfortable place to stay at. It is much too big for its name, a long, low, white building, crowded with furniture—legacies from different branches of our family, who, passing from the need of chairs and tables, left these to Aunt Eliza for the crowding of her cottage. Uncle Algernon left her the Chinese jars and curios, Aunt Jane full half the heavy Victorian furniture, Uncle Robert the cases of stuffed fish and foxes, and Aunt Mary the gray parrot. To the gray parrot, and thus indirectly to Aunt Mary, I owe my melodrama.

After the dusty scramble of London life in July, the quiet of the ordered household, the dewy peace of the big green garden, the long leisure of complete solitude charmed and refreshed me. I read philosophy, walked and smoked, and went so far as to make a few notes for my great projected work on the "Essential Identity of Ethic and Esthetic."

But though the gray parrot was destined to direct my fate, this was as yet unrevealed to me, and I confess that I hated the bird. She croaked, she whistled, she screamed, she sang lines of hymns in her evil, raucous voice, tremulous with suppressed chuckles. And when I implored the housemaid to remove her from her stand in the hall and take her into the kitchen, she told me it was as much as her place was worth. When I threw a coat over the cage, Polly swore till my hair stood on end, and I hastily tore off the coat, for the sake of the maid-servants. So in the long evenings before I started reading, after the servants had gone for the night to their own quarters, I used to lift Polly's cage and carry it out on to the lawn at the other side of the house: then I could work in peace.

One night the inevitable happened, and I awoke in the gray of the morning with a shock of remembrance, the remembrance that I had forgotten something. What, I wondered sleepily. Another shock, more violent and sleep-dispelling, warned me that I had forgotten to bring in the parrot. The natural man said, "Do her good," and I turned on my pillow to compose myself for sleep; but Prudence discoursed at some length on tramps, and on chills, and on the necessity of keeping the parrot's nightly airings a secret from the servants. "Suppose," said Prudence, "the confounded beast has taken cold and dies, the servants will say it was your fault." So I got into flannels and stumbled down the dim staircase and through the dark hall. All the shutters were up, and the alarm-bell on the door. I crept out through the French window in the parlor, and round through the toneless, dewy morning to the lawn. The cage was lying on its side. The parrot was gone. Never mind what I said. Directly the words were out of my mouth, my heart gave a leap, for they were answered by a flood of such swear-words as I had never heard from any but one mouth—or rather one beak. The anathema ended in a well-known hoarse chuckle.

On the laburnum-tree sat the parrot, cocking a wary eye at me.

"Come, Polly! Come, pretty Polly!" I said, advancing.

"Polly put the ket!" said the bird irrelevantly.

"Come then, Polly!" I resumed, holding out my hand. The parrot fluttered and squawked, and I stood still, shivering in the July dawn.

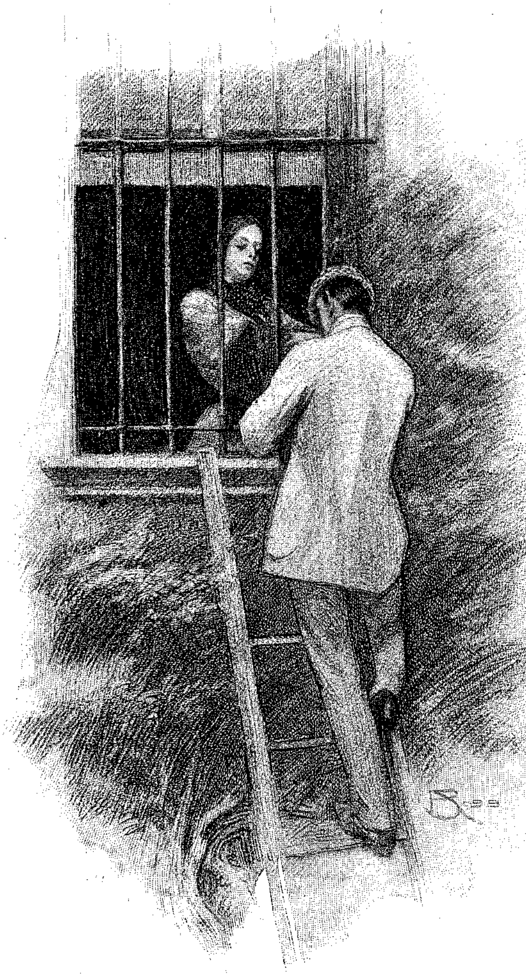
"Sugar, Polly, sugar," said I, advancing again. "Stand still, can't you?"

"Could I but stand where Moses stood!" sang the parrot, and flew off over the lawn. I followed.

Polly then rested, she took short flights from one tree to another, she sang lines of hymns at me, she chuckled and she screamed, but she swore no more. I am sure nothing but being covered up, or a sudden shock, such as my first remarks must have given her, would have betrayed her into such an indiscretion. She seemed to take a perverse joy in leading me slowly on; and lead me on she did, over woods and fields, and on to a by-road, where she took off from a chestnut-tree and disappeared over a high brick wall.

"I'll have you yet!" I said.

My blood was up. I had quite forgotten how the loss of the bird might affect my relations with my aunt. It had become a personal matter between me and the parrot. I looked about for some foothold in the wall. It had been newly pointed. One of the boughs of the big chestnut-tree almost rested on the wall, but the bough was far above my reach. The trunk was too smooth for climbing, too big for swarming. But I was always a good climber. And, as I say, my blood was up. I measured with my eye the distance between tree and wall. Then I got my back against the wall and one foot against the tree, gave a heave with my back, and got one hand against the wall, and pressing outward with hands and feet, began to go up by jerks. It was hard work and very slow, but I did it, and when I got on to the top, I crouched on the wall breathless. Had the parrot disappeared? No, there she was, to all appearance waiting for me. I dropped from the wall, and the old game began again. I had given up calling to the brute; my only chance was to get close to her and take her by surprise. This I did at last effect, but not till we were close to the house, which



"*I pressed the soft hand . . . against my lips.*"

stood in the middle of the park in which I was trespassing. It was a large, ugly, red Georgian building with many windows, all shuttered fast. It had a large, walled garden at the back, and it was on the high, red wall of this garden, where a yellow rose climbed over it, that, approaching quietly over the soft turf, I grasped the parrot by the tail. Fatigued by her long flight, she hardly fluttered. She gave a surprised squawk, bit my fingers as I tied her up in my handkerchief and put her in my pocket, where she swore once, and then was silent.

"And now to get out," I said; but as I said it I heard a window go up softly. It was a window in the first floor of a sort of wing that projected into the garden. My first thought, I confess it, was flight. But I thought of dogs, and of householders timid to the point of firearms, so I halted and looked up. A woman, with something blue on, put her head out of the window—the window, I saw, was barred—and looked cautiously to right and left. She saw me, and signed that I was to come near and to be silent. I don't know how she conveyed this in a single gesture, but she did. The old garden wall presented no difficulties. I got over it, landed on a soft flower-bed, and the next moment I was below the window. She pointed at something among the shrubs. It was a short ladder used for fruit-gathering. I got the ladder and set it under her window. I hesitated a moment, for the natural thought had occurred to me, that this house was probably a lunatic asylum, and the lady might be dangerous. The next moment I was climbing the ladder, moved by four considerations: I am not altogether a coward, the adventure was piquant, the window was barred, and, most potent of all, the woman was beautiful as the day.

As I brought myself on a level with her, I felt acutely conscious that my hair was rumpled from the pillow and my chin rough with a two days' beard; but when I raised my eyes to her face, she was still looking at the wall where I had found the parrot.

"Where is the other man?" she whispered, turning bright, anxious eyes on me.

"There is no one else," I answered in the same low tone.

"I heard two voices."

"I was after my parrot. Here it is in my pocket. When I caught it, it swore. I am sorry I trespassed. Is there any way of getting out except over the wall?"

Even as I spoke she thrust her arm through the bars, and her warm hand closed on mine.

"Don't go," she whispered; "for God's sake, don't leave me!"

I began to feel decidedly uncomfortable. To be suddenly clutched by a lunatic, however beautiful, must always be somewhat of a shock. And I have a horror of insanity.

"I must go," I said firmly; "it's absurd!" and I tried gently to draw my hand away.

She loosed it at once.

"Very well, go!" she said. "I thought you would help me. I was wrong. Go!"

And with that her face took on a look of such despair as I have never seen on any face in all my days.

"I would help you if I could," I said lamely; "but surely your friends——"

"I have no friends," she said. "I thought you would have been my friend. You look good."

She gazed wistfully at me, and for a moment there was silence. As I looked at her I remembered my Charles Reade, and wondered whether, perhaps, after all, she was not mad, but only a sane woman imprisoned in a madhouse to serve the greed of others. So I asked what seemed to me a very tactful question.

"Why do they say you are mad?"

Her answer took me by surprise.

"Do they?" she said mournfully. "I didn't know."

"Perhaps they don't," I said soothingly. "How many mad people are there in this asylum?"

Her face changed, lightened, and a ripple of silent laughter passed over it. She spoke rapidly.

"Now I understand! You thought I was mad, and well you might! And I thought you were a burglar, but I was going to ask you to help me all the same."

I smiled too. A great weight seemed lifted from me, but almost on the instant a greater weight took its place. If she were not mad, this beautiful vision with the bright hair and the sad eyes, she must be in some deadly trouble or peril to stoop to ask help even from a burglar.

The east was brightening. The world was growing every moment more alive and alight. I could now see into the interior of her room. This was no lunatic's cell, but a lady's chamber, furnished with comfort, even with luxury.

"I must not stay long," I said, "if you don't want every one to know I've been here. What is it that you want me to do for you?"

"I never thought of your thinking me mad," she answered slowly. "I am so used to it all, but of course to you it seems—You will go back to thinking *that*, if I tell you what I want. And I have thought over it so much, and I thought any man would do it for me, if I could only get to speak with one. You are the first person except two that I have spoken to for eighteen months." She shivered, and looked away from me across the grass, where the long shadows now began to gather strength in the waxing light. She twisted her fingers together in an agony of indecision.

"What is it?" I asked. "I will do it if I can."

Then she spoke suddenly, in a voice curiously hard and dead.

"I want you to ask me to marry you."

I own that I found no words.

"It is horrible!" she said, turning scarlet. "Of course I don't mean that I want you to marry me, but I want to be engaged to you till—till after a certain day. Then I shall release you. It won't cost you anything—only a few words, and to stand by them till I tell you it is all right. Will you?"

"But why?" I stammered. I can't pretend that I showed to advantage in this interview. I felt by turns a man of sense and a despicable dastard, according to her silence or her speaking. And the fact that our talk was in whispers somehow added to my embarrassment.

"It is getting lighter and lighter," she said. "The gardeners get up so early. You must go. I promised once to marry some one, if no one I liked better offered to marry me before I was twenty-one. That was eighteen months ago. I've seen no one since but that man and his sister. So how could I see any one I liked better? Will you ask me? Oh, say yes, quickly. It doesn't mean anything to you, but it's everything to me."

"What's your name?" I said.

"Emma Chisholm."

"Mine is Richard Dorrington. Miss Chisholm, will you marry me?"

"I accept your kind offer with pleasure and gratitude," she answered glibly. It was evident that she had rehearsed many a time the scene we were now playing. Only in her rehearsals some one more chivalrous than I had, perhaps, been cast for my part.

"Now go," she said. "There is nothing for you to do. Only remember you are engaged to me."

"Shall I announce the engagement?"

"No, no; do nothing, only go."

"When am I to see you again?"

Our positions were suddenly reversed. As she grew eager to be rid of me, I longed increasingly to stay, to talk to her, to touch her hand again.

"Oh, never, I hope!"

"But I must," I said. "You must explain what all this means."

"Come to-morrow morning, then," she said, "but earlier, and don't bring the parrot."

She flashed a sudden smile at me, and drew back into the room.

"Good-by," I said, reaching a hand up awkwardly from my ladder.

She stretched her hand through the bars, and, at the touch of it, I felt suddenly how utterly I had failed to rise to the opportunities of my adventure. I pressed the soft hand against my cheek, against my lips.

"Oh!" she cried, a soft, inarticulate cry, like that of a wild creature caught and hurt in the catching.

Then she closed the window quickly. I replaced the ladder and took my way across the dewy park, now fully dressed in its daylight green, and touched to gold by the level beams of the rising sun.

I went home to think things over, and indeed food for thought had been supplied to me in no niggard measure.

"This is your doing!" I said angrily to the parrot as I replaced her and her cage in the still darkened hall.

"This is your doing," I repeated as the memory came back to me of that hand against my face. And I fetched the parrot three lumps of sugar and some hempseed.

That day seemed long to me. I lounged about the garden, and tried to read, but philosophy had lost its charm. The interest of my extraordinary adventure was enough, in itself, to distract my thoughts. And then there was the recollection of her hand, of her eyes—her sad eyes and her weary mouth. The time passed slowly, slowly. I strolled down to the village in the afternoon, bought some tobacco—it was a loathsome shag, I remember—and asked questions. I learned a good deal that I did not want to know, and at last came to the thing I did want to know—who lived in the big red house in the high-walled park? Queer folks, it seemed—a middle-aged lady and gentleman and a young lady, not their daughter, my informant thought. Lodge gates always kept locked; no servants allowed out. Lady always present when tradesmen came. Most of the things from the stores in London—big cases. That was how the rich robbed the poor nowadays instead of being neighborly. Family never even went to church, so, of course, nobody called on them except the vicar, and he was not let in. One or other of the old people drove out every day with the young lady. Poor thing!

Then suddenly my informant came round the counter and looked out at the open door. "That's them a-coming now," she said.

There was a sound of hoofs and wheels, and a big barouche, drawn by two fat horses, rolled by. In it sat my lady of the dew and the dawn, and beside her an amiable-looking, fresh-faced man of about forty-five. He was talking to her, pointing out some pigeons on a house-roof. She listened in white silence.

Her eyes lightened as she saw me, and mechanically my hand went to my cap. I dropped it again, but not quickly enough. Her companion turned, and said something to her. I saw her shake her head, and knew she had been forced to deny acquaintance with me. I had spoiled her plan. I went home cursing myself for the fool I was.

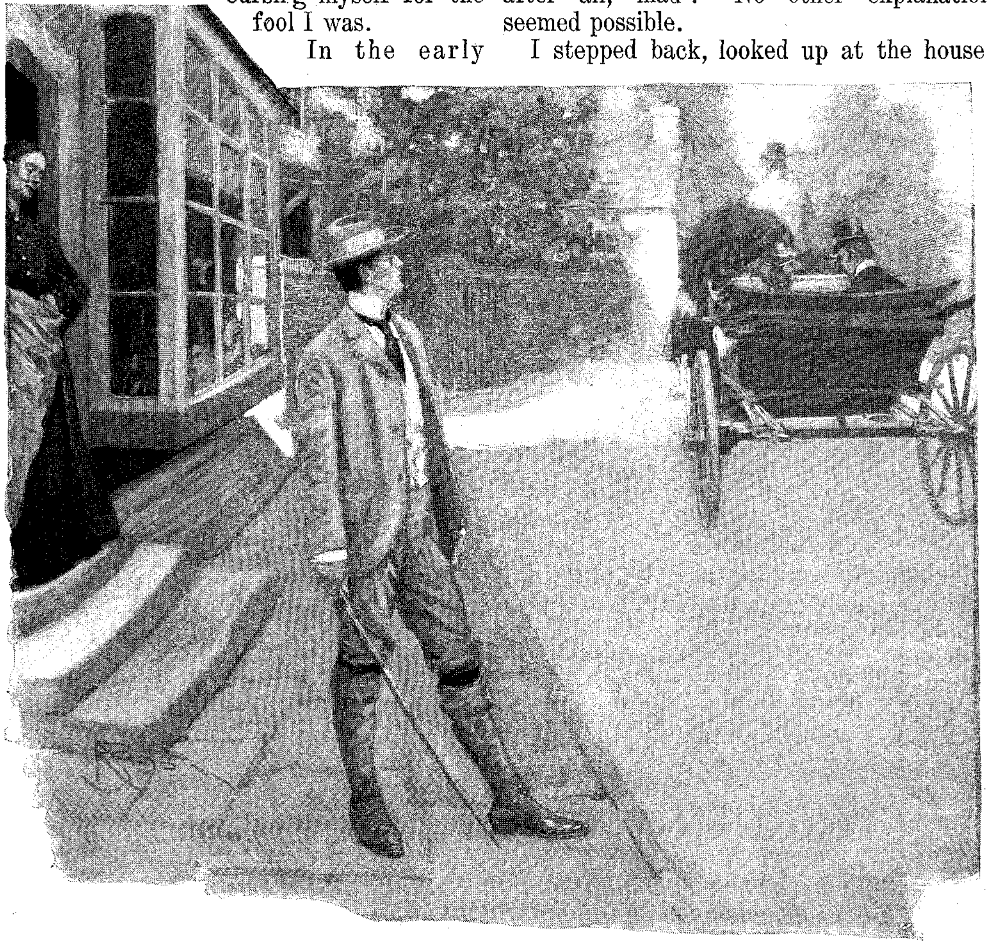
In the early morning I climbed the big wall again, but this time I took a rope to help my climb, and left it hidden among the chestnut branches.

Then I crossed the park. Her window was close shuttered. I found the ladder, and was about to raise it, when I saw the gleam of something white—a paper tied to the ladder. I cut the thread and unfolded the paper. I could see written words, but there was not yet light to read them. The shuttered window promised nothing. With the paper in my hand, I crouched among the shrubs close to the house, struck a match softly under my coat, and read:

"Farewell forever. I no longer love you. I have buried your letters and presents at the spot where you caught what you were chasing. Be sure no one sees you dig. All is over between us. Emma."

I own that my adventure was taking a turn I had never anticipated. Or was it now justifying my first anticipation? Was she really, after all, mad? No other explanation seemed possible.

I stepped back, looked up at the house.



". . . a big barouche . . . rolled by. In it sat my lady of the dew and the dawn."

All was shuttered darkness, and in the garden it was very dark. No one would see me dig. I found the spot where I had caught the parrot; a yellow rose lay on the mold. I dug in the soft earth with my fingers, and under the rose I found something hard—a little sandal-wood box. Another look at the house. Still silent and eyeless. Then I put the box in my pocket and made off home, extremely irritated at the whole affair, yet not without a certain curiosity as to the nature of the "presents and letters."

When I got back to the cottage, I hastened to light a candle, for daylight was not yet full. I opened the box. It contained only one thing—an envelope, from which I drew a long letter.

"You have spoiled everything. He saw that you knew me, and asked if I knew you. I said no, and now how can I ever say that we were engaged? If I had said yes, I believe he would have killed me. I don't feel safe. You don't know what it is—this terror by day and night. He has never been unkind, but I am afraid. If he thinks there is anything between *us*, perhaps he will not let me live to see my birthday. It is on Monday. I shall write a line and tie it to the ladder, and pray to God that you may find it, and not some one else. And I shall write it so that if he finds it he won't understand. You won't understand either, but you will when you get this. They let me walk in the garden. I don't think they think any one could get in. They think I knew you before. But I don't know, they are so clever—perhaps they know all about it. I couldn't tell you this morning all about it, but I will now. If you can think of any way to make them think you don't know me; but of course you can't. I am going mad now, I think. You thought I was mad. Perhaps I soon shall be. If he goes on thinking you are staying in the village because of me—you don't know what it is, this terror. Now I will tell you my story. I know you did not like me, and you half think I am mad, but if you can help me you will. For the love of God, help me! But I know you can't.

"We used to live at Clapham Common. We hadn't many friends. My father liked to live quietly. Then he died two years ago, and Dr. James—you saw him in the carriage with me—he and Mr. Anderson were my guardians, and Mr. Anderson went to America, and he is to be back in time for my birthday. And Dr. James and his sister came and lived at Elm Bank—that was our house at Clapham. They were very kind, indeed, and tried to comfort me. When my father died, his last words were: 'Emma, be true and just in all your dealings,' and I want to be, but it is very hard. And I had to say I did not know you, and it was a lie. Then after six months he said: 'Will you marry me?' and I said no, but he begged and begged, and then I said I was too young, and he said so I was, perhaps, but would I promise to marry him if—but I told you that before. So I said yes, and the very next day we came to this dreadful place, and I have seen no one, no one at all. And when I saw you this morning, I thought God had sent you, though I don't know how I could have thought that when I thought you were a burglar. My other guardian is to come down on Monday. If you could see him—but perhaps it will be all right, and he will take me away with him.

"Please pardon this hurried letter. I daren't reread it, hardly stop to think as I write. I dare say really there's nothing to be frightened of, but you don't know what it is.

"EMMA CHISHOLM.

"You may think I could just tell my other guardian and go away with him, but I don't like really to break my promise, and, besides, I am afraid. I don't know what to do. I wish he hadn't seen that you knew me."

The very incoherence of this letter stamped it as trustworthy, and the repetition of one phrase in it went to my heart: "You don't know what it is—this terror by night and day—you don't know what it is."

Somehow I must soothe that terror. I must undo my folly of that afternoon. I must convey to her the knowledge that I had done so. I sat with my head in my hands, and thought and thought. Then I dressed me in my best, and went to call at the Grange. The lodge gate was locked. The woman eyed me doubtfully.

"Orders are to let no one in," she said; "but there, I see Dr. James a-walking in the drive now, sir. I'll go and ask him, if you will bide a bit outside of the gate."

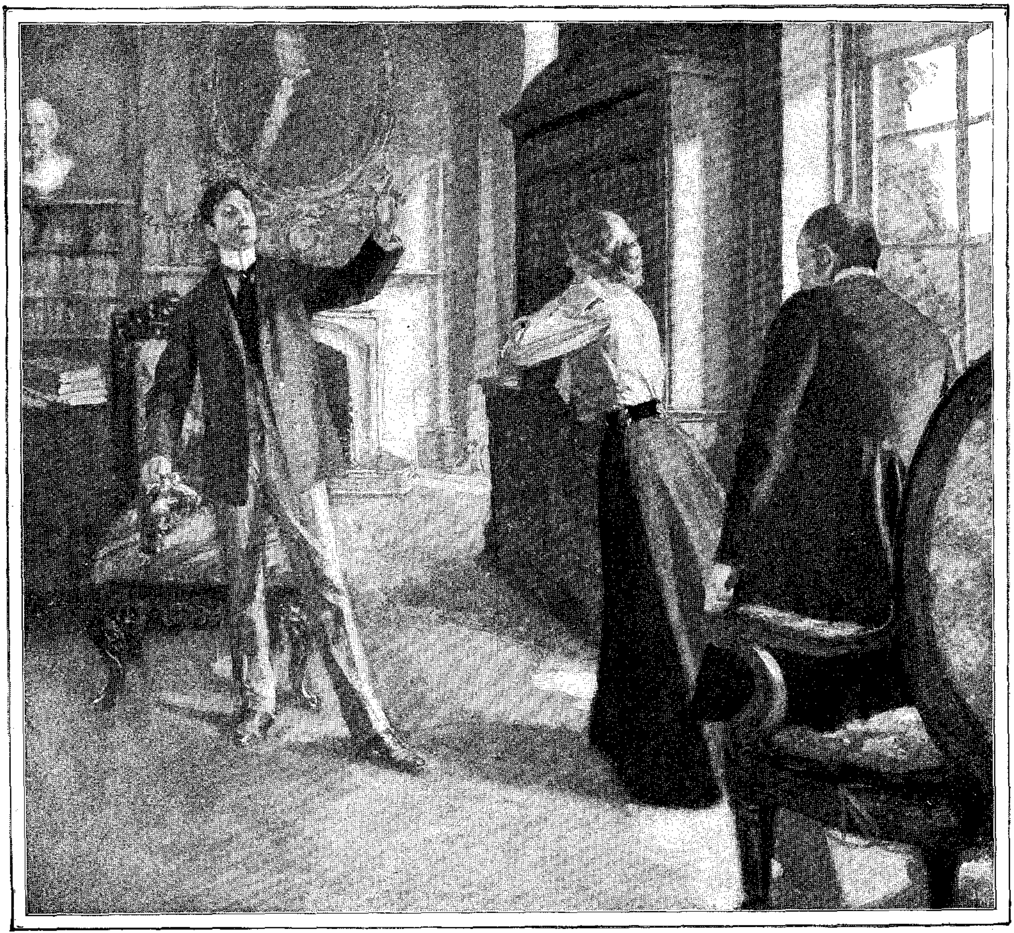
I saw her meet him. I saw his eyes follow hers to the gate; then he came hurrying towards me.

"Excuse me, my dear sir," he said; "we have to be very careful."

So saying, he unlocked the door.

"Come in," he said; "here is a pleasant seat, where we can watch the deer sporting among the trees. And now tell me what I can have the pleasure of doing for you."

"I am come to this neighborhood," said I,



"*I tore off the wig and whiskers, and was swept into the full swirl of the melodrama.*"

"in the hope of meeting Miss Chisholm, and cultivating her acquaintance with a view to a proposal of marriage." He looked at me with masked anxiety. "But as I find she does not go into society, I venture to lay my proposal before her guardian."

His face cleared. "Yes, yes," he said pleasantly. "You knew Miss Chisholm in bygone days, no doubt."

I affected an exaggeration of the embarrassment I certainly felt.

"I will be frank with you," I said, feeling meaner than I ever remember to have done in my life. "I inherit my property from an uncle. It seems that in his youth he was attached to Miss Chisholm's mother. I was his favorite nephew, and the dearest wish of his heart was to find the daughter of his early love and manage a marriage between her and me. Of course the late Mr. Chisholm would have opposed it; but he died just before my uncle, and my uncle then added a codicil to his will, by which I was to lose half my legacy if within three years I did not marry Miss Chisholm. I have seen the young lady in her drives with you, and I now look on as a privilege that which——"

"I see, I see," he said, interrupting my smooth lying; "and the lady your uncle loved, what was her name?"

Here was a facer. I hesitated, stammered, and he gloated over my discomfiture, but I was not cornered yet.

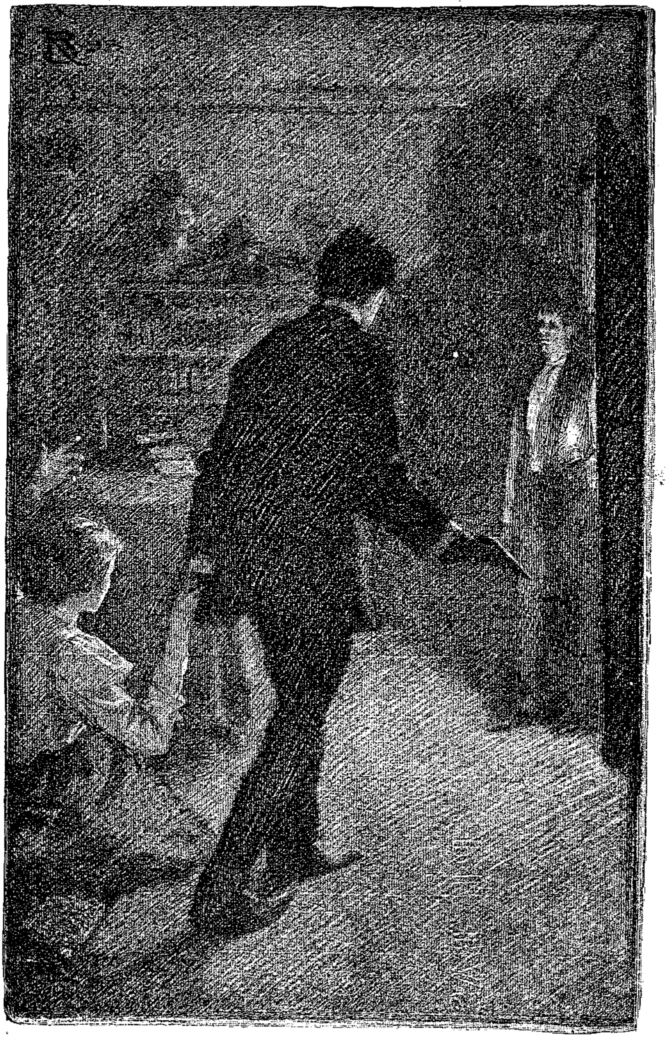
"I don't like to show his letter to a stranger," I said bashfully, "still you, sir, are so kind and sympathetic that—that——"

I drew out the letter I had prepared, signed my Uncle Algernon's name, and written on paper stamped with Willow Cottage, where, indeed, that lamented uncle had breathed his last.

Dr. James read the forgery and folded it up. He was silent. I could see that I had convinced him. I had undone the effects of that folly about the cap. What would be his next move? He sighed, and returned the letter to me.

"I quite understand," he said, "quite.

In happier circumstances I should have been proud and delighted. As it is, Mr. Dorrington, it would be cruel to trifle with you. I owe you the truth. My ward is hopelessly insane."



"I sprang to my feet."

My plot had succeeded, and his had failed. This sang in my ears as I walked home. I got away from him with a bearing of dumb sadness and submission, but as I went along the lanes I rejoiced. For at the moment when he told me that she was mad, my doubts of her sanity vanished away at once and forever, and I knew him for the villain he was. But I knew, too, that he was an actor, and a good one; good enough, no doubt, to convince the other trustee, the returning Anderson, and to destroy at once Emma's chances of freedom. Yes, I had begun to call her Emma to myself, and to perceive that Emma is, after all, rather a pretty name.

I went up to London that day, and I called on my friend Tenterden. Tenterden is a man whom people call on when they are in a fix. He is an archæologist and a good fellow. He has been in more than one adventure. He came down with me to Willow Cottage, and we brought with us a black-covered wicker basket. I walked the lanes. I met Emma driving with Mrs. James. I turned my eyes away, and walked moodily on. Next day I met her driving with the man, and I raised my hat respectfully—to *him*. He returned my salutation with a sad smile. This was all I could do to show her that I had tried to undo my folly.

On Monday morning, Tenterden and I went into the woods very early. We took the basket with us. When we came out again, Tenterden had changed clothes, complexion, and manner. I should never have known him. He looked the part for which he was dressed, gentleman's gentleman. As for me, Tenterden had wrought upon me with cosmetics and a wig and crape hair and loud checks, till I had changed from the Dorrington I knew to a business-like bounder with red whiskers and a rather shiny black suit. Tenterden of his wisdom had devised our disguises and got them from Hugo's.

Then we went to the station and waited, scanning the passengers dropped by the rare trains—the parson on his way back from an exchange Sunday, a girl coming home from service, a gardener with plants in shallow boxes.

It was nearly noon before our man arrived, a tall, thin, gray man with a black bag. Tenterden stepped up to him, "For the Grange, sir?" he said.

"Yes. Is there anything to meet me?"

"No, sir," said Tenterden. "The horse is gone lame, sir, and nothing else was to be got. But it's not far, sir, if you will step this way."

I followed at a little distance. As soon as we were out of sight of the station Tenterden stopped short.

"Mr. Anderson, I believe," he said, with a complete change of manner.

The other looked his surprise. Tenterden spoke rapidly.

"You are now going to the Grange to settle up the affairs of the Chisholm estate. Let me tell you, sir, that you are not safe in going to that house."

"Lord bless my soul!" said Mr. Anderson.

"Don't be alarmed," said Tenterden, in his lordliest manner. "I am a private detective," and as he said it I seemed to smell, through the scent of the hay, the gas and orange-peel of the Surrey Theater. "So is my friend here," he went on, indicating me with a theatrical wave of the hand. "We propose to accompany you. We have pistols." He showed them. "We have some knowledge of this matter." I wondered how he could show that. "And we will see you through."

Mr. Anderson shuffling irresolutely on the white dust, muttered something about "communicating with Dr. James through his solicitor."

"There is no time," said Tenterden firmly. I could see how he was enjoying himself. "It is a matter of life and death. I shall go with you, Mr. Anderson, as your valet, and this gentleman as your clerk or your solicitor, whichever you prefer."

"He looks more like a clerk," said Mr. Anderson, eying me with disfavor.

"Come," Tenterden went on, "let us be moving. We can talk as we go."

On the way to the house we did talk. His first alarm over, Mr. Anderson did not appear incurably stupid, but he now pooh-poohed our tale.

We found the lodge gates hospitably thrown open. We entered, and as soon as we had passed out of sight, a clang behind us told us that they had been closed.

"Hear that!" said Tenterden significantly. Mr. Anderson looked uncomfortable.

The house-door was opened by a sour-looking man-servant, who glanced doubtfully at us. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "but which is Mr. Anderson?"

Mr. Anderson admitted his identity. "Step this way, sir," he said, and slammed the door in our faces as Mr. Anderson crossed the door-mat; but Tenterden's foot was in the door.

Mr. Anderson was equal to the occasion. "What the devil d'you mean?" he said. "Let my man in at once. Come in, Rigby."

Tenterden pushed, and we got the door back. Mr. Anderson's face showed very white in the gloom.

"'Pon my word, I think you were right!" he cried. "Servants get more insolent every day. I shall report you to your master."

The surly man said nothing, and I wondered whether Mr. Anderson had saved the situation with his quotation. It seemed hardly a likely thing for a man-servant to say to his master. We followed Mr. Anderson into a library, and there awaited Dr. James and his ward.

During our waiting we exchanged glances, but no words. I felt more than ever the melodramatic atmosphere. The room exactly reproduced a stage carpenter's idea of a library. I also felt, however, a sense of real danger. Tenterden, I noticed, looked really delighted. He always enjoys playing a part.

Dr. James came in, softly, like a sandy cat. He and Mr. Anderson exchanged greetings. He took no notice of us, except to suggest that we should wait outside.

"I shall want my clerk," said Mr. Anderson. "Rigby, you can wait outside." So Tenterden waited outside.

"And where is our ward?"

"She will be here in a moment." He almost seemed to purr the words. "I have an announcement to make to you," he said, "which may surprise you. Since Miss Chisholm has been in the care of my sister an attachment has, ahem, sprung up between us. She has promised to become my bride. We shall hope to see you at the ceremony, which will be performed very shortly."

"Do you know," said Mr. Anderson abruptly, "that people about here say Miss Chisholm is mad? That comes of your shutting her up here. What did you do it for?"

"Her own wish, my dear sir. Her nerves were shattered by her father's death. But care and kindness, my dear Mr. Anderson, care and kindness have done wonders. She is a picture of health."

"Will you have her sent for?"

Dr. James rang the bell.

"Johnson, request Miss Chisholm to step this way."

Johnson retired, and in an exceedingly short time returned.

"Miss Chisholm has a headache, sir, and begs to be excused. She hopes to see Mr. Anderson on some future occasion."

This was very pat, but unconvincing. I fumbled with the black bag.

"Come, come," said Mr. Anderson, "this is mere trifling. I insist on seeing my ward. This is most disrespectful conduct, most disrespectful."

"I regret extremely," Dr. James was beginning, when the door opened and She came in.

"I hope I have not kept you waiting," she said. "I have only this moment heard that you were here."

She looked round anxiously as she shook hands with Mr. Anderson. Then he handed her to a chair.

"I hear I am to congratulate Dr. James on his engagement to you," he said, with knitted brows.

Emma glanced at Dr. James, who no longer seemed as if purring were possible to him. Then she said, very distinctly:

"I promised to marry Dr. James if no one I liked better made me an offer of marriage before my twenty-first birthday. But I have seen some one I like better, and——"

Dr. James started from his chair.

"You're dreaming, child," he said, and his voice was dangerously calm. "You can't have seen anybody!"

"I *have* seen some one," she went on steadily, "and I have accepted the proposal he made to me. I am engaged to Mr. Richard Dorrington. Oh, Mr. Anderson, I may be engaged to him, mayn't I?"

"This is idle talk, my dear child," said Dr. James. "Of course you are absolutely free, but why drag in the name of a gentleman who is a perfect stranger to you?"

"He is not," she said; "he is engaged to me. Oh, Mr. Anderson, it is really true. Don't leave me here. I am frightened. I wish Mr. Dorrington were here!"

I could bear it no longer. I tore off the wig and whiskers, and was swept into the full swirl of the melodrama.

"He is here!" I cried. With a sudden shriek she put out her hands and ran to me, and I caught her in my arms. Never was a more effective curtain devised. By all the rules of dramatic art Dr. James should have put a vial of poison to his lips, and died in agony at the feet of the reunited. Instead, a slow smile came to his lips, and he nodded once or twice. "Well, well!" he said, "love laughs at locksmiths. You were one too many for me, Mr. Dorrington. The fact is, I took you for a fortune-hunter, and I had my duty to do and my"—he sighed, with quite a decent show of emotion—"my treasure to guard. Well, well, we may cry quits, and be friends again. Your friend, too, who went and fetched the lady; he's in it, eh? Well, well. But come," he added briskly, "luncheon is ready. Let me order two more covers to be laid, and let us talk it all over, over a glass of good sherry."

And before we could protest, he was gone.

I heard his voice and Tenterden's outside.

Emma had withdrawn herself from my arms, and stood talking to Mr. Anderson in the window, explaining matters, I supposed. I wondered what was to happen next. The time passed, five minutes, ten minutes.

"Our host delays," I said. As I spoke we heard the click of a latch. Emma and I both sprang at the door. It was locked, and the windows were barred.

"Trapped!" cried Mr. Anderson.

"Yes," I said in a low voice, "and what would it have been if you had come alone?" For though we were yet far from understanding the mystery, we felt that Dr. James was desperate.

How long was it before we got out? About eleven hours, my dear reader, during which we ran the whole gamut of emotions, and I got Mr. Anderson almost to forgive me that deception about the detective, which I do really believe saved his life. Eleven hours during which we three kept up each other's spirits, and I got to know Emma better than I could have done in ten years' polite acquaintance over tennis and dinner-parties. Eleven hours! The unanswered bells soon told us that no servants were left in the house, or none that would help us. We knew the lonely situation of the place. It had, in fact, once been an asylum. We might die there of starvation long before any one came near us. Eleven hours, and it seemed like a year. It was quite dark. Emma was sitting on the floor, leaning against Mr. Anderson's knee, holding my hand. We had exhausted ourselves in vain efforts to break down the barriers of that strong old room. Suddenly she moved, sat up, and then we heard it, too—a slow, heavy footstep on the flagged passage. The key turned in the lock. I pulled out my pistol. The door opened. A man stood in it with a candle in one hand and a pistol in the other. His mouth was torn and bleeding; there was blood on his cuffs and on his hands. I sprang to my feet, but I need not have stood on the defensive. The melodrama was working itself out: the man was Tenterden.

"He got me away easily enough," he said, in answer to our questions. "Of course I'd listened at the keyhole, and I really did think it was all right. He got me into the dining-room, and he and that man of his tied my hands and feet with rope, and then tied me into a chair with a nice, tight rope round my neck. Then I suppose he went back and locked you all in, and off he went. He came back to have a last look at me, and said he thought I might come to wish I'd kept out of this. Oh, he told me plainly that we should all starve here."

"And how did you get loose?"

"I bit the ropes," he said, "when I had got my neck out of the rope collar. That took six hours. I had a handsome black marble dining-room clock to go by. Then I bit the ropes through, but there were a great many knots. I'm afraid I don't look very nice. The clock stopped at eight. I don't know how long it took me. What time is it? I feel as if it were the week after next."

"Come," I said, "we must find some food for Her." So we ate and drank in that grim house, and it was nearly one o'clock before we left it.

"I'll tell you one thing," said Tenterden cheerfully, "I don't fancy you'll find very much of Miss Chisholm's property left. The rascal played a bold game, and I fancy he has won most of the stakes."

He had. Every security that could be realized had been realized. A certain estate in which Emma has a life interest only was all that escaped him. Dr. James had been in very low water at the time of Mr. Chisholm's death, and the trusteeship had been his financial salvation. Whether his scheme of marriage with Emma was merely conceived as an easy way of avoiding awkward investigations, or whether he desired her for herself, we shall never know. He and his sister disappeared utterly, and we have never seen or heard of them again. I asked Emma once whether he had been cruel to her while he had her at his mercy at the Grange, but she shuddered, and said: "Don't let's talk of it. I want to forget it all. He wasn't cruel, but he frightened me. Oh, don't make me remember it!"

But some of these days, when we have been married a great many years, some very bright spring day, out in the daisied fields, she will find courage to tell me of her life there. Till then the reader and I must possess our souls in patience.

I did marry her, then? Of course. From the moment when her hand lay against my face I knew that if she would marry me I should have won from Fate life's greatest good and grace. The loss of her fortune made it easier for me to woo her. Had she still been an heiress, though, I don't know that it would have made much difference. For, after all, we were all playing in a melodrama, and do not melodramas always end in marriage?

THE LATER LIFE OF LINCOLN.

EMBRACING UNPUBLISHED LETTERS AND REMINISCENCES, AND OTHER NEW DOCUMENTS AND MATERIAL, RELATING TO LINCOLN'S PERSONAL LIFE DURING THE WAR.

By Ida M. Tarbell,

Author of "The Early Life of Lincoln."

II.

LINCOLN'S FIRST INAUGURATION.

DAYBREAK of March 4, 1861, found the city of Washington astir. The Senate, which had met at seven o'clock the night before, was still in session; scores of persons who had come to see the inauguration of the first Republican President, and who had been unable to find other bed than the floor, were walking the streets; the morning trains were bringing new crowds. Added to the stir of those who had not slept through the night were sounds unusual in Washington—the clatter of cavalry, the tramp of soldiers.

All this morning bustle of the city must have reached the ears of the President-elect, Abraham Lincoln, at his rooms in Willard's Hotel, where from an early hour he had been at work. An amendment to the Constitution of the United States had passed the Senate in the all-night session, and as it concerned the subject of his inaugural, he must incorporate a reference to it in the address. Then there was a serious break in the list of cabinet officers he had chosen. Two days before, Mr. Seward had asked to be released from his promise to accept the portfolio of state. As yet the President-elect had made no reply. Now, however, he reached his decision. "I can't afford," he said to Mr. Nicolay, his secretary, "to let Seward take the first trick." And he despatched the following letter:

> *My dear Sir:* Your note of the 2d instant, asking to withdraw your acceptance of my invitation to take charge of the State Department, was duly received. It is the subject of the most painful solicitude with me; and I feel constrained to beg that you will countermand the withdrawal. The public interest, I think, demands that you should; and my personal feelings are deeply enlisted in the same direction. Please consider and answer by 9 A.M. to-morrow. Your obedient servant,
>
> A. LINCOLN.

At noon, Mr. Lincoln's work was interrupted. The President of the United States was announced. Mr. Buchanan had come to escort his successor to the Capitol. The route of the procession was the historic one over which almost every President since Jefferson has traveled to take his oath of office; but the scene Mr. Lincoln looked upon as his carriage rolled up the avenue was very different from that upon which one looks to-day. No great blocks lined the streets; instead, the buildings were low, and there were numerous vacant spaces. Instead of asphalt, the carriage passed over cobble-stones. Nor did the present stately and beautiful approach to the Capitol exist. The west front rose abrupt and stiff from an unkept lawn. The great building itself was still uncompleted, and high above his head Mr. Lincoln could see the swinging arm of an enormous crane rising from the unfinished dome.

But Mr. Lincoln saw, as he drove that morning from Willard's to the Capitol, far more significant sights than these. Closed about his carriage, "so thickly," complained the newspapers, "as to hide it from view," was a protecting guard. Stationed at intervals along the avenue were platoons of soldiers. At every corner were mounted orderlies. On the very roof-tops were groups of riflemen. When Lincoln reached the north side of the Capitol, where he descended to enter the building, he found a board tunnel, strongly guarded at its mouth, through which he passed into the building. If he had taken pains to inquire what means had been provided for protecting his life while in the building, he would have been told that squads of riflemen were in each wing; that under the platform from which he was to speak were fifty or sixty armed soldiers; that General Scott and two batteries of flying artillery were in adjacent streets; and that a ring of volunteers encircled the waiting crowd. The thoroughness with which these guards did their work may be judged by the experience which Colonel Clark E. Carr of Illinois tells:

> "I was only a young man then," says Colonel Carr, "and this was the first inauguration I had ever attended. I came because it was Lincoln's. For three years Lincoln had been my political idol, as he had been that of many young men in the West. The first debate I heard between him and Douglas had converted me from popular sovereignty, and after that I had followed him all over the State, so fascinated was I by his logic, his manner, and his character.
>
> "Well, I went to Washington, but somehow, in the interest of the procession, I failed to get to the Capitol in time to find a place within hearing distance; thousands of people were packed between me and the stand. I did get, however, close to the high double fence which had been built from the driveway to the north door. It suddenly occurred to me that, if I could scale that wall, I might walk right in after the President, perhaps on to the very platform. It wasn't a minute before I 'shinnied' up and jumped into the tunnel; but before I lit on my feet, a half dozen soldiers had me by the legs and arms. I suppose they thought I was the agent of the long-talked-of plot to capture Washington and kill Mr. Lincoln. They searched me, and then started me to the mouth of the tunnel, to take me to the guard-house, but the crowd was so thick we couldn't get out. This gave me time, and I finally convinced them that it was really my eagerness to hear Mr. Lincoln, and no evil intent, that had brought me in. When they finally came to that conclusion, they took me around to one of the basement doors on the east side and let me out. I got a place in front of Mr. Lincoln, and heard every word."

Arm in arm with Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Lincoln passed through the long tunnel erected for his protection, entered the Capitol, and passed into the Senate chamber, filled to overflowing with Senators, members of the Diplomatic Corps, and visitors. The contrast between the two men as they entered struck every observer. "Mr. Buchanan was so withered and bowed with age," wrote George W. Julian of Indiana, who was among the spectators, "that in contrast with the towering form of Mr. Lincoln he seemed little more than half a man."

A few moments' delay, and the movement from the Senate towards the east front began, the justices of the Supreme Court, in cap and gown, heading the procession. As soon as the large company was seated on the platform erected on the east portico of the Capitol, Mr. Lincoln arose and advanced to the front, where he was introduced by his friend, Senator Baker of Oregon. He carried a cane and a little roll—the manuscript of his inaugural address. There was a moment's pause after the introduction, as he vainly looked for a spot where he might place his high silk hat. Stephen A. Douglas, the political antagonist of his whole public life, the man who had pressed him hardest in the campaign of 1860, was seated just behind him. Douglas stepped forward quickly, and took the hat which Mr. Lincoln held helplessly in his hand. "If I can't be President," he whispered smilingly to Mrs. Brown, a cousin of Mrs. Lincoln and a member of the Presidential party, "I at least can hold his hat."

Adjusting his spectacles and unrolling his manuscript, the President-elect turned his eyes upon the faces of the throng before him. It was the largest gathering that had been seen at any inauguration up to that date, variously estimated at from 50,000 to 100,000. Who of the men that composed it were his friends, who his enemies, he could not tell; but he did know that almost every one of them was waiting with painful eagerness to hear what answer he would make there to the questions they had been hurling at his head since his election.

EDITING THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

Six weeks before, when he wrote the document, he had determined to answer some of their questions. The first of these was, "Will Mr. Lincoln stand by the platform of the Republican party?" He meant to open his address with this reply:

> The [more] modern custom of electing a Chief Magistrate upon a previously declared platform of principles supersedes, in a great measure, the necessity of restating those principles in an address of this sort. Upon the plainest grounds of good faith, one so elected is not at liberty to shift his position. . . .
>
> Having been so elected upon the Chicago platform, and while I would repeat nothing in it of aspersion or epithet or question of motive against any man or party, I hold myself bound by duty, as well as impelled by inclination, to follow, within the executive sphere, the principles therein declared. By no other course could I meet the reasonable expectations of the country.

But these paragraphs were not read. On reaching Washington in February, Mr. Lincoln's first act had been to give to Mr. Seward a copy of the paper he had prepared, and to ask for his criticisms. Of the paragraphs quoted above, Mr. Seward wrote:

> I declare to you my conviction that the second and third paragraphs, even if modified as I propose in my amendments, will give such advantages to the Disunionists that Virginia and Maryland will secede, and we shall, within ninety, perhaps within sixty, days, be obliged to fight the South for this Capital, with a divided North for our reliance.

Mr. Lincoln dropped the paragraphs, and began by answering another question: "Does Mr. Lincoln intend to interfere with the property of the South?"

> "Apprehensions seem to exist," he said, "among the people of the Southern States that by the accession of a Republican administration their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the published speeches of him who now addresses you. I do but quote from one of those speeches when I declare that 'I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so.'"

He followed this conciliatory statement by a full answer to the question, "Will Mr. Lincoln repeal the fugitive slave laws?" and then took up the question of Secession, "Has a State the right to go out of the Union if it wants to?"

> I hold that, in contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution, the Union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. . . . Again, if the United States be not a government proper, but an association of States in the nature of contract merely, can it, as a contract, be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate it—break it, so to speak; but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it? . . . It follows from these views that no State, upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union; that *resolves* and *ordinances* to that effect are legally void; and that acts of violence, within any State or States, against the authority of the United States, are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.

The answer to this question led him directly to the point on which the public was most deeply stirred at that moment. What did he intend to do about the property seized by the Southern States?

> . . . . . "The power confided to me," he answered, "will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and to collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere."

In his original copy of the inaugural address Mr. Lincoln wrote, "All the power at my disposal will be used to *reclaim the public property and places which have fallen*; to hold, occupy, and possess these, and all other property and places belonging to the government." At the suggestion of his friend, the Hon. O. H. Browning of Illinois, he dropped the words "to reclaim the public property and places which have fallen."

The foregoing quotations are a fairly complete expression of what may be called Mr. Lincoln's policy at the beginning of his administration. He followed them by an appeal and a warning which concluded:

> My countrymen, one and all, take *time* and think *well* upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. Nothing worth preserving is either breaking or burning. If there be an object to *hurry* any of you in hot haste to a step which you would never take *deliberately*, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied, still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and, on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulty.
>
> In *your* hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in *mine*, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail *you* unless you *first* assail *it*. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. *You* have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while *I* shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend it." *You* can forbear the *assault* upon it; *I* can *not* shrink from the *defense* of it. With *you* and not with *me* is the solemn question, "Shall it be peace or a sword?"

With this last paragraph Mr. Lincoln had meant to close this his first address to the nation. Mr. Seward objected, and submitted two suggestions for a closing; one of his paragraphs read as follows:

> I close. We are not, we must not be, aliens or enemies, but fellow-countrymen and brethren. Although passion has strained our bonds of affection too hardly, they must not, I am sure they will not, be broken. The mystic chords which, proceeding from so many battlefields and so many patriotic graves, pass through all the hearts and all hearths in this broad continent of ours, will yet again harmonize in their ancient music when breathed upon by the guardian angel of the nation.

Mr. Lincoln made a few changes in the paragraphs quoted, and rewrote the above suggestion of Mr. Seward, making of it the now famous closing words:

> I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

"Mr. Lincoln read his inaugural," says Senator Harlan in his unpublished "Recollections of Abraham Lincoln," "in a clear, distinct, and musical voice, which seemed to be heard and distinctly understood to the very outskirts of this vast concourse of his fellow-citizens. At its conclusion, he turned partially around on his left, facing the justices of the Supreme Court, and said, 'I am now ready to take the oath prescribed by the Constitution,' which was then administered by Chief Justice Taney, the President saluting the Bible with his lips.

"At that moment, in response to a signal, batteries of field guns, stationed a mile or so away, commenced firing a national salute, in honor of the nation's new chief. And Mr. Buchanan, now a private citizen, escorted President Lincoln to the Executive Mansion, followed by a multitude of people."

"What do you think of it?" was the question this crowd was asking as it left the scene of the inauguration. Throughout the day, on every corner of Washington, and by night on every corner of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Buffalo, and every other city and town of the country reached by the telegraph, men were asking the same question. The answers showed that the address was not the equivocal document Mr. Seward had tried to make it.

> "It is marked," said the New York "Tribune" of March 5th, "by no feeble expression. 'He who runs may read' it; and to twenty millions of people it will carry the tidings, glad or not, as the case may be, that the Federal Government of the United States is still in existence, with a Man at the head of it."
>
> "The inaugural is not a crude performance," said the New York "Herald;" "it abounds in traits of craft and cunning; it is neither candid nor statesmanlike, nor does it possess any essential of dignity or patriotism. It would have caused a Washington to mourn, and would have inspired Jefferson, Madison, or Jackson with contempt."
>
> "Our community has not been disappointed, and exhibited very little feeling on the subject," telegraphed Charleston, South Carolina. "They are content to leave Mr. Lincoln and the inaugural in the hands of Jefferson Davis and the Congress of the Confederate States."

The literary form of the document aroused general comment.

> "The style of the address is as characteristic as its temper," said the Boston "Transcript." "It has not one fawning expression in the whole course of its firm and explicit statements. The language is level to the

popular mind—the plain, homespun language of a man accustomed to talk with 'the folks' and the 'neighbors;' the language of a man of vital common-sense, whose words exactly fit his facts and thoughts."

This "homespun language" was a shock to many. The Toronto "Globe" found the address of "a tawdry, corrupt, school-boy style."

THE QUESTION OF FORT SUMTER.

The question which most deeply stirred the country, however, was "Does Lincoln mean what he says? Will he really use the power confided to him to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government?" The President was called upon for an answer sooner than he had expected. Almost the first thing brought to his attention on the morning of his first full day in office (March 5th) was a letter from Major Robert Anderson, the officer in command of Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor, saying that he had but a week's provisions, and that if the place was to be reinforced so that it could be held, it would take 20,000 "good and well-disciplined men" to do it.

A graver matter the new President could not have been called upon to decide, for all the issues between North and South were at that moment focused in the fate of Fort Sumter.

What was to be done? The garrison must not be allowed to starve; but evidently 20,000 disciplined men could not be had to relieve it—the whole United States army numbered but 16,000. But if Mr. Lincoln could not relieve it, how could he surrender it? The effect of any weakening or compromise in his own position was perfectly clear to him. "When Anderson goes out of Fort Sumter," he said, ruefully, "I shall have to go out of the White House." The exact way in which he looked at the matter he stated later to Congress, in substantially the following words:

> To abandon that position, under the circumstances, would have been utterly ruinous; the necessity under which it was done would not have been fully understood; by many it would have been construed as a part of a voluntary policy; at home it would have discouraged the friends of the Union, emboldened its adversaries, and gone far to insure to the latter a recognition abroad; in fact, it would have been our national destruction consummated. This could not be allowed.

In his dilemma he sought the advice of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, General Scott, who told him sadly that "evacuation seemed almost inevitable."

Unwilling to decide at once, Lincoln devised a manœuver by which he hoped to shift public attention from Fort Sumter to Fort Pickens, in Pensacola Harbor. The situation of the two forts was similar, although that at Sumter was more critical and interested the public far more intensely. It seemed to Mr. Lincoln that if Fort Pickens could be reinforced, this would be a clear enough indication to both sections that he meant what he had said in his inaugural address, and on March 11th he sent an order that troops which had been sent to Pensacola in January by Mr. Buchanan, but never landed, should be placed in Fort Pickens.

As this order went by sea, it was necessarily some time before it arrived. Night and day during this interval Lincoln was busy in a series of original investigations of all sides of the Sumter question. While doing his utmost to obtain such information as would enable him to come to an intelligent conclusion, he was beset by both North and South. A report went out early in the month that Sumter was to be evacuated. It could not be verified; but it spread generally until there was, particularly in Washington, around Mr. Lincoln, a fever of excitement. Finally, on March 25th, the Senate asked for the correspondence of Anderson. The President did not believe the time had come, however, to take the public into his confidence, and he replied:

> . . . On examination of the correspondence thus called for, I have, with the highest respect for the Senate, come to the conclusion that at the present moment the publication of it would be inexpedient.

Three days later, March 28th, while he still was uncertain whether his order had reached Fort Pickens or not, General Scott, who was ill, sent a letter over to the White House, advising Mr. Lincoln to abandon both Sumter and Pickens. Coming from such a source, the letter was a heavy blow to the President. One of the men most trusted had failed to recognize that the policy he had laid down in his inaugural address was serious and intended to be acted upon. It was time to do something. Summoning an officer from the Navy Department, he asked him to prepare at once a plan for a relief expedition to Fort Sumter. That night Mr. Lincoln gave his first state dinner. It was a large affair, many friends besides the members of the cabinet being present. The conversation was animated, and Lincoln was seemingly in excellent spirits. W. H. Russell, the correspondent of the London "Times," was present, and he notes in his

Diary how Lincoln used anecdotes in his conversation that evening:

> "Mr. Bates was remonstrating, apparently, against the appointment of some indifferent lawyer to a place of judicial importance," says Mr. Russell. "The President interposed with, 'Come now, Bates, he's not half as bad as you think. Besides that, I must tell you he did me a good turn long ago. When I took to the law, I was going to court one morning, with some ten or twelve miles of bad road before me, and I had no horse. The judge overtook me in his wagon. 'Hallo, Lincoln! Are you not going to the court-house? Come in, and I'll give you a seat.' Well, I got in, and the judge went on reading his papers. Presently the wagon struck a stump on one side of the road; then it hopped off to the other. I looked out, and I saw the driver was jerking from side to side in his seat; so says I, 'Judge, I think your coachman has been taking a little drop too much this morning.' 'Well, I declare, Lincoln,' said he, 'I should not wonder if you are right; for he has nearly upset me half a dozen times since starting.' So putting his head out of the window, he shouted, 'Why, you infernal scoundrel, you are drunk!' Upon which, pulling up his horses, and turning round with great gravity, the coachman said, 'By gorra! that's the first rightful decision you have given for the last twelvemonth.' While the company were laughing, the President beat a quiet retreat from the neighborhood of the Attorney-General."

Lincoln's story-telling this evening was used, as often happened, to cover a serious mental struggle. After many of his guests had retired, he called his cabinet aside, and agitatedly told them of General Scott's letter. He then asked them to meet him the next day. That night the President did not close his eyes in sleep. The moment had come, as it must have come, at one time or another, to every President of the United States, when his vote was the only vote in the cabinet—the only vote in the country. The decision and orders he should give the next day might plunge the country into civil war. Could he escape it? All night he went over the problem, but his watch only strengthened his purpose. When the cabinet met, the President put the case before them in such a light that, on his asking the members to give him their views, only two, Seward and Smith, opposed the relief of Fort Sumter.

That day Lincoln gave his order that the expedition be prepared and ready to sail on April 6th. Two days later, he ordered that an expedition for the relief of Fort Pickens be prepared. With the latter order he sent a verbal message to General Scott:

> Tell him that I wish this thing done, and not to let it fail unless he can show that I have refused him something he asked for.

By April 6th, news reached Mr. Lincoln from Fort Pickens. The commander of the vessel on which the troops were quartered, acting upon the armistice of Mr. Buchanan, had refused to land the reinforcements. To relieve Sumter was the only alternative, and Lincoln immediately ordered forward the expeditions he had been preparing.

At last it was evident to the members of the cabinet and to others in the secret that Mr. Lincoln did mean what he had said in his inaugural address: "The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government."

EFFORTS TO PREVENT ACCESSIONS TO THE CONFEDERACY.

Mr. Lincoln had another matter on hand at the moment as vital as the relief of Sumter—how to prevent further accessions to the Southern Confederacy. When he was inaugurated, seven of the slave-holding States had left the Union. In two others, Virginia and Missouri, conventions were in session considering secession; but in both, Union sentiment predominated. Three others, North Carolina, Kentucky, and Tennessee, had by popular vote decided to hold no convention. Maryland had already held an irregular State assembly, but nothing had been accomplished by the separatists. Mr. Lincoln's problem was how to strengthen this surviving Union sentiment sufficiently to prevent secession in case the administration was forced to relieve Sumter. Evidently he could do nothing at the moment but inform himself as accurately as possible, by correspondence and conferences, of the temper of the people and put himself into relations with men in each State on whom he could rely in case of emergency. He did this with care and persistency, and so effectively that later, when matters became more serious, visitors from the doubtful States often expressed their amazement at the President's knowledge of the sentiments and conditions of their parts of the country.

The first State in which Lincoln attempted any active interference in favor of the Union was one which had already voted itself out, Texas. A conflict had arisen there between the Southern party and the Governor, Sam Houston, and on March 18th the latter had been deposed. When Mr. Lincoln heard of this, he decided to try to get a message to the Governor, offering United States support if he would put himself at the head of the Union party of the State. The messenger who carried this word to Houston was Mr. G. H. Giddings, at that time the holder of the contract for carrying the mails by the El Paso route to California. He was taken to the White House by his friend Postmaster-General Blair, and gives the following account of what occurred at the interview. It is one of the very few descriptions of Mr. Lincoln in a cabinet meeting which we have, and never has been published:

I was taken into the cabinet room, and introduced by the Postmaster-General to President Lincoln and all the members of the cabinet, who were there apparently waiting for us. The President asked me to take a seat at the big table next to him. He then said to me, "You have been highly recommended to me as a reliable man by the Postmaster-General, the Hon. G. A. Grow, and others. They tell me that you are an old citizen of Texas and about to return to your home. My *object in wishing to see you is that* I desire *to intrust* to you a secret message to Governor Houston."

I said, "Yes, Mr. President, I should have left to-night but for this invitation to call on you, which was a great pleasure to me."

He then asked me a great many questions, where I was born, when I went to Texas, what I had been doing there, how I liked the State, and what was the public sentiment in Texas in regard to the prospects of a war—all of which I answered to the best of my ability.

He then said to me that the message was of such importance that, before handing it to me, he would read it to me. Before beginning to read he said, "This is a confidential and secret message. No one besides my cabinet and myself knows anything about it, and we are all sworn to secrecy. I am going to swear you in as one of my cabinet." And then he said to me in a jocular way, "Hold up your right hand," which I did. "Now," said he, "consider yourself a member of my cabinet."

He then read the message, explaining his meaning at times as he was reading it. The message was written in big bold hand, on large sheets of paper, and consisted of several pages. It was signed "A. Lincoln." I cannot give the exact words of the message, but the substance was as follows:

It referred first to the surrender, by General Twiggs, of the United States troops, forts, and property in Texas to the rebels, and offered to appoint Governor Houston a major-general in the United States army in case he would accept. It authorized him to take full command in Texas, taking charge of all Government property and such of the old army as he could get together, and to recruit 100,000 men, if possible, and to hold Texas in the Union. In case he did accept, the President promised to support him with the whole power of the Government, both of the army and navy. After hearing the message read, I suggested to the President that it was of such importance that perhaps he had better send it by some government official.

"No," he said. "Those Texans would hang any official caught with that paper."

I replied that they would hang me too, if they caught me with that message.

"I do not wish to have you hung," he replied; "and if you think there is so much danger, I will not ask you to take it, although I am anxious to get it to Governor Houston as soon as possible. As you live in Texas and are about to return, I was in hopes you would take it."

"I will take the message with much pleasure," I replied, "as you personally request it, and will deliver it safely to Governor Houston, only stipulating that it shall remain as one of your cabinet secrets." This he assured me should be done.

I remained there until about midnight. The question of war or no war was discussed by different members of the cabinet. Mr. Seward said there would be no war. The President said he hoped and prayed that there would not be a war. I said to Mr. Seward that, as he knew, Congress had extended my overland mail contract one contract term and doubled the service; that to put the increased service in operation would cost me over $50,000, which would be lost in case of war; and I asked him what I had better do.

"There will be no war," Mr. Seward said; "go ahead and put on the increased service. You will run no risk in doing so." He said that Humphrey Marshall and some others, whose names I have forgotten, had left Washington a few days before that, to go into the border and hold public meetings and ask the South to meet the North and have a National Convention for the purpose of amending the Constitution. He had no doubt, he said, that this would be done, and that, so far as he was individually concerned, he would prefer giving the Southern brothers the parchment and let them enter the amendment to the Constitution to suit themselves rather than have a civil war. He said, in all probability, some arrangements would be made to pay for the slaves and the gradual abolishment of slavery.

OFFICE-SEEKING IN 1861.

With these momentous affairs on hand, Lincoln needed freedom from trivial and personal matters, if ever a President needed it; yet one who reads the documents of the period would infer that his entire time was spent in appointing postmasters. There was no escape for him. The office-seekers had seized Washington, and were making the White House their headquarters.

"There were days," says William O. Stoddard, "when the throng of eager applicants for office filled the broad staircase to its lower steps; the corridors of the first floor; the famous East room; the private parlors; while anxious groups and individuals paraded up and down the outer porch, the walks, and the avenue."

They even attacked Lincoln on the street. One day as his carriage rolled up the avenue, a man stopped it and attempted to present his application and credentials. "No, no," said Mr. Lincoln, indignantly, "I won't open shop in the street."

This raid had begun in Springfield with the election. As Mr. Lincoln had been elected without bargains on his part, he did not propose to consider minor appointments until actually inaugurated.

"I have made up my mind," he said to a visitor a few days after his election, "not to be badgered about these places. I have promised nothing high or low, and will not. By-and-by, when I call somebody to me in the character of an adviser, we will examine the claims to the most responsible posts and decide what shall be done. As for the rest, I shall have enough to do without reading recommendations for country postmasters.'

All of the hundreds who had been put off in the winter, now reappeared in Washington. Now, Lincoln had clear notions of the use of the appointing power. "One side should not gobble up everything," he declared; but in the pressure of applications, it gave him the greatest difficulty to prevent this "gobbling up." Another rule he had adopted was not to appoint over the heads of his advisers. He preferred to win their consent to an appointment by tact rather than to make it by his own power. Here is a case in point:

> (*Private.*)
>
> EXECUTIVE MANSION, *June* 5, 1861.
>
> LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SCOTT.
>
> *My dear Sir:* Doubtless you begin to understand how disagreeable it is for me to do a thing arbitrarily when it is unsatisfactory to others associated with me.
>
> I very much wish to appoint Colonel Meigs Quartermaster-General, and yet General Cameron does not quite consent. I have come to know Colonel Meigs quite well for a short acquaintance, and, so far as I am capable of judging, I do not know one who combines the qualities of masculine intellect, learning, and experience of the right sort, and physical power of labor and endurance, so well as he.
>
> I know he has great confidence in you, always sustaining, so far as I have observed, your opinions against any differing ones.
>
> You will lay me under one more obligation if you can and will use your influence to remove General Cameron's objection. I scarcely need tell you I have nothing personal in this, having never seen or heard of Colonel Meigs until about the end of last March.
>
> Your obedient servant,
>
> A. LINCOLN.

But that he could appoint arbitrarily is certain. The following letter, which has never been published, and which I owe to the courtesy of Mr. Charles Roberts of Philadelphia, is an illustration:

> . . . You must make a job of it, and provide a place for the bearer of this, Elias Wampole. Make a job of it with the collector and have it done. You *can* do it for me, and you *must*.

In spite of the terrible pressure brought to bear upon him by the place-hunters; in spite of the frequent dissatisfaction his appointments gave, and the abuse the disappointed heaped upon him, he rarely lost his patience, rarely was anything but kind. His sense of humor aided him wonderfully in this particular. The incongruity of a man in his position, and with the very life of the country at stake, pausing to appoint postmasters, struck him forcibly. "What is the matter, Mr. Lincoln," said a friend one day, when he saw him looking particularly grave and dispirited. "Has anything gone wrong at the front?"

"No," said the President, with a tired smile. "It isn't the war; it's the post-office at Brownsville, Missouri."

The "strange bed-fellows" politics was constantly making always amused him. One day a man turned up who had letters of recommendation from the most prominent pair of enemies in the Republican party, Horace Greeley and Thurlow Weed. The President immediately did what he could for him, as the following letter shows:

> EXECUTIVE MANSION, *May* 8, 1861.
>
> HON. SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.
>
> *My dear Sir:* I am told there is an office in your department called "The Superintending Architect of the Treasury Department, connected with the Bureau of Construction," which is now held by a man of the name of Young, and wanted by a gentleman of the name of Christopher Adams.
>
> Ought Mr. Young to be removed, and if yea, ought Mr. Adams to be appointed? Mr. Adams is magnificently recommended; but the great point in his favor is that Thurlow Weed and Horace Greeley join in recommending him. I suppose the like never happened before, and never will again; so that it is now or never. What say you?
>
> Yours truly,
>
> A. LINCOLN.

Most of Lincoln's co-laborers took the appointing so seriously that they could not appreciate the amusement he got from it. Among a quantity of telegrams recently collected in the War Department and not published in Lincoln's "Complete Works," I have found the following, which explain themselves:

> *September* 13, 1863.
>
> HON. J. K. DUBOIS.
> HON. O. M. HATCH.
>
> What nation do you desire General Allen to be made Quartermaster-General of? This nation already has a Quartermaster-General.
>
> A. LINCOLN.

> *September* 22, 1863.
>
> HON. O. M. HATCH.
> HON. J. K. DUBOIS.
>
> SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.
>
> Your letter is just received. The particular form of my despatch was jocular, which I supposed you gentlemen knew me well enough to understand. General Allen is considered here as a very faithful and capable officer, and one who would be at least thought of for Quartermaster-General if that office were vacant.
>
> A. LINCOLN.

LINCOLN AND SEWARD.

A less obvious perplexity than the office-seekers for Mr. Lincoln at this period, though a no less real one, was the attitude of his Secretary of State—his cheerful assumption that he, not Mr. Lincoln, was the final authority of the administration.

Mr. Seward had been for years the leader of the Republican party. His defeat in the Chicago Convention of 1860 had been a terrible blow to a large number of people, though Seward himself had taken it nobly. "The Republican party was not made for Mr. Seward," he told his friends, "but Mr. Seward for the Republican party," and he went heartily into the campaign. But he believed, as many Republicans did, that Lincoln was unfit for the presidency, and that some one of his associates would be obliged to assume leadership. When Mr. Seward accepted the Secretaryship of State, he evidently did it with the idea that he was to be the Providence of the administration. "It is inevitable," he wrote to his wife on December 28th, the very day he wrote to Mr. Lincoln of his acceptance. "I will try to save freedom and my country." A week later he wrote home, "I have assumed a sort of dictatorship for defense, and am laboring night and day with the cities and States. My hope, rather my confidence, is unabated." And again, on January 18th: "It seems to me if I am absent only eight days, this administration, the Congress, and the District would fall into consternation and despair. I am the only *hopeful, calm, conciliatory* person here."

When Lincoln arrived in Washington and asked Seward to read the inaugural address, the latter gave it the closest attention, modifying it to fit his own policy, and in defense of the changes he made, he wrote to the President-elect: "Only the soothing words which I have spoken have saved us and carried us along thus far. Every loyal man, and indeed every disloyal man, in the South will tell you this."

He began his duties as Secretary of State with the same confidence in his call to be the real, if not the apparent, head of affairs. When the question of relieving Sumter came up, he believed that it was he who was managing the matter. "I wish I could tell you something of the political troubles of the country," he wrote home, "but I cannot find the time. They are enough to tax the wisdom of the wisest. Fort Sumter is in danger. Relief of it practically impossible. The commissioners from the Southern Confederacy are here. These cares fall chiefly on me."

According to Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy, "Confidence and mutual frankness on public affairs and matters pertaining to the government, particularly on what related to present and threatened disturbances, existed among all the members [of the cabinet], with the exception of Mr. Seward, who had, or affected, a certain mysterious knowledge which he was not prepared to impart." Mr. Welles asserts that Mr. Seward carried so far his assumption of the "cares" of Sumter and other questions as to meddle in the duties of his associates in the cabinet. He opposed regular cabinet meetings, and at first had his way. After Tuesdays and Fridays were set as cabinet days, he contended that it was not necessary that a member should come to the meetings unless especially summoned by Mr. Lincoln or himself.

If Mr. Seward had been less self-confident, he would have seen before the end of March that Mr. Lincoln had a mind of his own, and with it a quiet way of following its decisions. Others had seen this. For instance, he had had his own way about who should go into the cabinet. "There can be no doubt of it any longer," wrote the "Public Man" in his "Diary" on March 2d, "this man from Illinois is not in the hands of Mr. Seward." Then there was the inaugural address—it was *his*, not Mr. Seward's; and more than one prominent newspaper commented with astonishment on that fact.

Nobody knew these facts better than the Secretary of State. He had discovered also that Mr. Lincoln attended to his business. "This President proposes to do all his work," he wrote to Mrs. Seward on March 16th. He had received, too, at least one severe lesson, which ought to have shown him that it was Mr. Lincoln, not he, who was casting the decisive vote in the cabinet. This was in reference to Sumter. During the period when the President was waiting to hear from Fort Pickens, commissioners from the Southern Confederacy had been in Washington. Mr. Seward had not received them, but through a trusted agent he had assured them that Sumter would be evacuated. There is no proof, so far as I know, that Mr. Lincoln knew of this quasi-promise of his Secretary of State. As we have seen, he did not decide to order an expedition prepared to relieve the fort until March 29th. From what we know of the character of the man, it is inconceivable that he should have authorized Mr. Seward to promise to do a thing which he had not yet decided to do. The Secretary assumed that, because he believed in evacuation, it would follow, and he assured the Southern commissioners to that effect. Suddenly he realized that the President was not going to evacuate Sumter, that his representations to the Southerners were worthless, that he had been following a course which was bound to bring on the administration the charge of deception and fraud. Yet all these things taught him nothing of the man he had to deal with, and on April 1st he sent Mr. Lincoln a letter in which he laid down an astounding policy—to make war on half Europe—and offered to take the reins of administration into his own hands.

SOME THOUGHTS FOR THE PRESIDENT'S CONSIDERATION, APRIL 1, 1861.

First. We are at the end of a month's administration, and yet without a policy, either domestic or foreign.

Second. This, however, is not culpable, and it has even been unavoidable. The presence of the Senate, with the need to meet applications for patronage, have prevented attention to other and more grave matters.

Third. But further delay to adopt and prosecute our policies for both domestic and foreign affairs would not only bring scandal on the administration, but danger upon the country.

Fourth. To do this we must dismiss the applicants for office. But how? I suggest that we make the local appointments forthwith, leaving foreign or general ones for ulterior and occasional action.

Fifth. The policy at home. I am aware that my views are singular, and perhaps not sufficiently explained. My system is built upon this idea as a ruling one, namely, that we must

CHANGE THE QUESTION BEFORE THE PUBLIC FROM ONE UPON SLAVERY, OR ABOUT SLAVERY, for a question upon UNION OR DISUNION:

In other words, from what would be regarded as a party question, to one of patriotism or union.

The occupation or evacuation of Fort Sumter, although not in fact a slavery or a party question, is so regarded. Witness the temper manifested by the Republicans in the free States, and even by the Union men in the South.

I would, therefore, terminate it as a safe means for changing the issue. I deem it fortunate that the last administration created the necessity.

For the rest, I would simultaneously defend and reinforce all the ports in the Gulf, and have the navy recalled from foreign stations to be prepared for a blockade. Put the island of Key West under martial law.

This will raise distinctly the question of union or disunion. I would maintain every fort and possession in the South.

FOR FOREIGN NATIONS.

I would demand explanations from Spain and France, categorically, at once.

I would seek explanations from Great Britain and Russia, and send agents into Canada, Mexico, and Central America to rouse a vigorous continental spirit of independence on this continent against European intervention.

And, if satisfactory explanations are not received from Spain and France,

Would convene Congress and declare war against them.

But whatever policy we adopt, there must be an energetic prosecution of it.

For this purpose it must be somebody's business to pursue and direct it incessantly.

Either the President must do it himself, and be all the while active in it, or

Devolve it on some member of his cabinet. Once adopted, debates on it must end, and all agree and abide.

It is not in my especial province;

But I neither seek to evade nor assume responsibility.

Mr. Lincoln replied:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, *April* 1, 1861.

HON. W. H. SEWARD.

My dear Sir: Since parting with you, I have been considering your paper dated this day, and entitled "Some Thoughts for the President's Consideration." The first proposition in it is, "*First,* We are at the end of a month's administration, and yet without a policy, either domestic or foreign."

At the beginning of that month, in the inaugural, I said: "The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and to collect the duties and imposts." This had your distinct approval at the time; and taken in connection with the order I immediately gave General Scott, directing him to employ every means in his power to strengthen and hold the forts, comprises the exact domestic policy you now urge, with the single exception that it does not propose to abandon Fort Sumter.

Again, I do not perceive how the reinforcement of Fort Sumter would be done on a slavery or a party issue, while that of Fort Pickens would be on a more national and patriotic one.

The news received yesterday in regard to St. Domingo certainly brings a new item within the range of our foreign policy; but up to that time we have been preparing circulars and instructions to ministers and the like, all in perfect harmony, without even a suggestion that we had no foreign policy.

Upon your closing propositions—that "whatever policy we adopt, there must be an energetic prosecution of it.

"For this purpose it must be somebody's business to pursue and direct it incessantly.

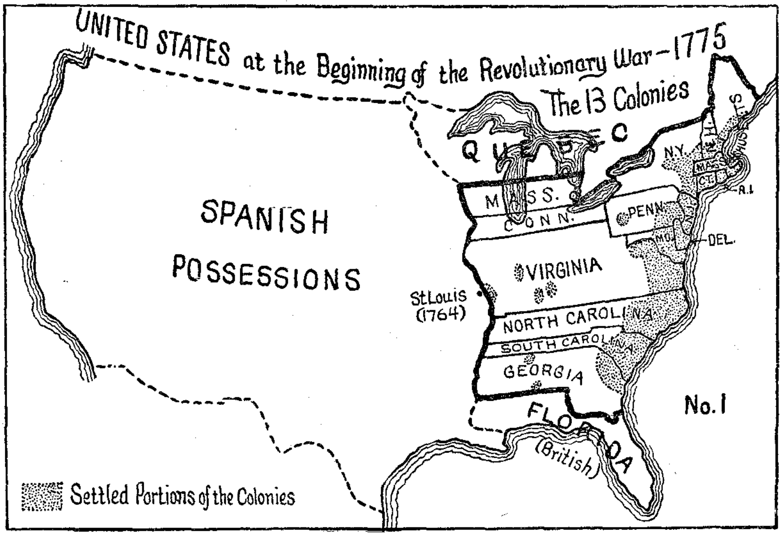
"Either the President must do it himself, and be all the while active in it, or

"Devolve it on some member of his cabinet. Once adopted, debates on it must end, and all agree and abide"—I remark that if this must be done, I must do it. When a general line of policy is adopted, I apprehend there is no danger of its being changed without good reason, or continuing to be a subject of unnecessary debate; still, upon points arising in its progress I wish, and suppose I am entitled to have, the advice of all the cabinet.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

The magnanimity of this letter was only excelled by the President's treatment of the matter. He never revealed Mr. Seward's amazing proposition to any one but Mr. Nicolay, his private secretary, and it never reached the public until Nicolay and Hay published it. Mr. Lincoln's action in this matter, and his handling of the events which followed, gradually dispelled Mr. Seward's illusion. By June, the Secretary had begun to understand Mr. Lincoln. He was quick and generous to acknowledge his power. "Executive force and vigor are rare qualities," he wrote to Mrs. Seward on June 5th. "The President is the best of us."


UNITED STATES at the Beginning of the Revolutionary War—1775
The 13 Colonies
QUEBEC
N.Y.
N.H.
MASS.
CT.
R.I.
PENN.
MD.
DEL.
MASS.
CONN.
VIRGINIA
NORTH CAROLINA
SOUTH CAROLINA
GEORGIA
FLORIDA (British)
SPANISH POSSESSIONS
St Louis (1764)
No. 1
Settled Portions of the Colonies

FROM WAR TO WAR.

THE SWEEPING OUT OF SPAIN.

BY F. W. HEWES.

A CENTURY and a half before the Revolutionary War (that is, in 1625), there were but three colonial settlements in what is now the United States. That in Virginia was eighteen years old; the one at the mouth of the Hudson River but eleven years old; and that of Plymouth, Massachusetts, but five.

WAR OF THE REVOLUTION—1775–1783.

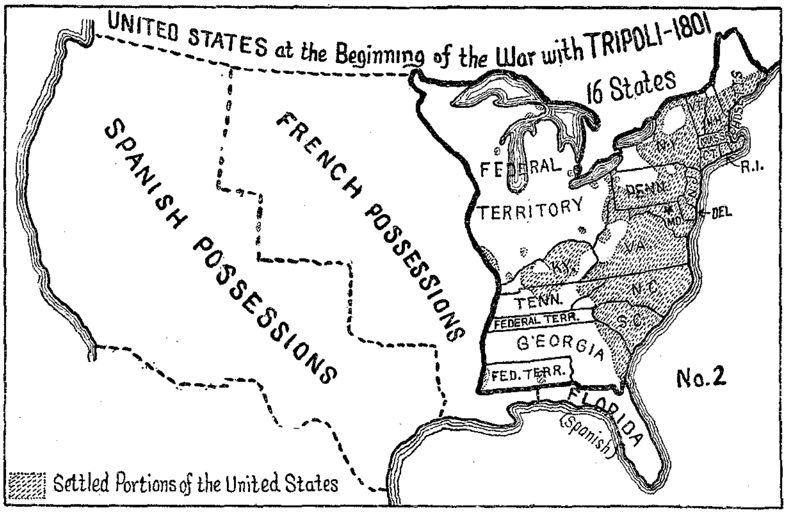
One hundred and fifty years later (1775), at the beginning of the Revolutionary War, there were ten more colonies. They had peopled a strip of Atlantic coast from fifty to one hundred and fifty miles wide, reaching from Georgia to Maine (then a part of Massachusetts). They had also started a few isolated "settlements" in the great western wilderness. The shaded part of map No. 1 shows the extent of settlement, and the heavy boundary line marks the total area claimed by the colonists.

The vast region west of the Mississippi River was then in Spanish possession, and St. Louis was a Spanish village. The English, under the title of "Quebec," held the territory north of the western claims of Massachusetts; and also the southern portion of the country, under the title of "Florida." Colonial life represented one century and a half of pioneer struggle, and comprehended something over 2,000,000 persons. For these to make war against the 8,000,000 of England, backed by twelve centuries of national experience, meant much. Seven years and a half the war lasted. Nine months later, the definitive treaty of peace (September 3, 1783) ceded to the colonies a portion of "Quebec" on the north, and a portion of "Florida" on the south.

WAR WITH TRIPOLI—1801–1805.

Having secured political independence and definite boundary lines of land area, and having, six years later, become "The United States of America," the colonies, now a nation, turned their attention earnestly to maritime extension. Large success crowned their efforts, so that the United States, from carrying only about one-fourth of its foreign ocean commerce in 1789, carried fully nine-tenths of it seven years later, and at the same time carried much for other nations.

At that time the piratical Barbary states on the south shore of the Mediterranean Sea preyed upon all ocean commerce, and not even England was permitted to trade in the Mediterranean without paying a heavy tribute to these world-renowned pirates. Refusing

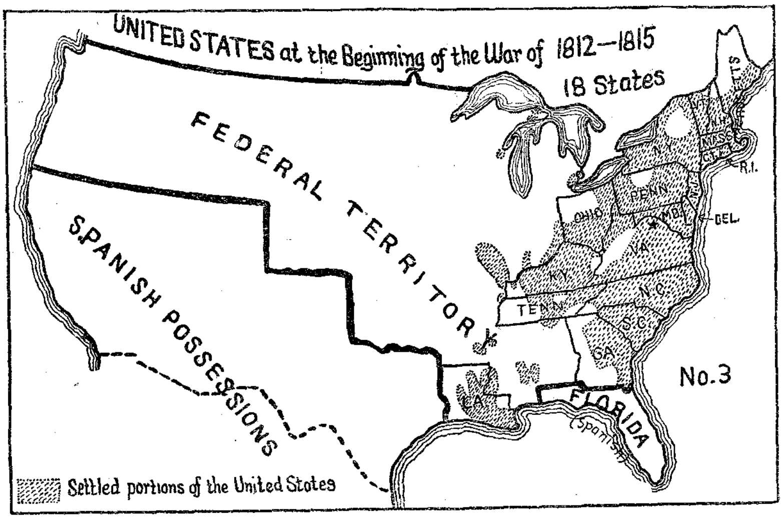

UNITED STATES at the Beginning of the War with TRIPOLI-1801
16 States
SPANISH POSSESSIONS
FRENCH POSSESSIONS
FEDERAL TERRITORY
PENN.
N.Y.
MASS.
R.I.
DEL.
MD.
VA.
KY.
TENN.
N.C.
S.C.
FEDERAL TERR.
GEORGIA
FED. TERR.
FLORIDA (Spanish)
No. 2
▨ Settled Portions of the United States

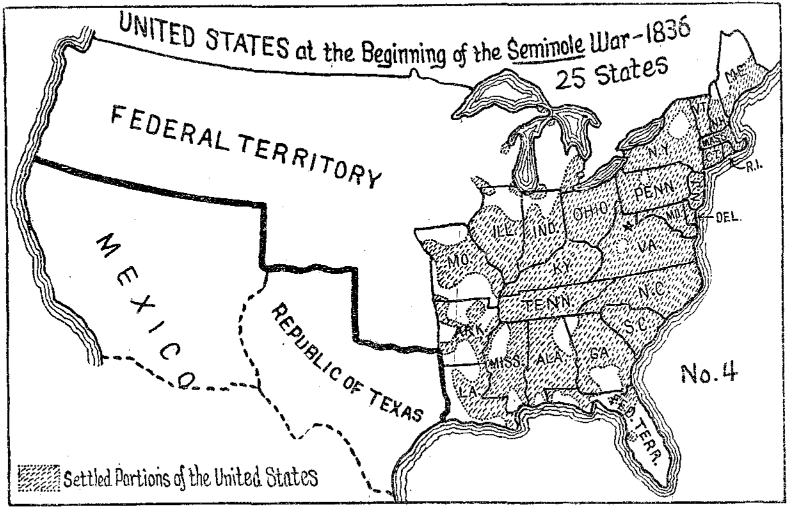
longer to pay tribute, the United States, in 1801, sent a few naval ships into the Mediterranean to protect our merchant ships there. This brought on the war with Tripoli, which freed us from the savage piracy; completed the second step of national development, and placed the United States in advance of all other nations on the high seas. Settlement had advanced rapidly, as shown by the shaded part of map No. 2. Western territorial claims had been surrendered to the national government by the several States, except Georgia; three new States (Vermont, Kentucky, and Tennessee) had been added, and the population was two and a half times as great as at the beginning of the Revolution. Spain had divided the great western area with France, and Great Britain had surrendered "Florida" to Spain, but retained its control on the north.

SECOND WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN—1812–15.

England, jealous of the growing maritime importance of her former colonies, passed laws to wrest the carrying trade from America, and unlawfully impressed American seamen. This action enforced a third step in national development. The War of 1812–1815 served notice to the whole world that a powerful nation had come into existence west of the Atlantic Ocean.

Map No. 3 shows that the eleven years from 1801 to 1812 had wrought a startling change in our western boundary and decidedly increased settlement. Wars and jealousies among European nations had put it in our power, by purchase, to more than double our former area. In our first war with England, we claimed title only as far west as the Mississippi River. In our second war, we held title to an area twice as great, reaching to the Rocky Mountains, and finally extended by possession to the Pacific coast. In our first war, we had but 2,000,000 people, occupying a narrow strip along the Atlantic, and organized as thirteen separate colonies. In our second war, we had 7,500,000 people, occupying lands reaching half-way to the Mississippi River, bordering two of the five great lakes, and organized as a strong national government composed of eighteen important statehoods. Spain still lingered, however, on our southern borders.


UNITED STATES at the Beginning of the War of 1812—1815
18 States
FEDERAL TERRITORY
SPANISH POSSESSIONS
N.Y.
MASS.
CT.
R.I.
PENN.
OHIO
MD.
DEL.
VA.
KY.
TENN.
N.C.
S.C.
GA.
LA.
FLORIDA (Spanish)
No. 3
▨ Settled portions of the United States


UNITED STATES at the Beginning of the Seminole War-1836
25 States
FEDERAL TERRITORY
MEXICO
REPUBLIC OF TEXAS
ME.
VT.
N.H.
MASS.
CT.
R.I.
N.Y.
PENN.
N.J.
DEL.
MD.
OHIO
IND.
ILL.
MO.
KY.
VA.
N.C.
TENN.
S.C.
ARK.
MISS.
ALA.
GA.
LA.
FLA. TERR.
No. 4
▨ Settled Portions of the United States

SEMINOLE WAR—1835-1842.

While by war and diplomacy we had established a powerful position among the civilized peoples of the world, we still had serious opposition from the natives of the soil we were so rapidly occupying. The Seminoles of Florida made a most stubborn resistance to being removed west of the Mississippi. For six years the struggle continued. Finally the fourth step in national development—the peaceable possession of the soil east of the Mississippi River—was accomplished.

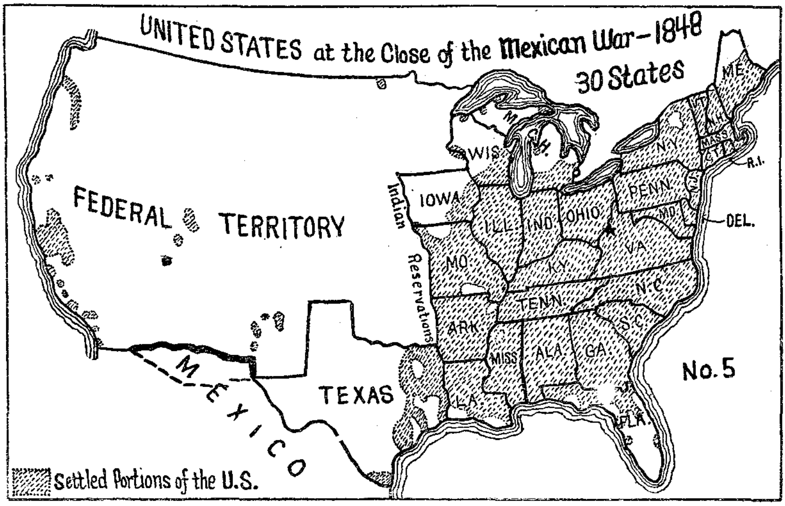
Map No. 4, compared with No. 3, shows that internal advancement had been rapid. Northwest and southwest settlement had demanded statehood, and seven new States had been admitted, three of them west of the Mississippi. The total settled area (about 800,000 square miles) was three-fourths more than at the beginning of the previous war (1812); and the population more than double, so that the average density of population within the settled portion had advanced from nearly eighteen to nearly twenty-one persons per square mile.

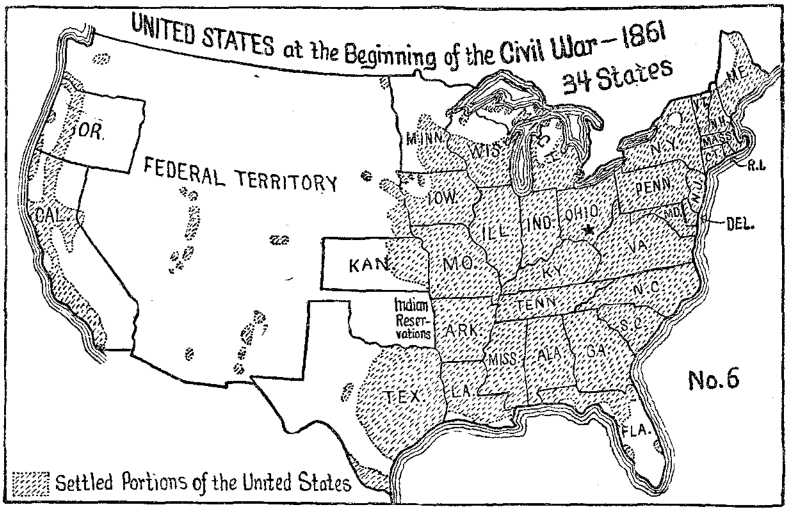
Our Spanish neighbors had been bought off in the southeast, and Florida had become United States area. In the southwest, the Mexicans had by war driven Spain out of her last possession on the continent, and the Republic of Texas had made successful revolution against Mexico.

MEXICAN WAR—1846-1848.

Step number five in national development resulted in extending our area broadly from the Atlantic to the Pacific, including the "Republic of Texas" and a large portion of northern Mexico. This was acquired by annexing Texas; by fighting a successful war with Mexico, growing out of that annexation; and by purchase from Mexico of the area ceded to us.

Map No. 5 shows that settlement had again come in conflict with Indian occupancy. To the west of Iowa, Missouri, and Arkansas were the great reservations to which the Indian tribes had been removed from the east. Settlers had, in consequence, pushed the more vigorously north and south and into the unsettled portions shown in map No. 4. The twelve years had therefore increased the settled area only about one-fifth, while the popula-


UNITED STATES at the Close of the Mexican War-1848
30 States
FEDERAL TERRITORY
Indian Reservations
IOWA
WIS.
MICH.
ME.
VT.
N.H.
MASS.
CT.
R.I.
N.Y.
PENN.
N.J.
DEL.
MD.
OHIO
IND.
ILL.
MO.
KY.
VA.
N.C.
TENN.
S.C.
ARK.
MISS.
ALA.
GA.
LA.
FLA.
TEXAS
MEXICO
No. 5
▨ Settled Portions of the U.S.

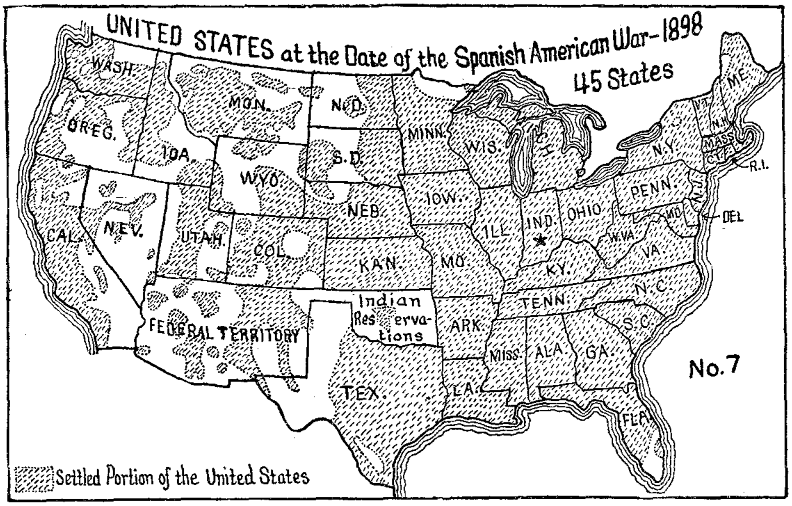

UNITED STATES at the Beginning of the Civil War—1861
34 States
OR.
FEDERAL TERRITORY
CAL.
MINN.
WIS.
IOW.
ILL.
IND.
OHIO
MICH.
N.Y.
PENN.
ME.
VT.
N.H.
MASS.
CT.
R.I.
N.J.
DEL.
MD.
VA.
KY.
MO.
KAN.
Indian Reservations
ARK.
TENN.
N.C.
S.C.
GA.
ALA.
MISS.
LA.
TEX.
FLA.
No. 6
Settled Portions of the United States

tion had grown about one-third. Density of population had advanced from nearly twenty-one to a little over twenty-three persons to each square mile of settled area. Five States had been admitted, and the center of population (indicated by a star) had moved fully as rapidly west, and was just ready to cross the boundary line between the slave State Virginia and the free State Ohio.

CIVIL WAR—1861–1865.

While the center of population was crossing the geographical boundary from slavery to freedom, the awakened conscience of the nation was undergoing the transformation which resulted in the abolition of slavery. This was the sixth step in national development, and of culminating importance so far as our continental history has thus far passed.

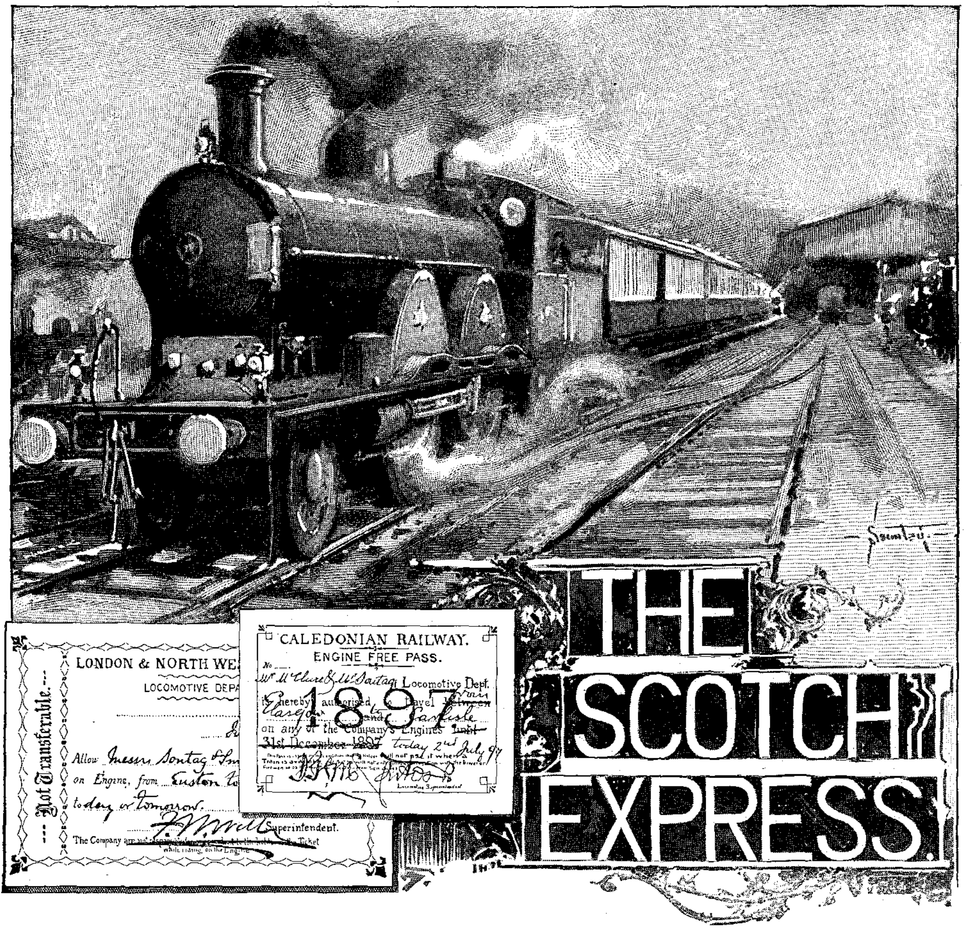
Map No. 6 shows that, although the Indian reservations were thrown open to settlement opposite Iowa and Missouri in 1853, yet the "Border Ruffian" contest over slavery checked the westward overflow of settlement, so that the advance was greater northwesterly in Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota. Considerable increase also appears on the Pacific border, where two of the four new States appear. Settled area had increased a little over one-fourth (27 per cent.), while population had increased nearly one-half (46 per cent.) within the thirteen years. This carries the density of settlement from a little over twenty-three (23.2) in 1848 to a little above twenty-six and a half (26.7) persons per square mile in 1861—a rate of increase of almost three persons per square mile for each ten years.


UNITED STATES at the Date of the Spanish American War-1898
45 States
WASH.
OREG.
IDA.
MON.
N.D.
S.D.
WYO.
NEB.
MINN.
WIS.
IOW.
NEV.
CAL.
UTAH.
COL.
KAN.
MO.
ILL.
IND.
OHIO
N.Y.
PENN.
ME.
VT.
N.H.
MASS.
CT.
R.I.
N.J.
DEL.
MD.
W.VA.
VA.
KY.
TENN.
N.C.
S.C.
GA.
ALA.
MISS.
LA.
ARK.
Indian Reservations
TEX.
FEDERAL TERRITORY
FLA.
No. 7
Settled Portion of the United States

SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR—1898.

Spain at the period of the Revolution occupied two-thirds of the present area of the United States. Swept from the continent, she still clung to the West Indies until her baleful influence could be tolerated no longer. Again the national conscience of the people of the United States was aroused, and there followed a seventh step in national development. Thirty-three years since the close of the Civil War—a third of a century of industrial and financial progress! Map No. 7 gives marked indications of a wonderful advance. Our continental area seems to be almost occupied. There is, however, ample room for many millions yet in our great Western States. While the average density of population of the settled region is (census of 1890) thirty-two persons per square mile, that for the whole country is but a trifle over twenty-one, and that for the States west of the Dakotas and Texas is less than three. The New England section, including New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, averages over 100 to the square mile, and "Little Rhody" averages over 300. Half of the entire population is east of the star in Indiana, and half is north of it.

Now compare map No. 1 with No. 7. Remember that the shading on No. 1 represents a century and a half of growth and barely 2,000,000 persons, while the shading on No. 7 represents the addition of scarcely a century and a quarter and a population of nearly 70,000,000 persons. Then hunt for the proper word to express it.



LONDON & NORTH WE
LOCOMOTIVE DEPA
Allow Messrs Sontag & Sm
on Engine, from Euston to
today or tomorrow.
Superintendent.
--- Not Transferable. ---
The Company are not [illegible] Ticket while riding on the Engine

CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.
ENGINE FREE PASS.
No.
Mr McClure & Mr Sontag Locomotive Dept.
is hereby authorised to travel ~~between~~ from Glasgow to ~~and~~ Carlisle
on any of the Company's Engines ~~until 31st December 1897~~ today 2nd July 97
1897
Locomotive Superintendent

THE SCOTCH EXPRESS.

By Stephen Crane,

Author of "The Red Badge of Courage," "The Open Boat," etc.

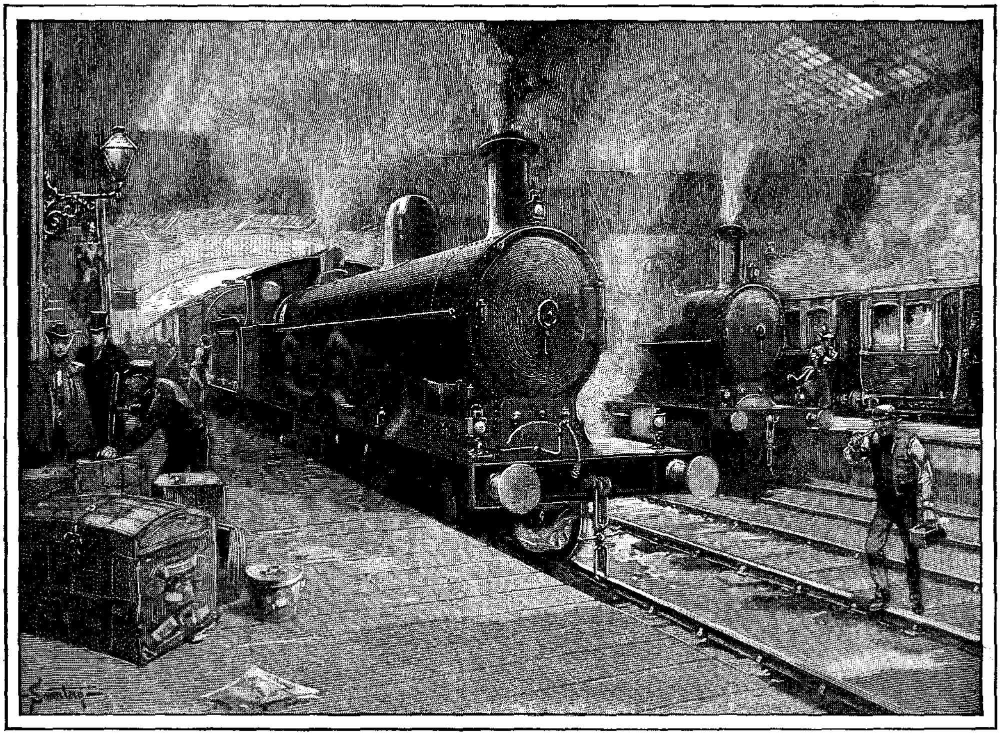
The illustrations are from drawings by the late W. L. Sonntag, Jr., who made the journey in company with Mr. Crane, expressly for McClure's Magazine. It was only a short time after these drawings were completed that Mr. Sonntag died—in the very prime of his fine powers and to the deep regret of all who knew him or his work.

THE entrance to Euston Station is of itself sufficiently imposing. It is a high portico of brown stone, old and grim, in form a casual imitation, no doubt, of the front of the temple of Nike Apteros, with a recollection of the Egyptians proclaimed at the flanks. The frieze, where of old would prance an exuberant processional of gods, is, in this case, bare of decoration, but upon the epistyle is written in simple, stern letters the word, "EUSTON." The legend reared high by the gloomy Pelagic columns stares down a wide avenue. In short, this entrance to a railway station does not in any way resemble the entrance to a railway station. It is more the front of some venerable bank. But it has another dignity, which is not born of form. To a great degree, it is to the English and to those who are in England the gate to Scotland.

The little hansoms are continually speeding through the gate, dashing between the legs of the solemn temple; the four-wheelers, their tops crowded with luggage, roll in and out constantly, and the footways beat under the trampling of the people. Of course, there are the suburbs and a hundred towns along the line, and Liverpool, the beginning of an important sea-path to America, and the great manufacturing cities of the North; but if one stands at this gate in August particularly, one must note the number of men with gun-cases, the number of women who surely have Tam-o'-Shanters and plaids concealed within their luggage, ready for the moors. There is, during the latter part of that month, a wholesale flight from London to Scotland which recalls the July throngs leaving New York for the shore or the mountains.

The hansoms, after passing through this impressive portal of the station, bowl smoothly across a courtyard which is in the center of the terminal hotel, an institution dear to most railways in Europe. The traveler lands amid a swarm of porters, and then proceeds cheerfully to take the customary trouble for his luggage. America provides a contrivance in a thousand situations where Europe provides a man or perhaps a number of men, and the work of our brass check is here done by porters, directed by the traveler himself. The men lack the memory of the check; the check never forgets its identity. Moreover, the European railways generously furnish the porters at the expense of the traveler. Nevertheless, if these men have not the invincible business precision of the check, and if they have to be tipped, it can be asserted for those who care that in Europe one-half of the populace waits on the other half most diligently and well.

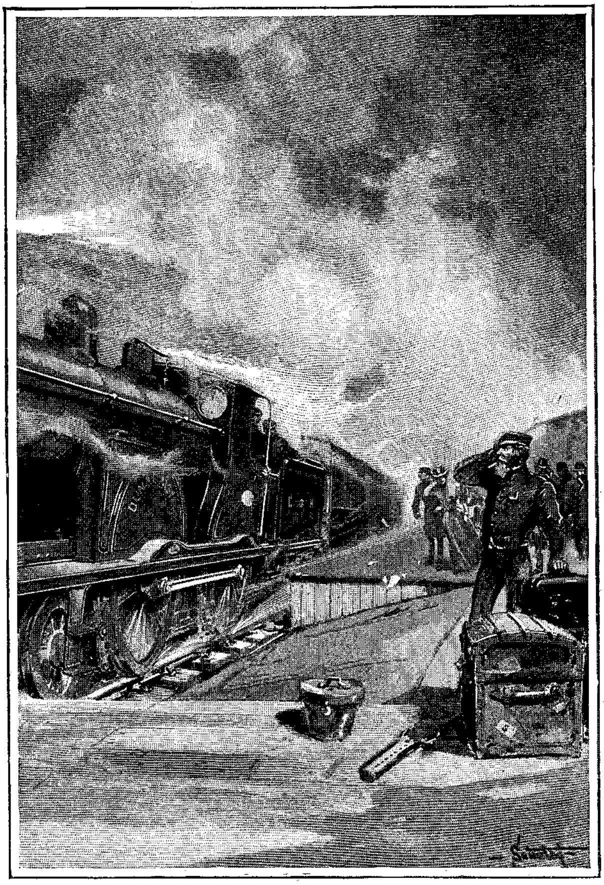
Against the masonry of a platform, under the vaulted arch of the train-house, lay a long string of coaches. They were painted white on the bulging part, which led halfway down from the top, and the bodies were a deep bottle-green. There was a group of porters placing luggage in the van, and a great many others were busy with the affairs of passengers, tossing smaller bits of luggage into the racks over the seats, and bustling



". . . A railway 'flier' . . . slid modestly down and took its place at the head."

here and there on short quests. The guard of the train, a tall man who resembled one of the first Napoleon's veterans, was caring for the distribution of passengers into the various bins. There were no second-class compartments; they were all third and first-class.

The train was at this time engineless, but presently a railway “ flier,” painted a glowing vermilion, slid modestly down and took its place at the head. The guard walked along the platform, and decisively closed each door. He wore a dark blue uniform thoroughly decorated with silver braid in the guise of leaves. The way of him gave to this business the importance of a ceremony. Meanwhile the fireman had climbed down from the cab and raised his hand, ready to transfer a signal to the driver, who stood looking at his watch. In the interval there had something progressed in the large signal-box that stands guard at Euston. This high house contains many levers, standing in thick, shining ranks. It perfectly resembles an organ in some great church, if it were not that these rows of numbered and indexed handles typify something more acutely human than does a keyboard. It requires four men to play this organ-like thing, and the strains never cease. Night and day, day and night, these four men are walking to and fro, from this lever to that lever, and under their hands the great machine raises its endless hymn of a world at work, the fall and rise of signals and the clicking swing of switches.



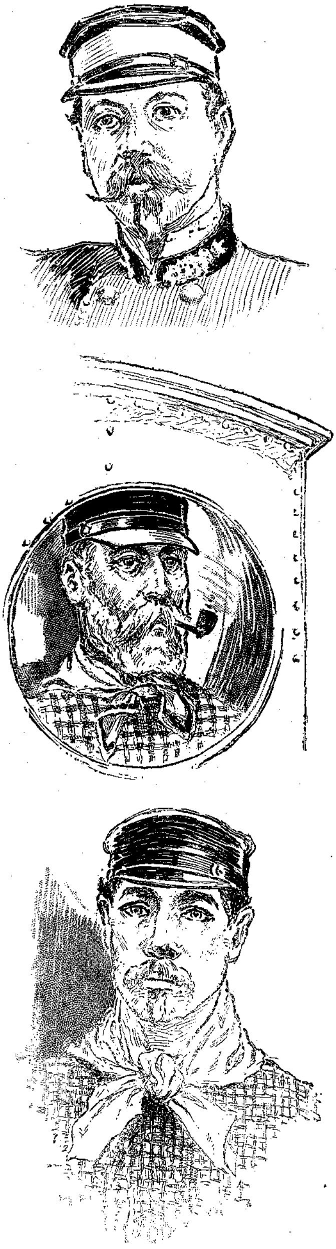
. . “ *A number of porters in uniform, who requested the retreat of any one who had not the wit to give us plenty of room.*”

And so as the vermilion engine stood waiting and looking from the shadow of the curve-roofed station, a man in the signal-house had played the notes which informed the engine of its freedom. The driver saw the fall of those proper semaphores which gave him liberty to speak to his steel friend. A certain combination in the economy of the London and Northwestern Railway, a combination which had spread from the men who sweep out the carriages through innumerable minds to the general manager himself, had resulted in the law that the vermilion engine, with its long string of white and bottle-green coaches, was to start forthwith toward Scotland.

Presently the fireman, standing with his face toward the rear, let fall his hand. “ All right,” he said. The driver turned a wheel, and as the fireman slipped back, the train moved along the platform at the pace of a mouse. To those in the tranquil carriages this starting was probably as easy as the sliding of one's hand over a greased surface, but in the engine there was more to it. The monster roared suddenly and loudly, and sprang forward impetuously. A wrong-headed or maddened draft-horse will plunge in its collar sometimes when going up a hill. But this load of burdened carriages followed imperturbably at the gait of turtles. They were not to be stirred from their way of dignified exit by the impatient engine. The crowd of porters and transient people stood respectful. They looked with the indefinite wonder of the railway-station sight-seer upon the faces at the windows of the passing coaches. This train was off for Scotland. It had started from the home of one accent to the home of another accent. It was going from manner to manner, from habit to habit, and in the minds of these London spectators there surely floated dim images of the traditional kilts, the burring speech, the grouse, the canniness, the oat-meal, all the elements of a romantic Scotland.

The train swung impressively around the signal-house, and headed up a brick-walled cut. In starting this heavy string of coaches, the engine breathed explosively. It gasped, and heaved, and bellowed; once, for a moment, the wheels spun on the rails, and a convulsive tremor shook the great steel frame.

The train itself, however, moved through this deep cut in the body of London with coolness and precision, and the employees of the railway, knowing the train's mission, tacitly presented arms at its passing. To the travelers in the carriages, the suburbs of London must have been one long monotony of carefully made walls of stone or brick. But after the hill was climbed, the train fled through pictures of red habitations of men on a green earth.



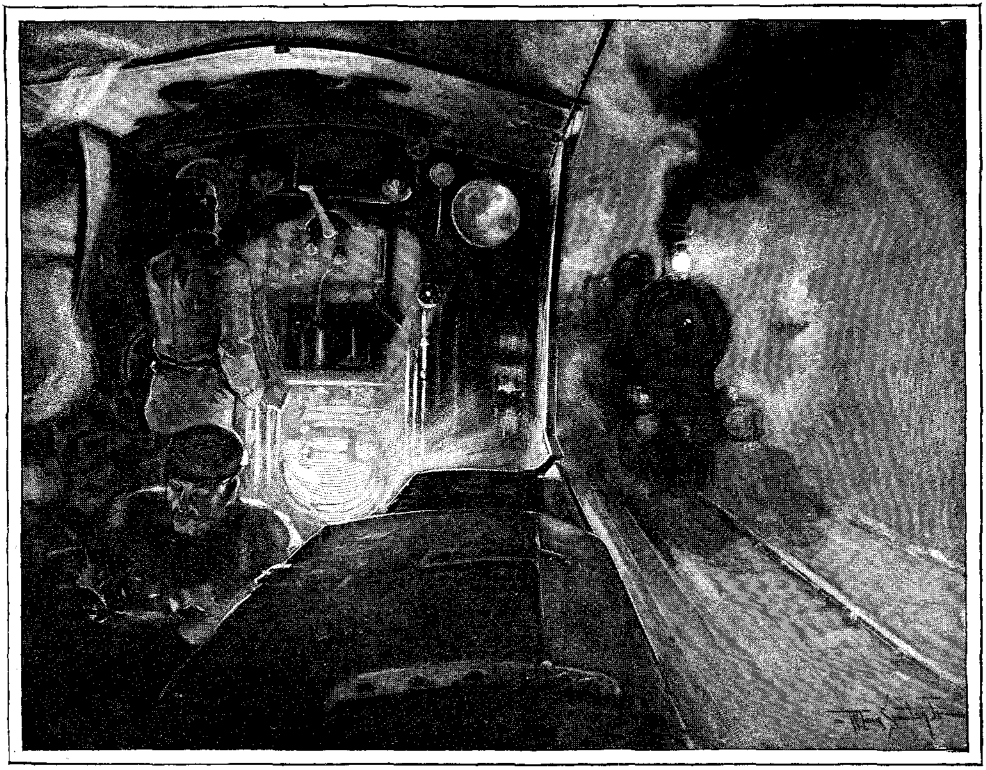
The through Conductor, the Driver, and the Fireman.

But the noise in the cab did not greatly change its measure. Even though the speed was now high, the tremendous thumping to be heard in the cab was as alive with strained effort and as slow in beat as the breathing of a half-drowned man. At the side of the track, for instance, the sound doubtless would strike the ear in the familiar succession of incredibly rapid puffs; but in the cab itself, this land-racer breathes very like its friend, the marine engine. Everybody who has spent time on shipboard has forever in his head a reminiscence of the steady and methodical pounding of the engines, and perhaps it is curious that this relative, which can whirl over the land at such a pace, breathes in the leisurely tones that a man heeds when he lies awake at night in his berth.

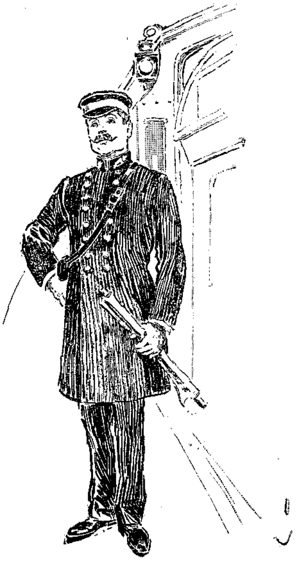
There had been no fog in London, but here on the edge of the city a heavy wind was blowing, and the driver leaned aside and yelled that it was a very bad day for traveling on an engine. The engine-cabs of England, as of all Europe, are seldom made for the comfort of the men. One finds very often this apparent disregard for the man who does the work —this indifference to the man who occupies a position which for the exercise of temperance, of courage, of honesty, has no equal at the altitude of prime ministers. The American engineer is the gilded occupant of a salon in comparison with his brother in Europe. The man who was guiding this five-hundred-ton bolt, aimed by the officials of the railway at Scotland, could not have been as comfortable as a shrill gibbering boatman of the Orient. The narrow and bare bench at his side of the cab was not directly intended for his use, because it was so low that he would be prevented by it from looking out of the ship's port-hole which served him as a window. The fireman, on his side, had other difficulties. His legs would have had to straggle over some pipes at the only spot where there was a prospect, and the builders had also strategically placed a large steel bolt. Of course it is plain that the companies consistently believe that the men will do their work better if they are kept standing. The roof of the cab was not altogether a roof. It was merely a projection of two feet of metal from the bulkhead which formed the front of the cab. There were practically no sides to it, and the large cinders from the soft coal whirled around in sheets. From time to time the driver took a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his blinking eyes.

London was now well to the rear. The vermilion engine had been for some time flying like the wind. This train averages, between London and Carlisle, forty-nine and nine-tenth miles an hour. It is a distance of 299 miles. There is one stop. It occurs at Crewe, and endures five minutes. In consequence, the block-signals flashed by seemingly at the end of the moment in which they were sighted.

There can be no question of the statement that the road-beds of English railways are at present immeasurably superior to the American road-beds. Of course there is a clear reason. It is known to every traveler that peoples of the Continent of Europe have no right at all to own railways. Those lines of travel are too childish and trivial for expression. A correct fate would deprive the Continent of its railways, and give them to somebody who knew about them. The continental idea of a railway is to surround a mass of machinery with forty rings of ultra-military law, and then they believe they have one complete. The Americans and the English are the railway peoples. That our road-beds are poorer than the English road-beds is because of the fact that we were suddenly obliged to build thousands upon thousands of miles of railway, and the English were obliged to slowly build tens upon tens of miles. A road-bed from New York to San Francisco, with stations, bridges, and crossings of the kind that the London and Northwestern owns from London to Glasgow, would cost a sum large enough to support the German army for a term of years. The whole way is constructed with the care that inspired the creators of some of our now obsolete forts along the Atlantic coast. An American engineer, with his knowledge of the difficulties he had to encounter—the wide rivers with variable banks, the mountain chains, perhaps the long spaces of absolute desert; in fact, all the perplexities of a vast and somewhat new country—would not dare spend a respectable portion of his allowance on seventy feet of granite wall over a gully, when he knew he could make an embankment with little cost by heaving up the dirt and stones from here and there. But the English road is all made in the pattern



"A moment later came the crash of the passing."



The guard.

by which the Romans built their highways. After England is dead, savants will find narrow streaks of masonry leading from ruin to ruin. Of course this does not always seem convincingly admirable. It sometimes resembles energy poured into a rat-hole. There is a vale between expediency and the convenience of posterity, a mid-ground which enables men to surely benefit the hereafter people by valiantly advancing the present; and the point is that, if some laborers live in unhealthy tenements in Cornwall, one is likely to view with incomplete satisfaction the record of long and patient labor and thought displayed by an eight-foot drain for a non-existent, impossible rivulet in the North. This sentence does not sound strictly fair, but the meaning one wishes to convey is that, if an English company spies in its dream the ghost of an ancient valley that later becomes a hill, it would construct for it a magnificent steel trestle, and consider that a duty had been performed in proper accordance with the company's conscience. But after all is said of it, the accidents and the miles of railway operated in England is not in proportion to the accidents and the miles of railway operated in the United States. The reason can be divided into three parts—older conditions, superior caution, and road-bed. And of these, the greatest is older conditions.

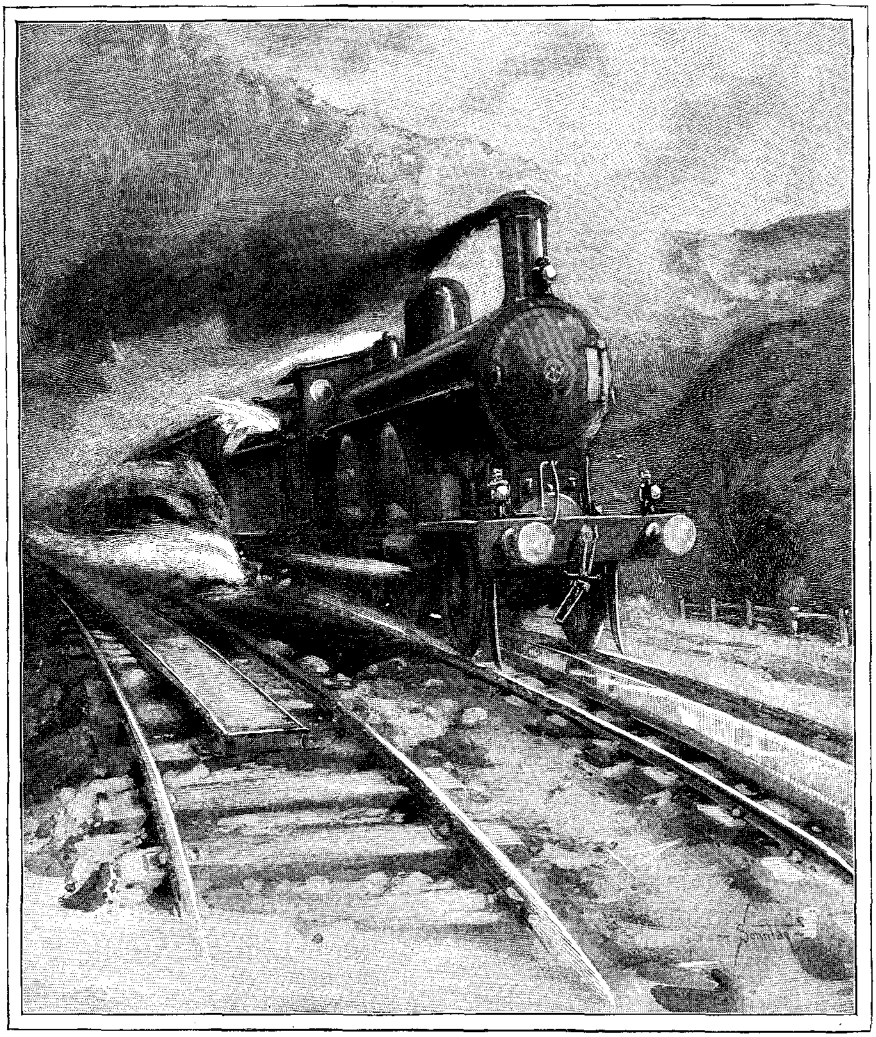
In this flight toward Scotland one seldom encountered a grade crossing. In nine cases out of ten there was either a bridge or a tunnel. The platforms of even the remote country stations were all of ponderous masonry in contrast to our constructions of planking. There was always to be seen, as we thundered toward a station of this kind, a number of porters in uniform, who requested the retreat of any one who had not the wit to give us plenty of room. And then, as the shrill warning of the whistle pierced even the uproar that was about us, came the wild joy of the rush past a station. It was something in the nature of a triumphal procession conducted at thrilling speed. Perhaps there was a curve of infinite grace, a sudden hollow explosive effect made by the passing of a signal-box that was close to the track, and then the deadly lunge to shave the edge of a long platform. There were always a number of people standing afar, with their eyes riveted upon this projectile, and to be on the engine was to feel their interest and admiration in the terror and grandeur of this sweep. A boy allowed to ride with the driver of the band-wagon as a circus parade winds through one of our village streets could not exceed for egotism the temper of a new man in the cab of a train like this one. This valkyric journey on the back of the vermilion engine, with the shouting of the wind, the deep, mighty panting of the steed, the gray blur at the track-side, the flowing quicksilver ribbon of the other rails, the sudden clash as a switch intersects, all the din and fury of this ride, was of a splendor that caused one to look abroad at the quiet, green landscape and believe that it was of a phlegm quite beyond patience. It should have been dark, rain-shot, and windy; thunder should have rolled across its sky.

It seemed, somehow, that if the driver should for a moment take his hands from his engine, it might swerve from the track as a horse from the road. Once, indeed, as he stood wiping his fingers on a bit of waste, there must have been something ludicrous in the way the solitary passenger regarded him. Without those finely firm hands on the bridle, the engine might rear and bolt for the pleasant farms lying in the sunshine at either side.

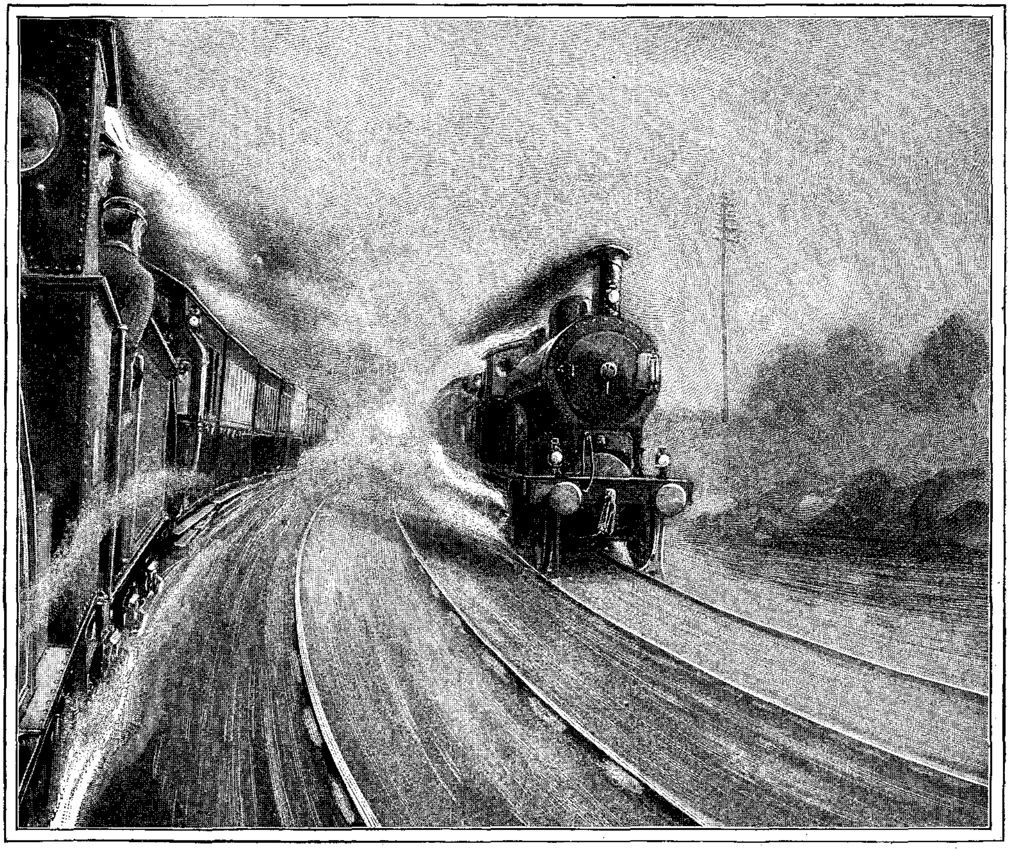
This driver was worth contemplation. He was simply a quiet, middle-aged man, bearded, and with the little wrinkles of habitual geniality and kindliness spreading from the eyes toward the temple, who stood at his post always gazing out, through his round window, while, from time to time, his hands went from here to there over his levers. He seldom changed either attitude or expression. There surely is no engine-driver who does not feel the beauty of the business, but the emotion lies deep, and mainly inarticulate, as it does in the mind of a man who has experienced a good and beautiful wife for many years. This driver's face displayed nothing but the cool sanity of a man whose thought was buried intelligently in his business. If there was any fierce drama in it, there was no sign upon him. He was so lost in dreams of speed and signals and steam, that one speculated if the wonder of his tempestuous charge and its career over England touched him, this impassive rider of a fiery thing.

It should be a well-known fact that, all over the world, the engine-driver is the finest type of man that is grown. He is the pick of the earth. He is altogether more worthy than the soldier, and better than the men who move on the sea in ships. He is not paid too much; nor do his glories weight his brow; but for outright performance, carried on constantly, coolly, and without elation, by a temperate, honest, clear-minded man, he is the further point. And so the lone human at his station in a cab, guarding money, lives, and the honor of the road, is a beautiful sight. The whole thing is æsthetic. The fireman presents the same charm, but in a less degree, in that he is bound to appear as an apprentice to the finished manhood of the driver. In his eyes, turned always in question and confidence toward his superior, one finds this quality; but his aspirations are so direct that one sees the same type in evolution.

There may be a popular idea that the fireman's principal function is to hang his head out of the cab and sight interesting objects in the landscape. As a matter of fact, he is always at work. The dragon is insatiate. The fireman is continually swinging open the furnace-door, whereat a red shine flows out upon the floor of the cab, and shoveling in immense mouthfuls of coal to a fire that is almost diabolic in its madness. The feeding, feeding, feeding goes on until it appears as if it is the muscles of the fireman's arms that are speeding the long train. An engine



Taking water from between the rails, while going at full speed.



On the way to Crewe—overtaking the goods train.

running over sixty-five miles an hour, with 500 tons to drag, has an appetite in proportion to this task.

View of the clear-shining English scenery is often interrupted between London and Crewe by long and short tunnels. The first one was disconcerting. Suddenly one knew that the train was shooting toward a black mouth in the hills. It swiftly yawned wider, and then in a moment the engine dove into a place inhabited by every demon of wind and noise. The speed had not been checked, and the uproar was so great that in effect one was simply standing at the center of a vast, black-walled sphere. The tubular construction which one's reason proclaimed had no meaning at all. It was a black sphere, alive with shrieks. But then on the surface of it there was to be seen a little needle-point of light, and this widened to a detail of unreal landscape. It was the world; the train was going to escape from this cauldron, this abyss of howling darkness. If a man looks through the brilliant water of a tropical pool, he can sometimes see coloring the marvels at the bottom the blue that was on the sky and the green that was on the foliage of this detail. And the picture shimmered in the heat-rays of a new and remarkable sun. It was when the train bolted out into the open air that one knew that it was his own earth.

Once train met train in a tunnel. Upon the painting in the perfectly circular frame formed by the mouth there appeared a black square with sparks bursting from it. This square expanded until it hid everything, and a moment later came the crash of the passing. It was enough to make a man lose his sense of balance. It was a momentary inferno when the fireman opened the furnace-door and was bathed in blood-red light as he fed the fires.

The effect of a tunnel varied when there was a curve in it. One was merely whirling then heels over head, apparently, in the dark, echoing bowels of the earth. There was no needle-point of light to which one's eyes clung as to a star.

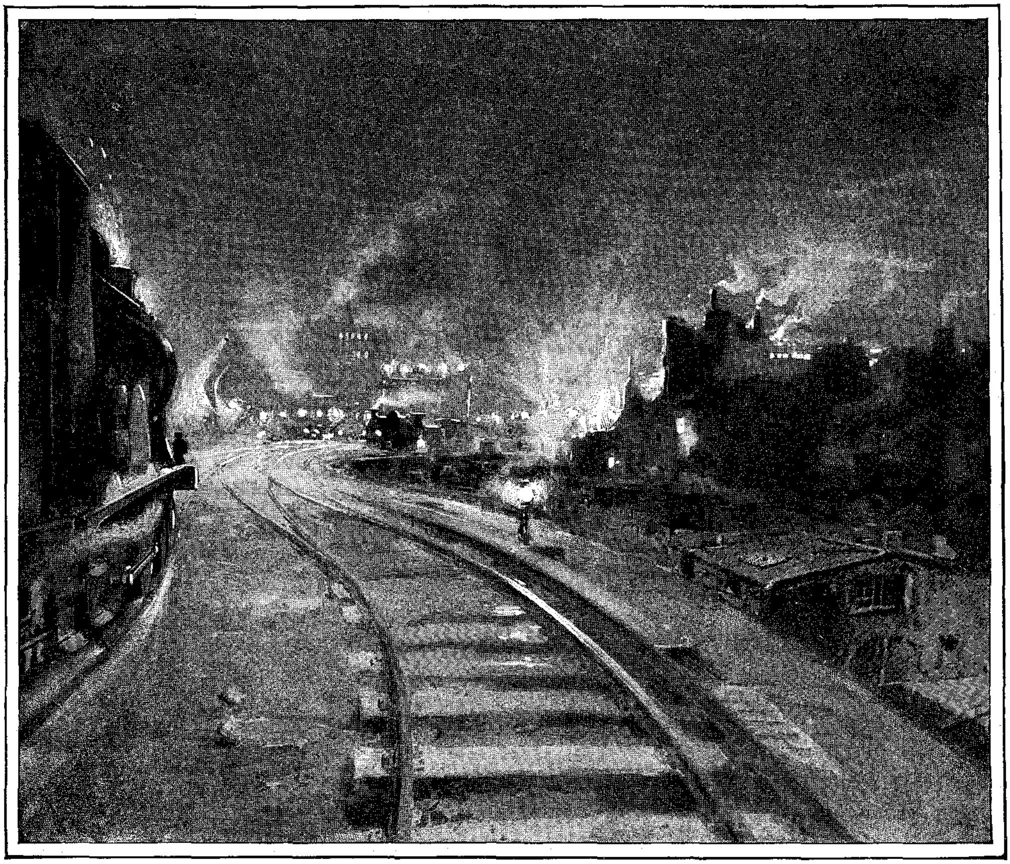
From London to Crewe, the stern arm of the semaphore never made the train pause even for an instant. There was always a clear track. It was great to see, far in the distance, a goods train whooping smokily for the north of England on one of the four tracks. The overtaking of such a train was a thing of magnificent nothing for the long-strided engine, and as the flying express passed its weaker brother, one heard one or two feeble and immature puffs from the other engine, saw the fireman wave his hand to his luckier fellow, saw a string of foolish, clanking flat-cars, their freights covered with tarpaulins, and then the train was lost to the rear.

The driver twisted his wheel and worked some levers, and the rhythmical chunking of the engine gradually ceased. Gliding at a speed that was still high, the train curved to the left, and swung down a sharp incline, to move with an imperial dignity through the railway yard at Rugby. There was a maze of switches, innumerable engines noisily pushing cars here and there, crowds of workmen who turned to look, a sinuous curve around the long train-shed, whose high wall resounded with the rumble of the passing express; and then, almost immediately, it seemed, came the open country again. Rugby had been a dream which one could properly doubt.

At last the relaxed engine, with the same majesty of ease, swung into the high-roofed station at Crewe, and stopped on a platform lined with porters and citizens. There was instant bustle, and in the interest of the moment no one seemed particularly to notice the tired vermilion engine being led away.

There is a five-minute stop at Crewe. A tandem of engines slid up, and buckled fast to the train for the journey to Carlisle.

In the meantime, all the regulation items of peace and comfort had happened on the train itself. The dining-car was in the center of the train. It was divided into two parts, the one being a dining-room for first-class passengers, and the other a dining-room for the third-class passengers. They were separated by the kitchens and the larder. The engine, with all its rioting and roaring, had dragged to Crewe a car in which numbers of passengers were lunching in a tranquillity that was almost domestic, on an average menu of a chop and potatoes, a salad, cheese, and a bottle of beer. Betimes they watched through the windows the great chimney-marked towns of northern England.



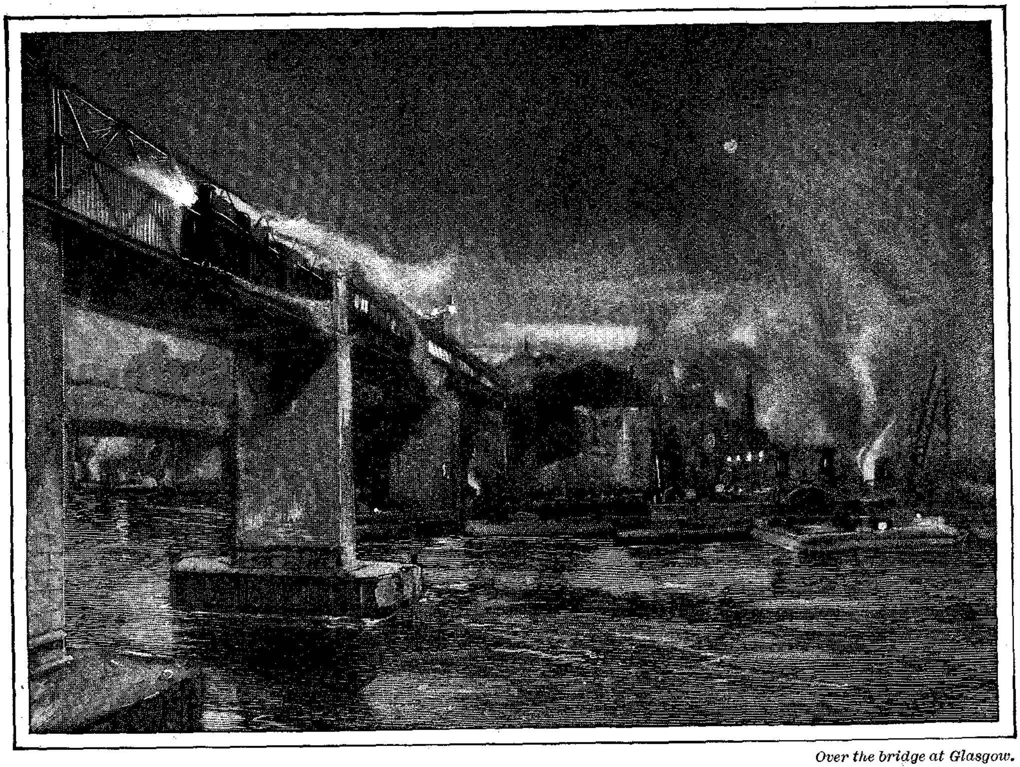
Through the iron district.

They were waited upon by a young man of London, who was supported by a lad who resembled an American bell-boy. The rather elaborate menu and service of the Pullman dining-car is not known in England or on the Continent. Warmed roast beef is the exact symbol of a European dinner, when one is traveling on a railway.

This express is named, both by the public and the company, the "Corridor Train," because a coach with a corridor is an unusual thing in England, and so the title has a distinctive meaning. Of course, in America, where there is no car which has not what we call an aisle, it would define nothing. The corridors are all at one side of the car. Doors open from thence to little compartments made to seat four, or perhaps six, persons. The first-class carriages are very comfortable indeed, being heavily upholstered in dark, hard-wearing stuffs, with a bulging rest for the head. The third-class accommodations on this train are almost as comfortable as the first-class, and attract a kind of people that are not usually seen traveling third-class in Europe. Many people sacrifice their habit, in the matter of this train, to the fine conditions of the lower fare.

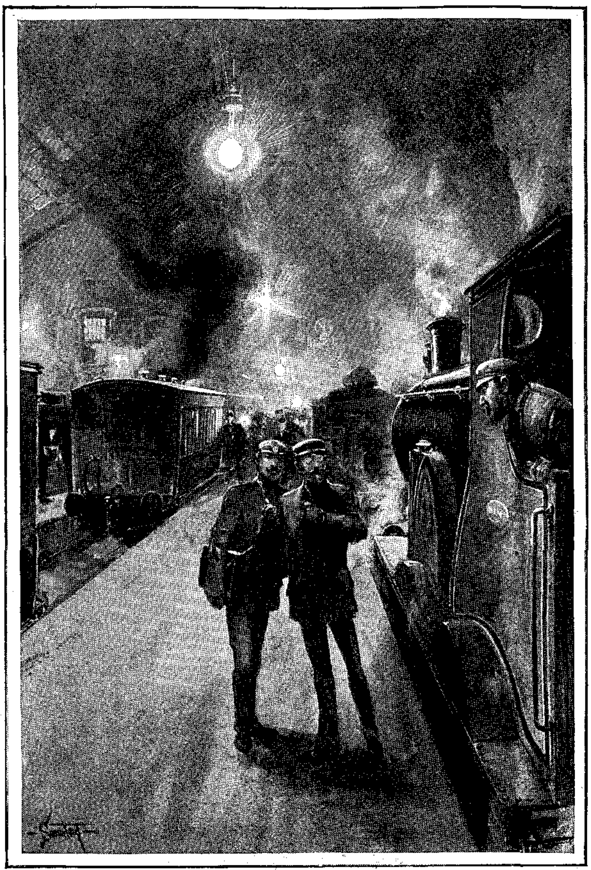
One of the feats of the train is an electric button in each compartment. Commonly an electric button is placed high on the side of the carriage as an alarm signal, and it is unlawful to push it unless one is in serious need of assistance from the guard. But these bells also rang in the dining-car, and were supposed to open negotiations for tea or whatever. A new function has been projected on an ancient custom. No genius has yet appeared to separate these two meanings. Each bell rings an alarm and a bid for tea or whatever. It is perfect in theory then that, if one rings for tea, the guard comes to interrupt the murder, and that if one is being murdered, the attendant appears with tea. At any rate, the guard was forever being called from his reports and his comfortable seat in the forward end of the luggage-van by thrilling alarms. He often prowled the length of the train with hardihood and determination, merely to meet a request for a sandwich.

The train entered Carlisle at the beginning of twilight. This is the border town, and an engine of the Caledonian Railway, manned by two men of broad speech, came to take the place of the tandem. The engine of these men of the North was much smaller than the others, but her cab was much larger, and would be a fair shelter on a stormy night. They had also built seats with hooks by which



Over the bridge at Glasgow.

they hang them to the rail, and thus are still enabled to see through the round windows without dislocating their necks. All the human parts of the cab were covered with oilcloth. The wind that swirled from the dim twilight horizon made the warm glow from the furnace to be a grateful thing.


The end of the journey—in the station at Glasgow.

As the train shot out of Carlisle, a glance backward could learn of the faint yellow blocks of light from the carriages marked on the dimmed ground. The signals were now lamps, and shone palely against the sky. The express was entering night as if night were Scotland.

There was a long toil to the summit of the hills, and then began the booming ride down the slope. There were many curves. Sometimes could be seen two or three signal lights at one time, twisting off in some new direction. Minus the lights and some yards of glistening rails, Scotland was only a blend of black and weird shapes. Forests which one could hardly imagine as weltering in the dewy placidity of evening sank to the rear as if the gods had bade them. The dark loom of a house quickly dissolved before the eyes. A station with its lamps became a broad yellow band that, to a deficient sense, was only a few yards in length. Below, in a deep valley, a silver glare on the waters of a river made equal time with the train. Signals appeared, grew, and vanished. In the wind and the mystery of the night, it was like sailing in an enchanted gloom. The vague profiles of hills ran like snakes across the somber sky. A strange shape boldly and formidably confronted the train, and then melted to a long dash of track as clean as sword-blades.

The vicinity of Glasgow is unmistakable. The flames of pauseless industries are here and there marked on the distance. Vast factories stand close to the track, and reaching chimneys emit roseate flames. At last one may see upon a wall the strong reflection from furnaces, and against it the impish and inky figures of workingmen. A long, prison-like row of tenements, not at all resembling London, but in one way resembling New York, appeared to the left, and then sank out of sight like a phantom.

At last the driver stopped the brave effort of his engine. The 400 miles were come to the edge. The average speed of forty-nine and one-third miles each hour had been made, and it remained only to glide with the hauteur of a great express through the yard and into the station at Glasgow.

A wide and splendid collection of signal-lamps flowed toward the engine. With delicacy and care the train clanked over some switches, passed the signals, and then there shone a great blaze of arc-lamps, defining the wide sweep of the station roof. Smoothly, proudly, with all that vast dignity which had surrounded its exit from London, the express moved along its platform. It was the entrance into a gorgeous drawing-room of a man that was sure of everything.

The porters and the people crowded forward. In their minds there may have floated dim images of the traditional music-halls, the bobbies, the 'buses, the 'Arrys and 'Arriets, the swells of London.

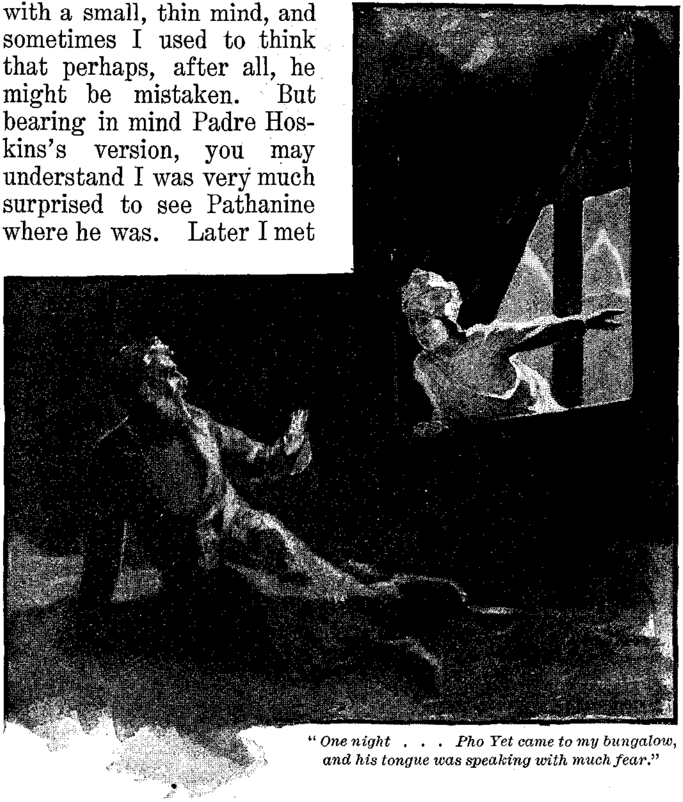
HIS PASSPORT.

By W. A. Fraser,

Author of "King for a Day," "God and the Pagan," and other stories.

IT was so cold that winter in Canada. They said that I would be all right when the warm weather came in spring. But the cold lasted so long that I thought spring would never come. At last I fell asleep. When I awoke, the first person I saw was Pathanine.

When I had known Pathanine years before, in Burma, he was a Buddhist. Even at that time I had suspicions that he was a Christian according to my ill-defined lights—a Buddhist Christian. I had always understood from the Rev. Hoskins that the Buddhists had absolutely no chance whatever of acquiring anything but unmitigated torture. Hoskins was the regular station padre at Yenan. He was a small, thin man, with a small, thin mind, and sometimes I used to think that perhaps, after all, he might be mistaken. But bearing in mind Padre Hoskins's version, you may understand I was very much surprised to see Pathanine where he was. Later I met others there who were as unorthodox as any Buddhist, but my wonder at first was concerned with Pathanine alone.



"One night . . . Pho Yet came to my bungalow, and his tongue was speaking with much fear."

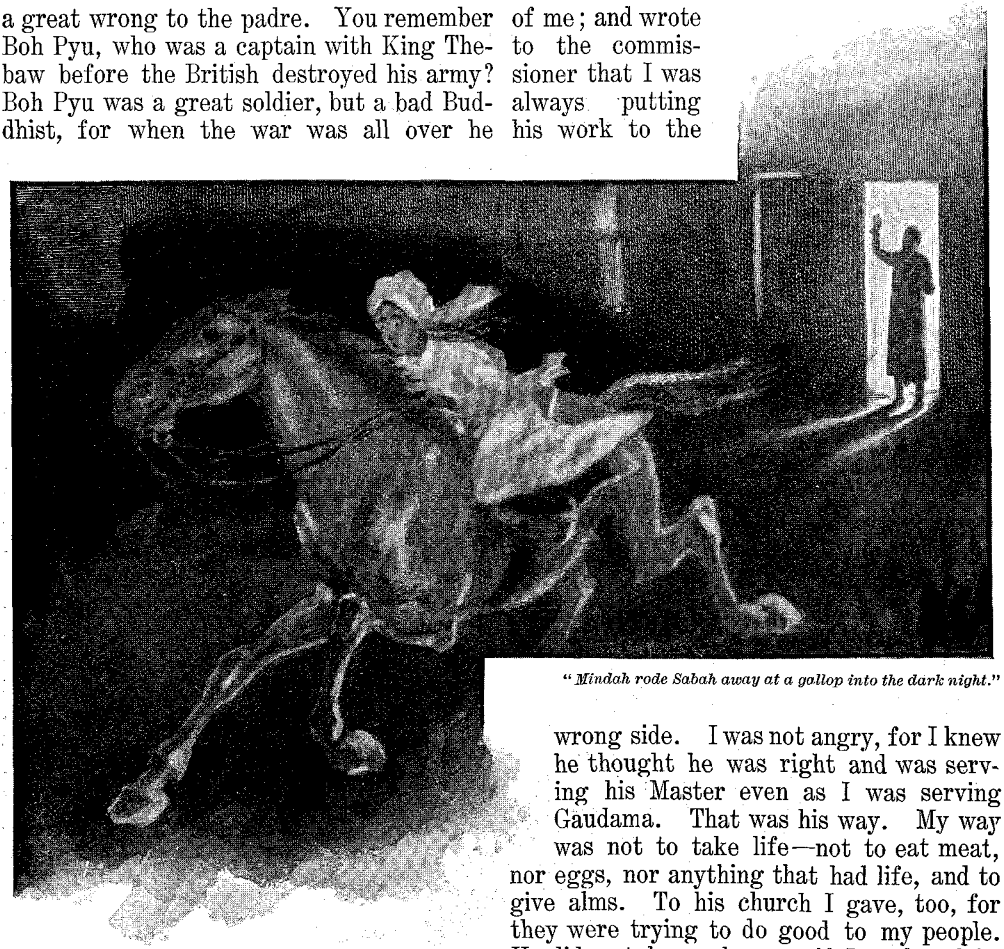
Pathanine's face had always been one of the most amiable that I had ever seen, and when his eyes fell upon me advancing toward him, it took on a delightfully sweet look of pleased recognition. "I am so glad that you have come here, sir," he said, just as he used to when I returned to Yenan after being absent for some time. "I was a little lonesome, sir," he continued, in his delightfully simple, straightforward way. "So few of those I knew before are here. Perhaps some will come by and by."

Everything was so confusing. I had always been so mistrustful of myself that, when I woke up there, I was almost afraid there was some mistake. And then to meet an out-and-out devotee of Buddha in a place that I'd always been taught was reserved for Christians alone was certainly perplexing. I asked Pathanine about it.

"I don't know, sir," he answered; "I felt like a little rest, and when I awoke I was here. I hope Ma Thee won't be long coming—Ma Thee and Mindah."

Ma Thee was his wife, Mindah his daughter. But it was about his faith that I questioned him most. He had not changed any; he had sung the same guttural Buddhist prayer up to the very last. "Hoskins Thakine did not make a Christian of you then—did not prove to you that Gaudama was wrong?" I queried him.

"No, sir," answered Pathanine; "but my brother, Boh Pyu, who was a wicked fellow, tried to do a great wrong to the padre. You remember Boh Pyu, who was a captain with King Thebaw before the British destroyed his army? Boh Pyu was a great soldier, but a bad Buddhist, for when the war was all over he continued fighting on his own account and became what the English call a dacoit. Sometimes he came to me, because he was my brother, you know, sir, and I begged him to be less wicked and stop dacoiting, or never come to see me at all. But the wrong he tried to do the Padre Thakine was this way, sir, and because of me, and for that I had much guilty fear.


"Mindah rode Sabah away at a gallop into the dark night."

"You remember I was the woon of Yenan, and Hoskins Thakine was always writing to the commissioner that I was not making my official work proper. Also my people were telling me that the Padre Thakine was speaking ill of me and saying that, if they believed in me and my false gods, even the sacred Gaudama, they would all be burned with a greater heat than was in Yenan the hot days before the rains. When they spoke of Nirvana, he told them there was no Nibban—no Nirvana; nothing but torture and unrest for all who died in my faith—the faith of my fathers. But when they did not believe what the padre spoke, he said that it was because of me; and wrote to the commissioner that I was always putting his work to the wrong side. I was not angry, for I knew he thought he was right and was serving his Master even as I was serving Gaudama. That was his way. My way was not to take life—not to eat meat, nor eggs, nor anything that had life, and to give alms. To his church I gave, too, for they were trying to do good to my people. He did not know, because if I spoke of it, he might tell the commissioner that it was bribery.

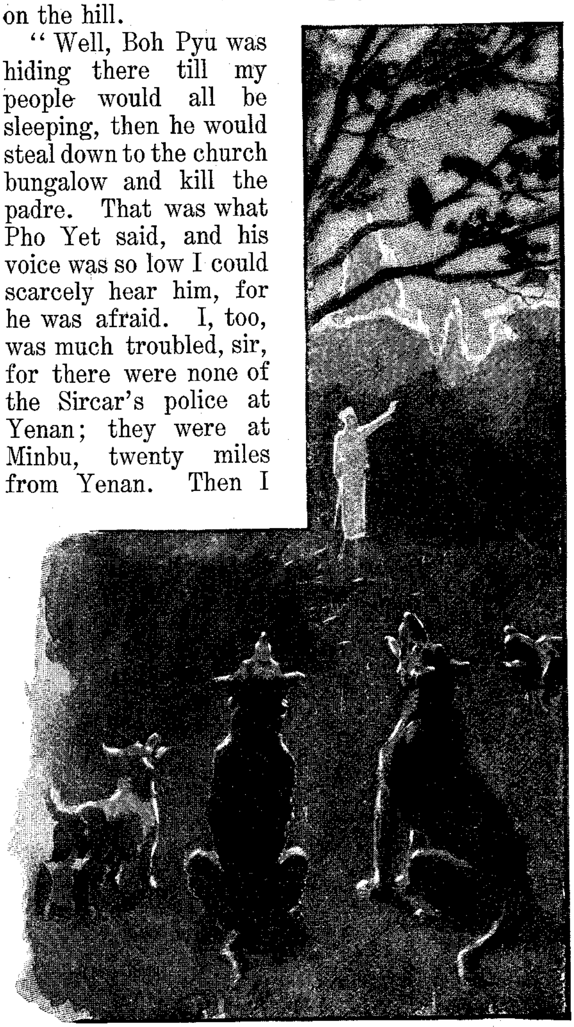
"One time a Burman, Nat Glay, who had joined the faith of the padre, spent money on foolishness, that belonged to the padre's church. Nat Glay came to me because of this, and he was afraid of going to jail. I paid the rupees for Nat Glay, because if the case were called in court—my court, you know, sir—there would be much disgrace to the padre's church and Nat Glay and my people. But Padre Hoskins did not know all these things, and still wrote to the commissioner that

"I got letters from the commissioner."

I was a bad man and what he called a 'pagan.'

"When Boh Pyu came in the night to Yenan to see me, for he was my brother, Pho Yet, whose tongue is like a *tucktoo's*, always croaking of evil things, told Boh Pyu that Hoskins Thakine had made trouble for me. Then my brother, who was also a dacoit, went back to the jungle; and I did not know. Many times after I got letters from the commissioner to not make trouble for Padre Hoskins, and all the time I was telling my people to do good things for him.

"One night when I was sleeping, Pho Yet came to my bungalow, and his tongue was speaking with much fear. Boh Pyu, my brother, was hiding with his dacoits down where the tamarind and mango trees are thick, just where the paddy-fields come up close to Yenan. You remember, sir, it was where the three little white pagodas rested on the hill.



"All the pariah dogs in the village took up the cry."

"Well, Boh Pyu was hiding there till my people would all be sleeping, then he would steal down to the church bungalow and kill the padre. That was what Pho Yet said, and his voice was so low I could scarcely hear him, for he was afraid. I, too, was much troubled, sir, for there were none of the Sircar's police at Yenan; they were at Minbu, twenty miles from Yenan. Then I spoke to Pho Yet. 'Sabah will gallop to Minbu in two hours, for he is strong. Will you go, Pho Yet, and bring the Police Thakine?'

"But Pho Yet was like a bazaar pariah, a skulking dog; he would yelp, but was afraid. He would not go because of the dacoits, and because of the evil spirits, the *Nats* of the jungle.

"Then, sir, Pathanine's little daughter, Mindah, rode Sabah away at a gallop into the dark night. I took the gun which the government allowed me to keep because I was a woon, and went and spoke to some of my people. They, too, were afraid. If the dacoits came to their houses they would run away, because the government had taken their guns. Anyway, if they had guns they would not stop to be killed, for the dacoits could shoot straight—it was their business to shoot straight. Also they had not much to lose; and if the dacoits came they would give what they had—that was their way; it was easier. If Boh Pyu killed the padre, that was not of their doing; and if they were there Boh Pyu would kill them too. Also Boh Pyu was their friend and my brother. He did not steal from the poor; but if any man were hungry, Boh Pyu would give him rice. That was Boh Pyu's way.

"I went down by the mango tope, where it is so dark, near the paddy-fields, and called for Boh Pyu, but no one answered. The sound of my voice raised only the crows which sleep in the big tamarinds there in thousands, as you know, sir. They screeched back at me like a thousand evil spirits till my voice was drowned. Then all the pariah dogs in the village took up the cry, and howled as they do when a great *phoongye* dies and goes to Nirvana. I called many times, and looked, but I found no one. The dacoits are like the cobra: they hide, and you cannot see them till they sting. Then I went to the church bungalow, for I knew the dacoits would go there too. I will talk to Boh Pyu, who is my brother, I thought as I walked along, and keep him from doing this evil thing. I was thinking, too, of the Padre Thakine's wife and little girl who was almost of the age of Mindah. The dacoits would also kill these two, even the little girl with the hair like gold from Shwebo.

"When I told the padre of the dacoits, he was angry. That was his way. He said it was my treachery, that I had brought them there to drive him from Yenan, so that my pagan gods—even Buddha Gaudama—might destroy the souls of the people. I was not angry, for I could see that he thought this was so. It will be four or five hours before the police can come, I told him. We must shut the doors, and drive the dacoits back until we hear the beat of their ponies' hoofs.

"We hung a light out on the veranda, just at the top of the steps. Inside the bungalow was dark. By and by, while I was watching, I saw dark figures moving in and out among the crotons in the compound.

"They were coming closer to the bungalow. One man crept up the steps to the veranda. It was Boh Pyu.

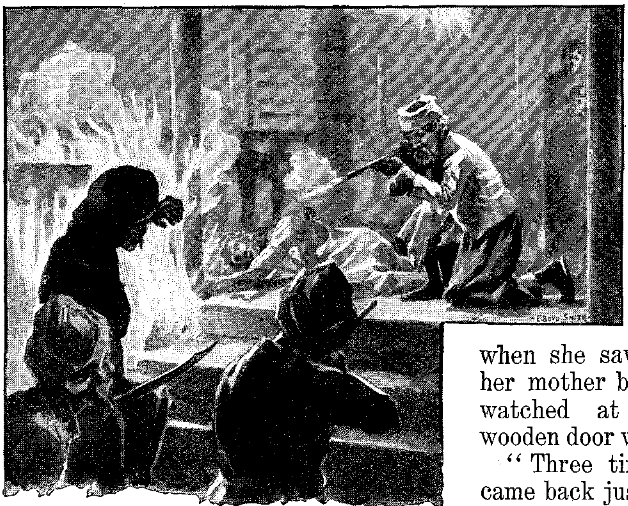
"I called to him, 'Ho, brother! It is I, Pathanine. Go away if you have come for evil!'

"But he only laughed, and spoke as the Burmans do, using bad words.

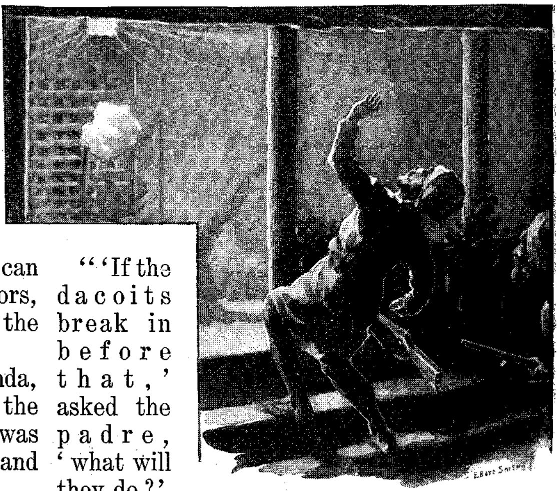
"I said I would shoot him, and then he crept down the steps again, and it was still for a time. They were talking.

"It was so odd, sahib; my brother Boh Pyu, who had come to kill the padre because of me, was there in the dark, and soon we would be fighting like enemies, trying to kill each other. And in the bungalow, beside me, was Padre Hoskins, watching lest I do him treachery. Only the little girl that was like Mindah came and said that Pathanine would drive the dacoits away. My heart grew much stronger because of that.

"'Mindah had started at ten o'clock, and while Boh Pyu was talking in the compound with the other dacoits, the padre's clock, which was on a table, struck twelve. Mindah is at Minbu now, I told the padre. In two hours, or perhaps three, the police will come.



"I was dizzy, but I rose to my knees and shot."



"I fired too, and one of them dropped."

"'If the dacoits break in before that,' asked the padre, 'what will they do?'

"'They will crucify you with your head down,' I said.

"'And the women?' he asked.

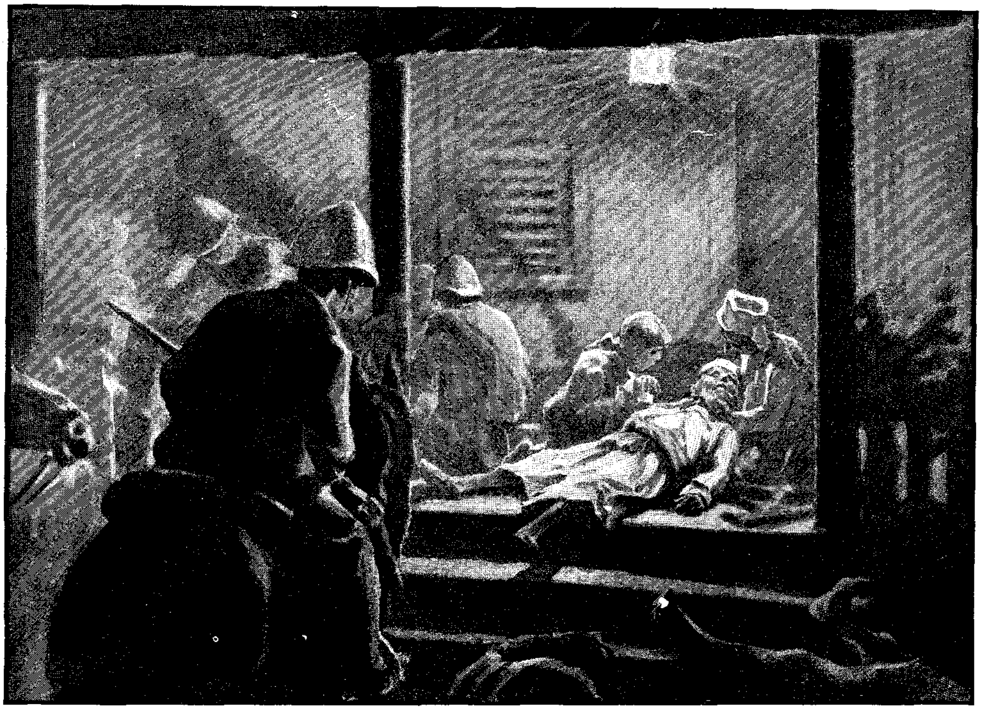
"'I don't know,' I answered. That was a sin, sahib, to tell that lie, for I did know, but I thought it would be much wrong to tell them what I knew—the mother and the girl that was like Mindah.

"'And you?' he again questioned.

"'I shall be dead.'

"Just then I saw the figures creeping close to the steps again—three of them. When I called to them, they shouted, 'Strike, strike!' in our tongue, and rushed up on the veranda, firing the old muskets they had. I fired too, and one of them dropped just across the top of the steps. The others went back into the darkness again. When they fired, I felt my arm as though some one had drawn a sharp nail down along the skin—a hot nail. When the dacoits went back, I looked, and there was much blood. Something from one of the muskets had torn my arm. The girl who was like Mindah cried when she saw it, and helped her mother bind it up while I watched at the door—the wooden door with lattice in it.

"Three times the dacoits came back just the same way, sir; only fiercer and more



"*Mindah's arm was under my head.*"

wicked each time. The last time another piece of lead from a musket went through my body; and my heart grew heavy, for I was getting weak, and I could not yet hear the gallop of Sabah, though it was close to the time for the police. And the padre, he, too, fought the dacoits even as he fought against Buddha, with wicked determination. He had no gun, but once, when two dacoits had forced the door open a little, he rushed at them with a *dah* I had given him, and smote one of them so strongly that he lay on the veranda dead. That time, too, they were beaten back, and we waited for the sound of the gallop of Sabah.

"Even while we waited, I saw a light at the posts on which the veranda rested. While the others fought, Boh Pyu had set fire to the bungalow. 'I will put it out,' I said.

"'You will be shot—it is my place to go,' said Hoskins Sahib, and with a blanket in his hand he dashed through the door.

"I, too, went, because if they attacked him I could shoot. But Boh Pyu, who had fought much in the jungle, had planned it that way. You can't shoot a tiger in his lair, he knew, but if he comes to the bait it is easy. So they waited till we got close to the light of the fire, and then they shot with many guns, and rushed upon us. The Padre Sahib fell because of the gun-shots; and I, too, fell because of another bullet. I was dizzy, but I rose to my knees and shot; once, twice, just as they were reaching Hoskins Thakine. I thought of the little girl who was like Mindah, and called aloud to Gaudama to help me. I heard Sabah galloping, for the road is hard where it sweeps up past the church bungalow, and then there were many shots. I heard an English voice crying, 'Thank God, we're just in time!'

"Then the fighting and the noise pushed farther off into the dark, and the superintendent, Gordon Thakine, came running up the steps to where we were both lying. And Mindah came too. I grew more dizzy, and I could only see Mindah and the girl who was like Mindah kneeling beside me. And Mindah's arm was under my head, and just as I fell asleep Mindah and the other girl kissed me. When I woke up I was here."

"And Padre Hoskins," I asked of Pathanine, "was he killed?"

"He is not here. If he, too, had fallen asleep he would be here. He did not mean to do wrong, and thought to do good for my people."

Then I knew why Pathanine was there. Padre Hoskins meant well, but did not know.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE have, from time to time, given information in these pages about the growth of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. We propose now to say a few words about our other enterprises and plans for the future.

When we decided to engage in the book publishing business, we were so fortunate as to form an alliance with Mr. F. N. Doubleday, whose experience and ability enabled us to establish at once a successful business. Although we began publishing books only a little more than a year ago, we have issued nearly one hundred separate publications, and, with hardly an exception, all of these have been profitable. In fact, the business has been unusually successful, for we have published ten books with an average sale of over twenty thousand copies each. For years we had published the greater part of Mr. Kipling's writings serially, and it was fitting that we should publish his new book, "The Day's Work." This is proving to be his greatest popular success, being already in its fortieth thousand, with a fair promise of selling to one hundred thousand in the next twelve months.

A NEW NOVELIST.

We are proud to be the publishers of "The Day's Work," for we account it the most important book of the past year. We are also proud to be the publishers of "Bob, Son of Battle," which we account the most important book of the past year by a new writer. The editors of this magazine published in the United States the first serials by Stevenson, Kipling, Doyle, "Q," Weyman, Hope, Richard Harding Davis, and many other authors who are now famous; and in the case of most of these, when their writings were first secured by us their names were quite unknown. For a first book, "Bob, Son of Battle," has such rare and engaging qualities that we do not see why it should not, sooner or later, add the name of its author, Alfred Ollivant, to this great list.

It is impossible, here, to enlarge upon the great and splendid success of our young ally, the Doubleday and McClure Company, which, we should explain to our readers, consists of the same stockholders as the S. S. McClure Company; but while Mr. S. S. McClure is the head of the latter company, Mr. Doubleday is the moving spirit and controlling power of the book company. The remarkable and, we may say, unexpected success of the Doubleday and McClure Company and the continued growth of the MAGAZINE have most opportunely enabled us to secure the publication of the most expensive and the most important book that has appeared for many years.

A GREAT ART WORK.

This is "The Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ," illustrated with over five hundred pictures painted or drawn by the eminent French artist, J. James Tissot. The original pictures are now on exhibition in this country, and we can not better indicate their extraordinary character and quality than by reproducing a recent review of the exhibition by the New York "Sun":

"The first thought of the visitor to the American Art Galleries . . . must be one of amazement at the fertility of invention and the unparalleled production of the artist. M. Tissot, in his introduction to the catalogue, speaks of his work as a labor of ten years. It is marvelous, indeed, that in a space of time comparatively so short he could have composed and executed in the finished manner that marks his work this remarkable series of pictures. Taken with the years that must have been given to research and study, it appears more like the work of a lifetime.

FINISH AND TRUTH IN EVERY DETAIL.

"It is to be noted, in the first place, that the execution of the pictures, most of them painted in water color, is as finished as that of Detaille or Meissonier. The types and costumes of the figures, the landscapes, and the architectural settings are as carefully studied and painted as those to be found in isolated works by various artists who are noted for their veracity as Orientalists, or others who have derived fame from artistic and painstaking painting of human figures. . . . They follow one another in the galleries in bewildering succession, compositions in which great numbers of figures are skilfully grouped and dramatically, though naturally, disposed amid varying environments of street, garden, plain, seashore, house, market place, or temple. In each every head is expressive, every figure has its individual character, and every costume bears its mark of authenticity. The drawing is at all times competent, personal, and correct. The color, in most cases adequate, and conveying an impression of truth to nature, is in many instances also striking in arrangement or so comprehensive and convincing as to give special value to certain pictures for their color quality alone.

A LABOR OF LOVE.

"In passing from one picture to another in a tour of the galleries, in following the catalogue as one does for the text or scene illustrated, which indeed a student of the New Testament hardly need do, for the pictures tell their story at a glance and the incidents are easily identified, one feels that the artist has expended his talent to the utmost in a labor of love. One is impressed . . . with the absolute sincerity of the artist's conceptions, and is compelled to recognize that in whatever setting and with whatever character one's fancy may have hitherto depicted these sacred scenes, the probable, the most natural representation is here. Let any one look at the beautiful drawing, 'Feed My Lambs,' No. 347, and say whether this uncouth figure of Peter before his Master is not dignified and holy in its unaffected rusticity, whether it does not more properly represent the true conception of St. Peter than the hundred noble figures which great masters have painted to personify him. . . .

"Or look at 'The Procession in the Streets of Jerusalem,' No. 194, with the Master on a donkey making his way down the breakneck steps in the narrow alley of the eastern town, the crowds hanging from the walls and pushing backward in the narrow space to open a way. . . . How quickly and how forcibly do we receive the impression that the scene as depicted by M. Tissot must have been like this, and that all that went before, whether beautiful in itself as picture making or mediocre as illustration for children's Sunday books, must be cast aside as mere imagery. The artist, by his devoted labor, through his clear, wide-reaching intelligence and his wonderful talent for plainly expressing pictorially the conception of his mind, scarcely leaves us room to doubt as we marvel, and at the end we feel that we have been told the story by one who had listened to it and been shown the events by some magic invention that reproduced for us, in great part, the actual visions as they passed."

THE REGULAR FIGHTING MAN.

By James Barnes,

Author of "Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors," "Songs of the Ships of Steel," etc.

There's always a cheer for the volunteer,
There's ever a welcoming host,
The wide land stretches a greeting hand—
Glad hail from the hill to the coast!
There's none but will vaunt the deeds he's done—
Let us praise them and pledge him high!

. . . . . .

But the fighting man who serves for pay,
The public passes by.

Who rushed the lines on the San Juan hill?
Who at Caney fought alone?
The enlisted regular fighting man—
The soldier—*bred to the bone!*
Who bore the big brunt of the battle front?
Should we speak it below a breath?
The enlisted regular fighting man,
Who cheered as he charged to death!

Who he was, the public seldom knows—
Who is he, it does not care—
Just Private Blank of the ———ty-third,
Recruited from God knows where!
Just "a man—" (*Built up on a soldierly plan*
For a place that he's shaped to fit.)
Just a name put down on a muster roll;
Yes, numbered and stencilled from shirt to soul—
And he doesn't object a bit!

No; he takes it all as it all may come,
And it's more of work than play—
From the goose-step into the awkward squad—
Then into a trench some day.
He answers "sir" to his officer,
He watches his sergeant well,
And if things they happen to rub him wrong,
He cannot run home and tell!

For "The Army" spells his name for Home,
And "The Post" proves his abode;
And he's taught his company manners there,
Up to: "Numbers! Ready! Load!"
Oh, he gets his fill of the family drill,
And they train his hand and eye!
Till he stands or moves and questions not—
Let his captain know the "why."

For the service adopts the enlisted man,
And he's treated as a child!
And he's cautioned how to mind his health
In tones not over mild.
Oh, he's bound to go and do just so;
But when things are at the worst,
He learns that the men with the shoulder-straps
Are thinking of him first!

From the colonel down to the officer lad,
They share his fare and lot,
And they train his trigger finger right
And his feet to falter not;
For war's a trade for which tools are made
Out of names on a muster-roll;
And the soldier's a bound-to-obey machine,
With a human heart and soul!

He asks for no praise as a patriot,
He lays claim to no laurel wreath,
Tho' he's proud of his nation and regiment
And the flag that he fights beneath!
He "serves for pay," they were wont to say.
But before an advance began:
"A trench or a height to be taken?
Where's the regular fighting man!"

God keep in the breasts of the Nation's sons
The soul of the volunteer;
Let there always be men when the country calls
To join in the great "We're here!"
And to God be thanks that we've men in the ranks,
Let the lines be black or white—
The men at arms who stand on guard
To keep the flag in sight!